



PHOTOPLAY

MAY

25 CENTS

30 Cents in Canada

This Issue:

**Mara Bow's
Diary**

NANCY
CARROLL

BE "Mouth-Happy"



THE SUN PEEPS from a screen of clouds. Leaves whisper, the wind whistles softly, and two knowing thoroughbreds look wise. But Spuds won't tell on you, no matter how many you smoke. You can trust their cool, clean taste.

SMOKE SPLUDS

MENTHOL-COOLED



CIGARETTES

20 FOR 15c (25c IN CANADA)...THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

"Pink Tooth Brush?" Not for me, mother— not for me!



BOY: Mother, I bet you don't know it—but you and daddy are a little bit old-fashioned.

MOTHER: *Old-fashioned!*

BOY: Just a *little* bit. Because you clean your teeth plenty—but I'll bet you never *heard* of massaging your gums.

MOTHER: I've noticed that ever since you came home with a tube of Ipana—you've kept your *teeth* clean of your own *accord*.

BOY: And what's more, I massage Ipana into my *gums*, too. Know why? Because nowadays the food we eat is pretty soft, and the blood just goes slower and slower through your gums. And then your gums start to bleed a little and that's "pink tooth brush."

MOTHER: Now you remind me of it, Doctor Newell told me months ago that if I didn't give my gums more care, I'd find my teeth looking dull.

BOY: Do you know what, mother? If you keep on having "pink tooth brush," you'll very likely have Vincent's disease—or g-i-n-g-i-v-i-t-i-s. We learned at camp that "pink tooth brush" is dang'rous to your teeth. You better massage your gums with Ipana, the way I do! You just clean your teeth with Ipana. And then you squeeze out a little bit more on your tooth brush and rub it into your gums.

MOTHER: I remember now. Doctor Newell told me about that. I'll start today with Ipana. And we'll surprise daddy with our perfectly dazzling teeth!



DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good dentist and a good dentifrice are not costly. To save on dentists' bills or to skimp on the quality of your tooth paste is poor economy indeed. For dental care and the best tooth paste you can buy are the most economical things on earth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-53
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

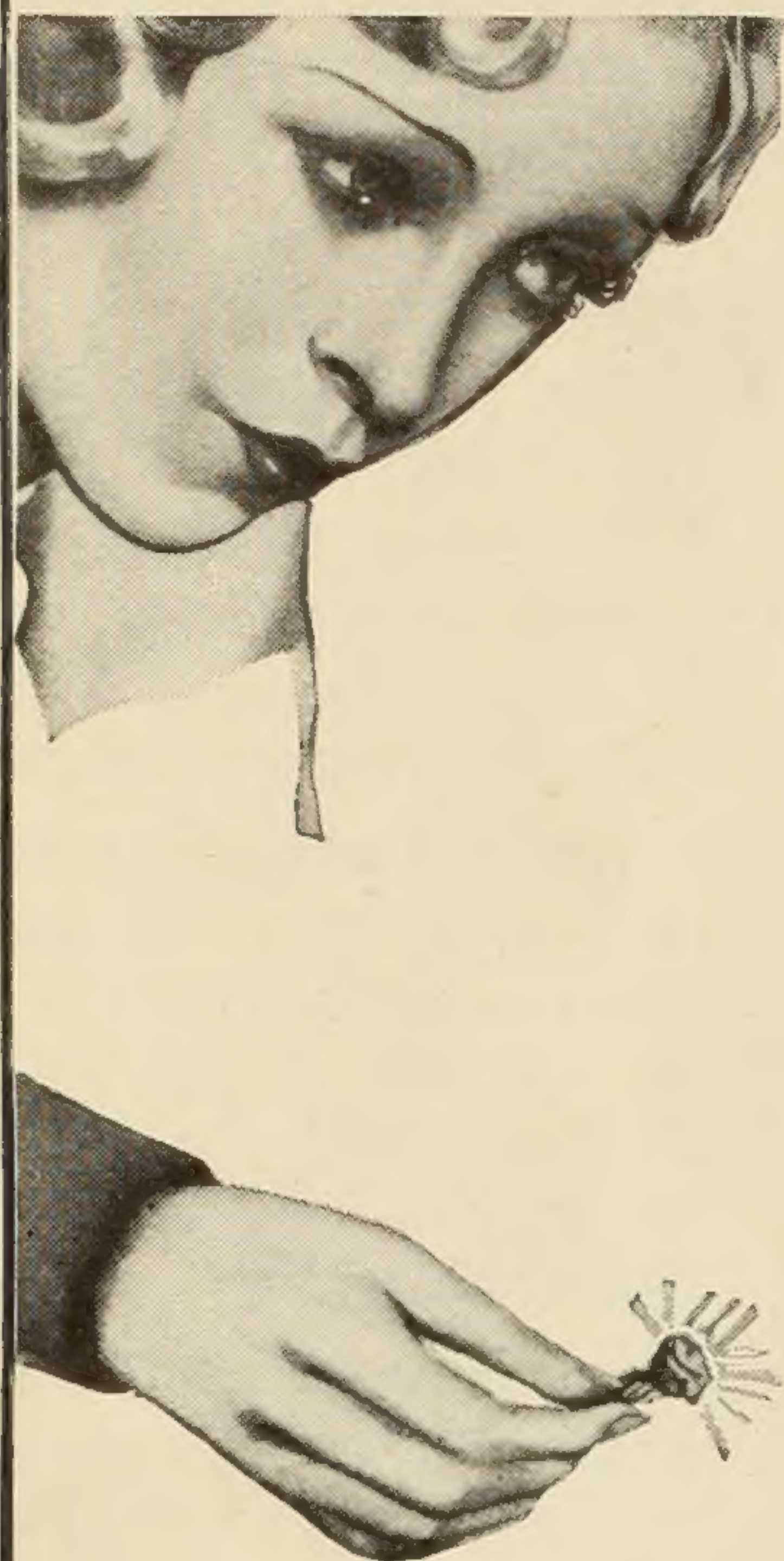
Street.....

City..... State.....

● GET RID OF "pink tooth brush" WITH

I P A N A TOOTH PASTE

THEN *M'sieur* LE BABY ARRIVED!



Once upon a time there was a gay young man who loved to play about Paris. One day just about playtime, he found the cutest little baby... so cute that he forgot about playing and took the little baby right straight home... for the baby looked exactly like him... But the gay young man was not supposed to have a little baby at home, for he was about to be married. So he got the baby a pretty nurse... and what do you think happened?



Maurice CHEVALIER *in* "A BEDTIME STORY"

with
HELEN TWELVETREES
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
ADRIENNE AMES and M'SIEUR LE BABY

A Paramount Picture directed by Norman Taurog

A sparkling new romance with naughty songs!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORP., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIII No. 6

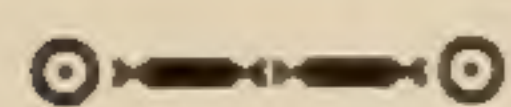
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

May, 1933



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"



Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets	6
Hollywood Menus	16
Questions and Answers	78
Addresses of the Stars	111
Casts of Current Photoplays	113

High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots	KATHRYN DOUGHERTY	25
Clara's European Diary		28
"The Narrow Corner" Stage		32
A Millionaire In Search of Happiness	REGINALD TAVINER	34
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood		36
Sellers of Romance	EDWARD CHURCHILL	40
My Sister, Ann Harding	EDITH GATLEY NASH	52
The Hollywood Beauty Shop	CAROLYN VAN WYCK	54
Who's Zoo in Hollywood	JANE HAMPTON	59
"So I'm a Movie Star"	AS TOLD TO SARA HAMILTON	60
Seymour—PHOTOPLAY'S Style Authority		62
Sylvia Tells What Saved Norma Shearer's Figure	SYLVIA	70
Sport's Such Ripping Fun!		72
What Was the Best Picture of 1932?		92

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures	12
The Shadow Stage	46

Personalities

"I'd Do It Again," says Clark	EVALINE LIEBER	30
Norma's Love Comes First	ELZA SCHALLERT	31
"I'm Right, You're Wrong"	RUTH BIERY	45
Alice Completes Her Cycle	MAY ALLISON QUIRK	50
"I Couldn't Stay Ina Claire"	FRED JAMES	51
"Why I'll Return to the Stage"	AS TOLD TO RUTH BIERY	69

On the cover—Nancy Carroll—Painted by Earl Christy

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.

Publishing Office, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City

The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, President

JOHN S. TUOMEY, Vice-President
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Treasurer

EDWIN C. CRAWFORD, Secretary
EVELYN McEVILLY, Assistant Secretary

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.50 Canada; \$3.50 for foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1933, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago

The Audience Talks Back

THE \$25 LETTER

In this disheartening and discouraging period of uncertainty, what a genuine blessing the "talkies" really are. How many, many times you hear someone say, "If I couldn't go to a show once in a while, and forget all my troubles and worries for a couple of hours, I don't know what I'd do."

Whether the actors and producers of motion pictures are aware of it or not, they, along with a few radio artists, are affording about the only worthwhile means of "mental relief" to the masses of humanity from this monster evil, "the depression."

In our own experience, my wife and I have found comfort and relaxation from the worries and forebodings that are constantly confronting us at the present time, through visits to our local picture show. Time and again we have come away feeling that no matter what may be ahead, no one can rob us of the memories of happy hours thus spent.

Three rousing cheers for good old Hollywood and for all those in any way connected with the production of motion pictures.

CHARLES S. WILTON, Toronto, Canada

THE \$10 LETTER

One blizzardy Sunday evening on our way to church, our car stalled on the pavement before the theater. The repair would take some time, so my husband and I suggested passing the time by seeing the picture.

My aunt, a very devout Christian; strenuously objected, claiming it would be the blackest of sins to substitute a cinema for a sermon. Somehow or other, after lengthy arguments, we managed to get her into the theater to see "Smilin' Through."

As we were leaving the theater she remarked, "No Doctor of Divinity, living or dead, could ever preach a sermon that would leave me as spiritually impressed as this picture. The world seems to have taken a great leap for the better, and I'm a bit out of step."

MRS. R. J. GARWOOD, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE \$5 LETTER

After a hard day planning and cooking for boarders my life indeed would seem pretty discouraging were it not for the recreation and rest I find in a movie theater.

Especially when it is my privilege to witness a picture like "Cavalcade." I left the theater feeling that I, too, could carry on with courage, faith and peace.

We know our country will come back, and through these trying times good pictures are a blessing. Give us more like "Cavalcade."

MRS. J. F. BAKER, Santa Barbara, Calif.

"CAVALCADE"—A WOW

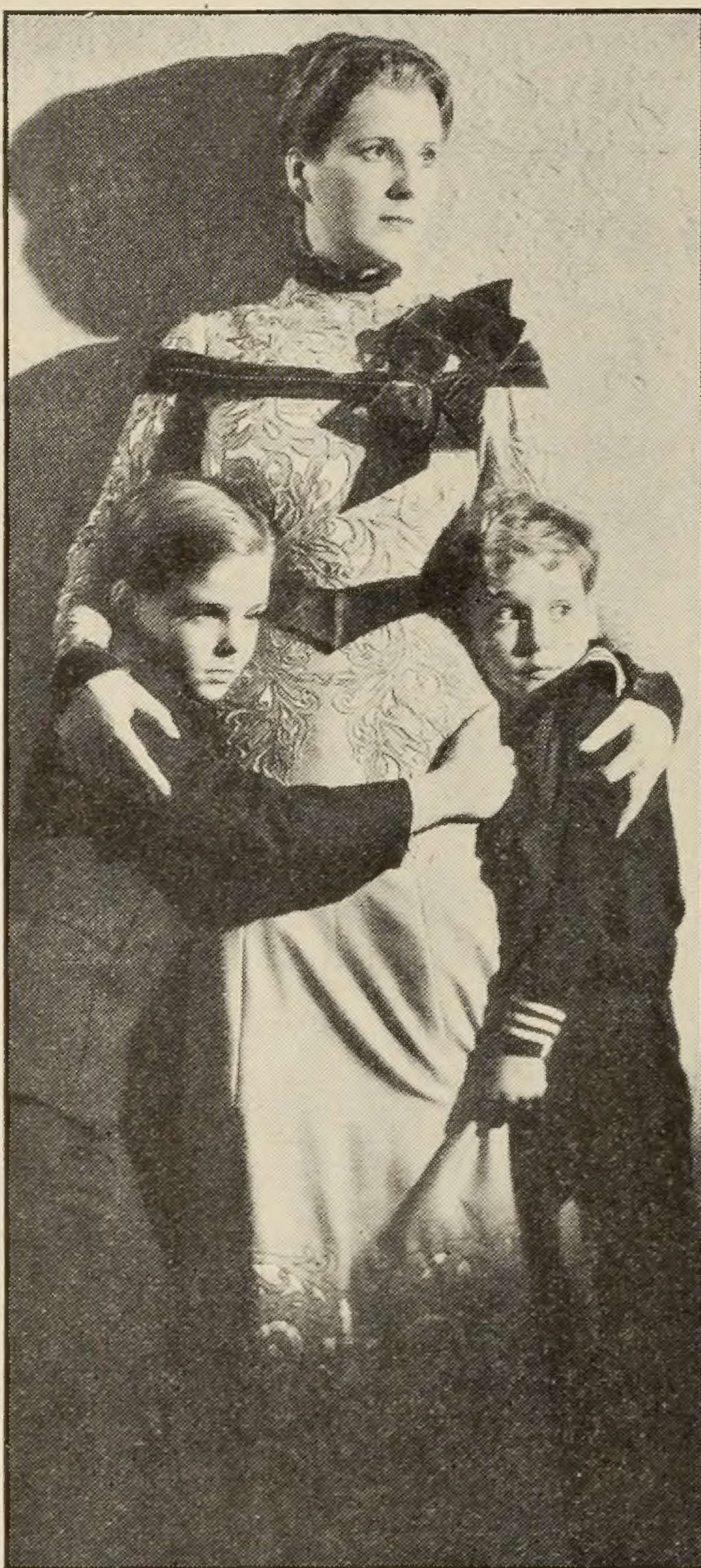
Once more, Hollywood has turned out a mighty achievement . . . "Cavalcade."

A panorama of human emotions threading, sweeping their way through three generations, fate taking its inexorable course . . . bringing about change . . . sacrifice; a veritable march of time is this stupendous film.

There have been other pictures with historical backgrounds, but none like this! Every detail has been carried out with an authenticity and a sincerity that is amazing. The acting is superb, especially that of Diana Wynyard.

Every man, woman and child should see "Cavalcade."

IDA KAECH, New Glarus, Wis.



While the flood of "Cavalcade" letters notes the splendid work of all in the cast, the deepest appeal was made by Diana Wynyard, the mother. Do you wonder, when you see her challenging fate and war, as it were, on behalf of her two fine boys?

WHAT a kaleidoscope these letters provide—and what a picture of moviedom! New favored pictures coming into notice—witness the letters praising "Cavalcade" and "A Farewell to Arms," now at flood tide, the onset of letters about "Topaze," "State Fair," and "The Animal Kingdom!"

Older ones still pulling strong—as "Smilin' Through" and "Strange Interlude." Interest in the latter shifted, oddly enough, from the rapid aging of Norma and Clark, to discussion of the "spoken thought."

Among players, Ruth Chatterton drew a spurt of interest with "Frisco Jenny," while Katharine Hepburn's following mounts daily.

PHOTOPLAY'S inquiry about dominating male stars caused many comparisons; and—last comment of all—the movies unquestionably are doing a magnificent job of buoying hope, relieving strain and imparting courage in these troubled days.

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

DIANA AND CLIVE

My thrilling enthusiasm for the most perfectly spoken English on the American screen forces me to an anxious confession. "Cavalcade" was superb!

Not only is Diana Wynyard beautiful, but the dignity of her poise, her gracious charm and the silvery sweetness of her voice are assets that our American actresses would do well to observe. Clive Brook is as inestimable as ever. In fact, every actor was sublimely distinctive down to the most minor part.

And what a vivid lesson the story portrayed, the greatest lesson the people of all time need to learn and understand—the outrageous futility of war!

FRANCOIS OBER, Newton Centre, Mass.

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN JOHN

"Cavalcade" was a rare treat. Diana Wynyard is delightful. She has something to learn from the American stars in letting herself go, and, in heroic moments, she does not quite reach the courage that is popular over here; but I predict she will learn rapidly. The combination put Clive Brook right back where he started from. I should prefer to keep him American and pair her up with John Barrymore.

KATHARINE A. DUNLAP, San Diego, Calif.

THOSE "DOMINATING" MALE STARS

"Which Movie Star Dominates You?" asks Hilary Lynn in the March PHOTOPLAY. I am gladly submitting mine, perhaps in a "jigsaw" manner:

He has made a regular "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" out of me. "My Sin" is in adoring this idol of the movies; but, my goodness, we are "Only Strangers in Love," so I cannot say "Merrily We Go To Hell" for "Tonight Is Ours"! I must think of "The Sign of the Cross" and be guided accordingly.

Now, Mr. Editor, do you know?

HELENE WILLIAMS, Hartford, Conn.

SHE LIKES 'EM BOTH

In regard to your recent article "Which Movie Star Dominates You?" I came to the conclusion of a combination of Mr. Gable and Mr. Menjou. The simple reason—it is natural for a true woman to be dominated by man. Of course, with its limits.

BERTHA EISEMANN, Chicago, Ill.

"TOPAZE" SPELLS MORE

I saw "Topaze" last night and experienced a great unexpected pleasure. I had heard many criticisms pro and con, and was naturally very anxious to gather my own impressions. Evidently many who saw the picture missed most of the subtlety; but those who appreciate it, will enjoy an entirely new type of screen humor.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]

WE DON'T DARE TELL YOU HOW DARING IT IS!

Never before has the screen had the courage to present a story so frank—so outspoken—yet so true! Get set for a surprise sensation!



Introducing...
filmdom's newest favorite
in the stardom she earned
in "Cabin in the Cotton" and
"20,000 Years in Sing Sing"

BETTE DAVIS in "EX-LADY"

With Gene Raymond, Monroe Owsley, Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd, Kay Strozzi . . . Directed by Robert Florey . . . One more in the sensational series of 1933 hits from
WARNER BROS.

Movie-Goers Everywhere Give Their



"Hail to a new romance team"—from "State Fair"! And there were cheers because Will Rogers, in a way, fathered the event. The team? Need we name Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres? What do you think?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

"Topaze" is a picture entirely devoid of all the fol-de-rol of ordinary pictures. In it John Barrymore gives a classic performance; the most worthy achievement of his career.

If you are able to appreciate satire in its most subtle form, wit in its finer shades, delicate pantomime and superb acting, you cannot help but enjoy "Topaze." It is a challenge to one's good taste and appreciation for genuinely fine accomplishment. May we have *more* pictures like it.

MRS. K. O'TOOLE, Dallas, Tex.

ATTENTION, JOHN!

It seems fitting at this time to offer fresh tribute to that ever interesting artist, John Barrymore. But surely he has no need of my praise. Barrymore did a splendid piece of acting in his latest film "Topaze." His portrayal of the foolish old professor was truly delightful and remarkable for the apparent ease with which it was executed.

Permit me to salute John Barrymore!
NAOMI WHELDON, Detroit, Mich.

BUT, WHY?

Depression up to our necks and not one movie of it! Do the producers think we have too much of it in real life and are marking time until the clouds lift and we can then be able to laugh at ourselves and the problems we faced "back in the depression period"?

Let's see Clark Gable and Fredric March in the breadline, doing a little "buddy can you spare a dime?" stuff; let's see how Joan would react to getting "laid off indefinitely," and Norma reduced to only one maid. Even the great Garbo suffering from other pangs than those of love.

Yes, someone please show us how the movie great would look going through the depression.
ROSEMARY NEWTON, Minneapolis, Minn.

GOOD WORK, LEW AND WILL!

Last night I saw "State Fair." Will Rogers and Louise Dresser were well teamed I thought, but I especially watched Janet and Lew.

I am a great devotee of the Gaynor-Farrell team, but I believe I enjoyed Janet and Lew

a trifle better. He's so tough and non-chalant and she's so tiny and sweet. (Oh, their romantic meeting! I hope I meet my fate that way!)

BETTY WEIR, Rock Island, Ill.

"STATE FAIR" GIVES HIM FAITH

When the Governor of Michigan declared an eight day bank holiday, my first reaction was to run away, everything seemed so hopeless.

I decided to give myself one last fling and went to see "State Fair." I came out of the theater buoyed up with the feeling that things are not always as bad as they seem. It gave me a new slant on life.

I still don't know where my next dollar is coming from, but I again have faith in the future.

JOHN DOOLEY, Detroit, Mich.

PAGING RUTH ROLAND

Such a charming woman as Ruth Roland, whom we admired of old in those thrilling serials, should be given a chance in these days of near technical perfection in the motion picture industry.

We've always admired Ruth and hope to see her again in a serial real soon.

PANSY BRADY, Baton Rouge, La.

What in the world has happened to serial pictures and Ruth Roland who used to play those thrilling leads to perfection?

There are thousands of us who miss these real honest-to-goodness serials and the charming Miss Roland from our screens today, and we are wondering if there is not something that can be done to bring them back to us.

RUTH E. KEAST, Chicago, Ill.

Rumors have been going around that Ruth Roland may return to the movies in serials. Her serials were always so wholesome and



Readers keep asking, "Where's Ruth Roland, and what about more serials?" That we can't say—but we did catch her (at right) recently, as you see, going to a Mayfair party with Ben Bard and Mae Murray

Final Verdict on Plays and Players

clean, and with the modern equipment I am sure Miss Roland would not disappoint her producers or audiences.

JACK W. OLDHAM, Hartford, Conn.

It is a matter of keen regret to the Ruth Roland club that we have not seen her in a serial picture recently.

Our club has a membership of five hundred. We are all interested in Miss Roland's success and, of course, support the theaters showing her pictures.

Won't the producers give consideration to the idea of making a serial featuring her.

MARY CUSHING, Chicago, Ill.

THAT DEATHLESS SCENE IN "A FAREWELL TO ARMS"

Helen Hayes' portrayal of death and Gary as he knelt by her bedside and gave to her of his splendid courage and strength, to carry her across that mysterious borderland, was so excruciatingly real and vivid that I lived all over again those aching hours of sadness when I, too, knelt at the bedside of a dear one and tried to give courage and strength to him as he slipped from my keeping.

Truly it must take really *great* actors to live their rôles as Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper did in "A Farewell to Arms." With all my heart I say, "bravo" to you both!

CORRINE WILHETE, Kansas City, Kan.

THE "ETHEREAL" HELEN AND THE "INCOMPARABLE" GARY

I wouldn't throw a brick if I had a carload at the cinema after the production of "A Farewell to Arms."

Did anyone ever see more superb acting? Although I do not think Helen Hayes is so beautiful off-screen, she appears so divinely ethereal on celluloid that she leaves a breath of sweetness with one for days.

And Gary Cooper! Quick, stop me before

I start again! Suffice to say his performance was incomparable. Only one thing!—That ending. Did Helen *have* to die?

LILLIAN BOCK, Grey Eagle, Minn.

BUT SHE DIDN'T LIKE GARY

I want to tell you that I thought the picture

Ah, John! We always expect outstanding work from any Barrymore; but that whimsical, pathetic and appealing schoolmaster you did in "Topaze"—well, "incomparable," is the word many letters employ

"A Farewell to Arms" very fascinating. The splendid acting of Helen Hayes and Adolphe Menjou was worth my time in seeing the picture. Helen Hayes did a grand work.

But I should like to criticize Gary Cooper for his poor acting lately. Something is the matter with Gary. Perhaps he needs to fall in love!

ALBERTA BOSTOCK, Sapulpa, Okla.

BETTER THAN THE BOOK

"A Farewell to Arms" was the first instance, so far as I know, where the motion picture was an improvement over the book. The motion picture has made a far more sensitive and beautiful story out of it than the book—all except that censor-sop, the pseudo wedding. And it was sensitively and beautifully played, by sensitive actors.

Although Helen Hayes is one of the most capable and sincere actresses on the screen, never for one moment did she overshadow Gary Cooper. Give him more pictures like this.

MARTHA BRENT, New York, N. Y.

FOLKS LIKE "ANIMAL KINGDOM"

When does acting cease to be just acting and become the ultimate in sheer artistry? When Leslie Howard and Ann Harding give us such a picture as "The Animal Kingdom," easily the most delightful screen offering in a blue moon because of its clever direction, excellent cast and restrained interpretation.

MRS. W. P. JACKSON, Columbia, Tenn.

Just saw "The Animal Kingdom" for the third time. Ann Harding and Leslie Howard are perfect! Pictures like "The Animal Kingdom" and stars like Ann Harding and Leslie Howard are a credit to the motion picture industry.

Let her not go "bad" on us. Such parts are
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Whether folks like bad girls *better*, as Ruth Chatterton said in a recent PHOTOPLAY article, is hard to determine. But that they did like her bad in "Frisco Jenny" is unquestionable. They're all for her

The Audience Speaks Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]



People like this and that about our new luminary of the film firmament, Katharine Hepburn. They comment on her gentility, her beautiful hands — particularly her well cared for finger nails!

for lesser stars. We love her just as she is. Why change what is already perfect?

JEAN RIETZ, Chicago, Ill.

AT YOUR SERVICE, KACHADOUR!

May this exceedingly humble Oriental express his worthless observations in the illumined pages of your valued publication?

It has been a mystery to my insignificant Eastern mind why so many pictures represent the despicable villain as a master-mind of ingenuity and resourcefulness, cool and clever in action, while the honorable hero appears as a reckless fool, devoid of sense, who rushes headlong into unnecessary dangers, exposes himself to certain death and through most childish manoeuvring comes out victorious in the end.

Do not the distinguished directors observe these glaring inconsistencies?

Offering ten thousand times ten thousand apologies to the terrestrial stars for disturbing the tranquillity of their virgin minds, I remain, an inconsequential Oriental,

KACHADOUR ARSLANIAN, Chula Vista, Calif.

SAFETY WITH K. HEPBURN

I believe the American motion picture public admires refinement. For instance, Katharine Hepburn. Notice her hands, especially her finger nails—well kept, but natural. Look at the long, sharp pointed nails, highly colored, of other stars. They remind one of the dangerous claws of an animal, and we often fear for our hero's life.

Away with the claws!

R. EGGERS, Tulsa, Okla.

WE HAVEN'T EITHER—

Let's scatter a few well-earned compliments among deserving newcomers.

The list is headed by Hollywood's newest red-head, Katharine Hepburn. She is positively the most interesting star in all Hollywood.

And three rousing cheers for Helen Vinson!

She's no Garbo, and we've never seen her legs, but we like her anyway.

DAISY CROSS, Aurora, Ill.

INTRIGUING—IF THE CENSOR CONSENTS

Why not put a real nightie on a movie actress instead of the tightly belted, lace and satin affairs that now masquerade as nighties when the charming heroine hops in or out of bed?

An honest-to-goodness nightie can be a mighty intriguing thing, remember, when it's on the right lassie.

MARY G. STREET, Oakland, Calif.

WHAT THEY SAW IN "FRISCO JENNY"

In "Frisco Jenny," Ruth Chatterton is seen in her best characterization to date. All who have been through an earthquake will agree that the scenes of the San Francisco disaster are terribly real.

BERYL CROWELL, New Orleans, La.

I owe one of the greatest, if not the greatest, star in Hollywood an apology.

Because I saw Ruth Chatterton in one of her first talkies, which was a very poor story, I vowed I would never see another Chatterton film.

Now is my face red? Through no fault of mine I went to see "Frisco Jenny." Now I realize that I have been missing the best Hollywood has to offer.

[MRS. HAZEL NEFF, Zanesville, Ohio]

NEW LIGHT ON "STRANGE INTERLUDE"

I have just witnessed "Strange Interlude." This picture is a good object lesson for all the world. Our lies and deceptions are the seeds we sow and we harvest accordingly. And it proves what cowards we are—lacking courage to speak our convictions. This objective lesson proves the great need of purifying our thoughts, if we expect to reach happiness.

MINNIE HUSEBY, Fargo, N. Dak.

This new racket of "thought recording" is all bosh. It is confusing to say the least. As it is contrary to the theme of the story, it tends to interfere with the unity of thought of the audience and almost produces comedy.

ORLENA M. PINKSTON, Elk City, Kansas

CLINICAL CONCLUSIONS ABOUT KISSING

All the world loves a lover, but I've discovered the torrid kisses are more popular with the majority.

When Clark Gable flashes across the screen, sweeping Jean Harlow right off her feet into his arms, then the audience holds its breath, and many a feminine heart misses a beat.

But when the sweet little ingénue melts into the arms of the big strong hero with a sigh, there are always quite a lot of amused giggles.

I guess it's because we all love an experienced lover.

DILY DINGLE, Portsmouth, England

THIS SLAPPING BUSINESS

Clark Gable and James Cagney slap their ladies but when they made a wife-beater out of Conrad Nagel—well, I would have been no more shocked if Ann Harding had appeared on the screen smoking a pipe, or Gloria Swanson with a big chew of tobacco.

RAY KING, Milwaukee, Wis.

W. COTTON

**M
E
T
R
O
▪
G
O
L
D
W
Y
N
▪
M
A
Y
E
R**



In "Today We Live" the stellar honors are shared by Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper. Directed by Howard Hawks it is a picture of which M-G-M is justly proud!

★The above painting of Joan Crawford by William Cotton is the first of a series of caricatures of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars by famous artists

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia.—Evalyn Knapp's wifely troubles, suffered while cheering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (A pril)

★ **ANIMAL KINGDOM, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Leslie Howard and Ann Harding perfectly cast—the story subtle, human, with perfect dialogue. Ann as mistress wins out over the "nasty-nice" wife played by Myrna Loy. Be sure to see this. (Feb.)

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a "mercy murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mae Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (A pril)

BACHELOR MOTHER—Goldsmith Prod.—Evalyn Knapp, James Murray and Margaret Seddon in a dull piece about a dear old soul who plays mother to placate a speed court. (March)

BARBERINA, THE KING'S DANCER—Capital Film.—Well presented German picture, with Lil Dagover glamorous as a fiery opera ballerina. (Jan.)

BEHIND JURY DOORS—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Collier and cast lend some life to the old tale of the reporter who clears his sweetheart's father of murder. (A pril)

BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaumont British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (A pril)

BIG DRIVE, THE—First Division.—Horribly gruesome, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (A pril)

BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL, THE—Paramount.—An ex-rough (Robert Armstrong), exposes and tells all in a "Teapot Dome" melodrama. Not for children. (March)

★ **BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN, THE**—Columbia.—The *General* (Nils Asther) tries to convert a Christian (Barbara Stanwyck), losing his life. Shanghai battle background; slow but absorbing. Nils steals the show from Barbara. (Feb.)

BLAME THE WOMAN—Principal.—Adolphe Menjou suave as a gentleman jewel thief—woman-proof till double-crossed by a girl crook. British-made. (Jan.)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (A pril)

★ **CALL HER SAVAGE**—Fox.—Clara Bow comes back with the best performance of her career. You'll want to see this old-new Clara. Monroe Owsley, Thelma Todd and Anthony Jowitt give excellent support. (Jan.)

★ **CAVALCADE**—Fox.—"Battling through" from the Boer War to the present, with two contrasting British families. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard and others superb. Simply must be seen. (March)

CENTRAL PARK—First National.—Good entertainment. Thrills galore keep you excited throughout. Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford. (Jan.)

CHILD OF MANHATTAN—Columbia.—Nancy Carroll and John Boles turn in a brightly done tale of a dance-hall Cinderella who marries the prince. (March)

★ **CLEAR ALL WIRES**—M-G-M.—A wow about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his boss, and the world. (A pril)

COMRADESHIP—Nero Prod.—Realistic and impressive German film of men trapped in a blazing coal mine, revealing the brotherliness and self-sacrifice inspired by tragedy. (Jan.)

★ **CONQUERORS, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Splendid! Linking three generations with tomorrow—practically the story of America's progress since 1870. Ann Harding and Richard Dix are superb as husband and wife. (Jan.)

CRASHIN' BROADWAY—Monogram.—Rex Bell starts as a stage cowboy, and while on tour becomes a real one. Doris Hill, Charles King, also help. (March)

CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE—Paramount.—Acceptable mystery, with Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson. (A pril)

★ **CYNARA**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Drama of a happy husband suddenly enmeshed in an "affair." Ronald Colman the husband; Kay Francis the wife; Phyllis Barry the other woman. (Jan.)

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox.—Thin as a crook tale, but Miriam Jordan, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (A pril)

EVERY article is written, every photograph selected and every drawing is made in each issue of PHOTOPLAY with but one thought in mind—YOU.

Your tastes and interests are the measure that sets and maintains PHOTOPLAY as the de luxe publication in the motion picture field.

DARING DAUGHTERS—Tower Prod.—The greatest daring was in reviving such a mummy. (A pril)

DAS SCHOENE ABENTEUER (ENCHANTED ESCAPE)—UFA.—A bright little German comedy about a girl (Kaethe von Nagy) who flees her own wedding, only to strike plenty of comic trouble. (Feb.)

DAVID GOLDER—Vandal-Delac Prod.—French with English subtitles. Golder, after amassing wealth, finds his wife faithless, his daughter scheming and his partners false. Sad but well done. (Jan.)

DEATH KISS, THE—World Wide.—A studio murder mystery, solved by a scenario writer (David Manners). Knockout cast, but Adrienne Ames has little to do. (Feb.)

DECEPTION—Columbia.—Slicker Leo Carrillo ropes Nat Pendleton into the fake wrestling game and Nat outslicks the slickers. Wooden tale, but has good action shots. (March)

DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)—Carl Zuckmayer Prod.—A downtrodden cobbler borrows a uniform and rules the roost for a day. (A pril)

DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE—Paramount.—Edmund Lowe, James Gleason and Dickie Moore in a not-so-good gangster-garage thriller. (Feb.)

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE—First National.—Warren William superb as the heartless department store manager who poisons life for his employees, Wally Ford and Loretta Young. Good entertainment. (Feb.)

EVENINGS FOR SALE—Paramount.—Sparkle, artistry and romance stud this story of post-war Viennese society. There are Mary Boland, the sentimental American millionairess, Herbert Marshall, the pauperized nobleman, charming Sari Maritza, and a very sober Charlie Ruggles. (Jan.)

EX-LADY—Warners.—Bette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic eyeful. (A pril)

FACE IN THE SKY, THE—Fox.—A good cast with Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon can't make this a good picture. (March)

★ **FAREWELL TO ARMS, A**—Paramount.—Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Director Frank Borzage turn the Hemingway novel of the poignantly beautiful love affair between the lieutenant and the nurse into a triumph of screen artistry. Don't miss it. (Feb.)

FAST LIFE—M-G-M.—The younger generation does some speed-boating, with Madge Evans as love interest and Conrad Nagel attempting villainy. (Feb.)

FLAMING GUNS—Universal.—Tom Mix subdues those cattle rustlers again—and wins Ruth Hall. (Feb.)

★ **FLESH**—M-G-M.—Wally Beery tries wrestling this time and almost achieves another "Champ." Poor dumb Wally, as a beer-garden waiter-grappler, is crossed by his wife (Karen Morley) and her lover (Ricardo Cortez). Splendidly done. (Feb.)

FORTY-NINERS, THE—Freuler Film.—Looks like reassembled stock film shot when "The Covered Wagon" was screened. Bustling, but not thrilling. (Feb.)

42ND STREET—Warners.—Almost an out-and-out musical, in which Ruby Keeler jumps from chorus to fame in a big way—in the story and as an actress. (March)

FRISCO JENNY—First National.—Ruth Chatterton great in a variation of "Madame X." (Feb.)

★ **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN**—Paramount.—A great cast in a grand mix-up about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oakie's in it. (A pril)

GAMBLING SEX—Freuler Film.—Ruth Hall, an heiress who shoots the wad, and Grant Withers, in a drearily done race-track tale. (March)

★ **GRAND SLAM**—Warners.—You needn't know bridge to enjoy this rollicking satire on bridge experts, done by a Russian waiter (Paul Lukas) and a hat-check girl (Loretta Young). (March)

★ **GREAT JASPER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—The life of an expansive Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a grand performance), who makes good at Atlantic City fortune-telling, and with Wera Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (A pril)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

IN 3 DAYS

Red, rough hands

made soft, white, alluring...

"THAT's the girl I've been looking for 'all my life!"
He thought as she entered the room—beautiful, poised, exquisitely gowned...

A murmured introduction... he asked her to dance.

Quickly he glanced at her hands to see if she wore a wedding ring. What a shock! Coarse, red hands that cried "Scrubwoman"—not "Romance". He finished the dance—interest gone.

It's tragic, when only 3 days of Hinds care would make those hands soft, white, baby smooth... the kind of hands men love.

Why hands get rough, coarse

Housework means putting hands in and out of hot water, using harsh alkali cleansers. This dries out the natural skin oils. Hinds *puts back* these precious oils... restores youthful softness and smoothness.

Hinds is an *ultra-penetrating lotion*. Thus is absorbed more *thoroughly*. That is why it can do in 3 days what other creams may do in weeks. Hinds is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. Not a thick, gummy jelly that just goes over the top of the skin.

What the "second skin" is

And then, Hinds leaves an invisible "second skin" that *protects* hands. This "second skin" is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has

penetrated so deeply through the rough skin that water won't wash it off. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting*.

Use Hinds after exposure. After hands have been in water, and *always at night*.

A 7-day trial bottle for you—FREE

(Also special trial sizes of the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by return mail. The minute the postman hands you your bottle of Hinds open it, smooth this famous lotion on your hands—your children's hands. See how soft and lovely it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

Copyright, Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1933

HINDS *honey and almond* **CREAM**

Her beauty whispered
"ROMANCE"
but her hands screamed
"scrubwoman!"



Women! Here's real beauty news!

Now! A new expensive-type liquefying cleansing cream for only 40c the small jar—65c the large! The kind of cleansing cream women were glad to pay \$2.00 for in good times! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream.



Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,
Dept. HM-5, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 or 20 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Also new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream. This offer not good in Canada.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY—Monogram.—Melodrama that becomes comedy unintentionally. The trials of a girl convicted of murder, imprisoned and freed only to get in gangsters' clutches. Betty Compson, Claudia Dell and Tom Douglas. (Jan.)

★ **HALF-NAKED TRUTH, THE** — RKO-Radio.—Lee Tracy sells Lupe Velez to New York as an Indian princess dancer. A laugh every minute. (Feb.)

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM — United Artists.—A novel arrangement of words and song with Al Jolson entertaining. (March)

HANDLE WITH CARE—Fox.—Introducing Boots Mallory, abetted by Jimmie Dunn. Two "Peck's bad boys," Buster Phelps and George Ernest, steal what show there is. (March)

★ **HARD TO HANDLE**—Warners.—Not hard, however, to take. Jimmy Cagney rises, via jail, from a marathon dance manager to a big business man in real estate. (March)

HAUNTED GOLD—Warners.—A Western with a spooky background—a deserted mine in a ghost town. John Wayne, Sheila Terry and Duke, the horse. (Jan.)

HEART PUNCH — Mayfair Pictures. — Wheeler Oakman and Gordon De Main do well in a prize-fight story without much fight or other merit. (Feb.)

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—Paramount.—Stuart Erwin, a wealthy bookworm, engages two women as secretaries. He wins the love of the gold-digging husband-hunter (Susan Fleming) and charms the blackmailer (Alison Skipworth). Very funny. (Jan.)

HELLO, EVERYBODY!—Paramount.—Strictly for Kate Smith fans. They'll vote it great. Kate's dancing is a riot. (March)

HOT PEPPER—Fox.—If rough humor suits you, here are *Sergeant Quirt* and *Captain Flagg* (Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen) tangling about Lupe Velez in a night club. (March)

HYPNOTIZED — World Wide. — Moran and Mack, Wally Ford, Maria Alba, Ernest Torrence do well in a yarn about a man hypnotized on his wedding eve; many spots rather thin. (Feb.)

★ **IF I HAD A MILLION**—Paramount.—A wealthy eccentric (Richard Bennett) gives a million to each of eight persons selected at random. The picture reveals the recipients' lives before and after the gift. Jack Oakie, Frances Dee and Gary Cooper. A new and different type of film fare. (Jan.)

IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)—Warners-First National.—No English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Francis Lederer) marrying beneath itself (Kaethe von Nagy). (April)

IRONMASTER, THE—Allied.—A "millhand to millionaire" story that might have been powerful but lacks polish. Reginald Denny and Lila Lee fail to make their parts realistic. (Jan.)

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS — Paramount. — Charles Laughton as a mad scientist who turns animals into humans makes your hair stand on end. Kathleen Burke and Richard Arlen are subjects of gruesome tests. (Feb.)

JUNGLE BRIDE—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain hoocy. (April)

★ **KID FROM SPAIN, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Lavish, hilarious. Eddie Cantor, introduced as the famous matador *Don Sebastian the Second*, is forced to fight the bull and make good his title. Lyda Roberti is a señorita. Excellent supporting cast. (Jan.)

KING OF THE WILD HORSES—Columbia.—Thrilling animal stuff, featuring the stallion Rex and fellow equines. (April)

★ **KING'S VACATION, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss in a light but deft piece about a king freed by revolution and his wife to seek his first love. (April)

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, doing a prison stretch, reveals her inmost thoughts; then goes gunning for an ex-sweetheart turned reformer. Not for children. (March)

LAUGHTER IN HELL—Universal.—A Jim Tully yarn on the chain-gang theme with horror piled on in great gobs. Pat O'Brien is interesting. (March)

LAWYER MAN—Warners.—Bill Powell as an East Side lawyer tangles with crooked politicians. Joan Blondell, David Landau and Helen Vinson splendid co-workers. Shaky law, but good cinema. (Feb.)

LUCKY DEVILS—RKO-Radio.—Bill Boyd and brother stuntmen who put thrills in the movies in a fast moving tale with a punch. (March)

LUXURY LINER—Paramount.—About a doctor pursuing an erring wife onto an ocean liner. Good cast baffled by a weak story. (March)

MADAME BUTTERFLY—Paramount.—Sylvia Sydney's artistry and excellent settings breathe charm into this operatic favorite. (Feb.)

MAGIC NIGHT—United Artists.—English-made musical with Jack Buchanan (so fine in "Monte Carlo" with Jeanette MacDonald) miscast in an artificial, slow story. (Jan.)

MALAY NIGHTS—Mayfair Pictures.—Hopelessly dull yarn of the Malay pearl beds with Johnny Mack Brown, Dorothy Burgess and others. (March)

MAN AGAINST WOMAN—Columbia.—Jack Holt plays a hard-boiled detective who wins the night-club singer (Lillian Miles) in spite of the gangsters. (Feb.)

MAN FROM ARIZONA, THE—Monogram.—Incongruous and improbable, the climax spoiled by poor dialogue. With Neoma Judge, Nat Carr and James Marcus. (Jan.)

MAN HUNT—RKO-Radio.—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy sleuth, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (April)

MAN WITHOUT A NAME, THE—UFA.—A soldier, after seventeen years, regains his memory lost in the war. Interesting but lagging German-dialogue film, with Werner Krauss. (Jan.)

MASK OF FU MANCHU, THE—M-G-M.—Boris Karloff in the title rôle. Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Myrna Loy and Jean Hersholt are also in this struggle between British scientists and the dreaded *Fu Manchu*. (Jan.)

MATCH KING, THE—First National.—Based on Ivar Kreuger's life and distinguished by Warren William's portrayal of the title rôle, it dramatizes the magnate's rise from racketeer to match industry czar, ending in suicide. (Jan.)

ME AND MY GAL—Fox.—A mixture of slapstick and melodrama, well played. Joan Bennett as a tough girl and Spencer Tracy as a cop are good. George Walsh comes back as a villain. (Jan.)

★ **MEN MUST FIGHT**—M-G-M.—Pacificism vs. patriotism, championed by Diana Wynyard and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (April)

MEN OF AMERICA—RKO-Radio.—Mild entertainment contrasting "covered wagon" Indian fights with today's gangster warfare. Bill Boyd is hero, Dorothy Wilson the girl and Ralph Ince a grand bad man. Chic Sale adds color. (Jan.)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

MUMMY, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff, as a revived mummy, finds his love reincarnated in an American girl, done by Zita Johann. (Feb.)

MYSTERIOUS RIDER, THE—Paramount.—Kent Taylor, Irving Pichel, Lona Andre and Warren Hymer achieve a well-done Western. (March)

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, THE—Warners.—A Technicolor shocker about a half-crazed wax museum proprietor (Lionel Atwill) who uses weird (and deadly) methods on Fay Wray to get exhibits. Don't take the kiddies. (March)

NAGANA—Universal.—Scientist Melvyn Douglas and Tala Birell seek to conquer sleeping sickness, but nearly succumb to African savages and crocodiles. Good atmosphere and animals, however. (March)

NO LIVING WITNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A dull offering, with Barbara Kent accused of murdering the villain, Noah Beery. (Feb.)

★ **NO MAN OF HER OWN**—Paramount.—Clark Gable and Carole Lombard at their best in a near-naughty, thin but delectable story of a gentleman-crook reformed by love. (March)

NO MORE ORCHIDS—Columbia.—Fresh and smart treatment of an heiress chasing a poor lad. Carole Lombard, Lyle Talbot and Louise Closser Hale outstanding in a good cast. (Jan.)

NO OTHER WOMAN — RKO-Radio. — Irene Dunne splendid as the abused wife of a newly-rich steel-worker (Charles Bickford) who falls for a blonde (Gwili Andre). Eric Linden good. Not for children. (Feb.)

OFFICER 13—Allied.—What happens to a motorcycle cop (Monte Blue) in a politics-ridden force, when he tries to avenge a fellow officer killed by a politically powerful driver. Half hits the mark. (March)

PARACHUTE JUMPER—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh in crazy but enjoyable attempts at aero-rumrunning and tangles with gangsters (Leo Carrillo). (March)

PAST OF MARY HOLMES, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen MacKellar re-does Louise Dresser's "The Goose Woman," about a half-mad, gin-soaked opera star involved in a murder mystery. An involved plot, nicely acted. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 17]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

Page	Page	Page
Big Cage, The—Universal..... 48	Infernal Machine—Fox..... 94	Our Betters—RKO-Radio..... 48
Broadway Bad—Fox..... 93	Keyhole, The—Warners..... 93	Out All Night—Universal..... 49
Cohens and Kellys in Trouble—Universal..... 93	King Kong—RKO-Radio..... 46	Parole Girl—Columbia..... 94
Constant Woman, The—World Wide..... 49	King of the Jungle—Paramount..... 48	Penal Code, The—Freuler Film..... 94
Christopher Strong—RKO-Radio.... 49	Kiss Before the Mirror, The—Universal..... 48	Perfect Understanding—United Artists..... 48
Destination Unknown—Universal.... 47	Lady's Profession, A—Paramount.... 47	Sailor's Luck—Fox..... 48
Eleventh Commandment, The—Allied..... 94	Life of Jimmy Dolan, The—Warners.. 49	State Trooper—Columbia..... 93
Fast Workers—M-G-M..... 94	Man Who Won, The—British International..... 94	Strictly Personal—Paramount..... 93
Friederike—Pascal Prod..... 94	Masquerader, The—Goldwyn-United Artists..... 46	Sweepings—RKO-Radio..... 46
Ghost Train, The—Gainsborough.... 94	Mind Reader, The—First National... 49	There Goes the Bride—Gainsborough.. 94
Ich Will Nicht Wissen Wer Du Bist (Don't Tell Me Who You Are)—Interworld Prod..... 93	Murders in the Zoo—Paramount..... 49	Under the Tonto Rim—Paramount... 93
	Oliver Twist—Monogram..... 94	What Price Decency?—Equitable Pictures..... 94
		White Sister, The—M-G-M..... 4

Styled for Smart Company . . . Hollywood Fashions!

Faithful Copies of Clever Costumes Worn by Hollywood's Favorite Stars:
Selected by Seymour; Sponsored by Photoplay; Sold by Style-Right Stores



Styled for Smart Company, this striking frock! It's from the wardrobe of the Fox picture, "Pleasure Cruise," in which Minna Gombel, who wears it, appears with Genevieve Tobin and Roland Young! And it's only one of the alluring "Hollywood Fashions" for May (Pages 62-67); faithful copies are on display in many stores (Page 112).



Each month Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, selects the smartest fashions from the latest picture plays. And each month exact reproductions of those alluring styles (only genuine "Hollywood Fashions" bear the label shown above!) are offered at moderate prices by the best department stores in many cities.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine

919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

In Association With WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, Inc.



If "Hollywood Fashions" Are Not Sold in Your City

SEND PHOTOPLAY YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND THE STORE YOU PATRONIZE, ON THE MARGIN BELOW

A Mixed Tea Party



Lilian Harvey is helping Cliff Lewis, Fox publicity man, to a cup of tea, made the "right" way. Looks as if he knows just about what to expect, too

OH no, not really mixed *tea*. Rather, mixed guests. And not quite that, either. So many folks have an idea that attendance at a tea party is an exclusively feminine prerogative. But that holds true no longer. At the get-acquainted tea party given by Lilian Harvey upon her arrival in Hollywood, the men outnumbered the women! So here's your chance to pay off all those social obligations with one grand party and with a minimum of expense. You can invite twice as many guests, with a lesser expenditure of time and money than most small dinner parties would cost. Of course, you will arrange your tea for a day when it is most convenient for the boys to join in the fun.

It is essential that you serve a variety of tasty sandwiches. And since sandwich-making is an art in itself, let us consider first the fundamentals. If possible, use home-made bread. Trim crusts and slice bread thinly. Spread melted butter on slices with pastry brush. This is by far the most satisfactory method when buttering quantities of bread.

Surely you will want to try some of the delicious sandwiches Miss Harvey served.

CHEESE AND PINEAPPLE

To each package of cream cheese, add one-half cup of cream, whipped. Mash cheese and combine with cream. Then add an equal measure of finely chopped pineapple, well drained. Spread half of the slices with a layer of cheese mixture, and cover other half with a lettuce leaf, spread lightly with mayonnaise. Put together and press lightly.

MOCK PATE DE FOIS GRAS

Remove casing from a liver sausage and mash to a paste with mayonnaise in quantity to make an even spread. This is especially delicious on thin, buttered rye bread.

CHICKEN AND NUT

Chop cold chicken in wooden bowl until quite fine, and mix with enough chicken gravy to moisten. To each cup of chicken, add one-fourth cup of chopped nuts, a few drops of lemon juice, and celery salt. Spread with a little mayonnaise.

WATERCRESS

A refreshing and delicious spring sandwich is made of plain watercress, washed and drained thoroughly, and placed on thin, buttered bread with a little mayonnaise, and a sprinkle of salt.

CUCUMBER AND EGG

Pare cucumbers, cut lengthwise and remove seeds. Chop finely and mix with a little onion, add mayonnaise. Then add four hard-boiled eggs, also chopped, and mix. Be sure to season well. Spread on one slice of bread, placing lettuce leaf on other. Press tightly together.

And now for that "right" way of making tea! Use one level teaspoon (or a bit more if you prefer it strong) of tea to every two cups of boiling water. Scald your teapot, which should be of earthenware or china. Allow the hot water to stand in pot long enough to heat it through. Then pour it out, place the tea inside, and add *boiling* water.

Allow to draw about three minutes. Try a little honey in place of sugar.

When you cut out lemon slices in fancy shapes, stick a few whole cloves in each slice.

In addition there might also be salted nuts, sweet pickles, stuffed celery, stuffed olives, plain or with a strip of broiled bacon pinned around with a toothpick.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

PENGUIN POOL MURDER, THE—RKO-Radio.—For the laugh-hungry. Murder in an aquarium, solved by an elderly school teacher (Edna May Oliver). She's a scream. Jimmy Gleason, Mae Clarke, Don Cook and Bob Armstrong score, too. (Jan.)

★ **PRIVATE JONES**—Universal.—Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (April)

PROSPERITY — M-G-M. — Amusing but not enough so for the Dressler-Moran team. Again the stars are mothers-in-law. Norman Foster and Anita Page play their children. (Jan.)

RACING STRAIN, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—Wally Reid, Jr., makes an excellent screen debut in a fast-action story youngsters will love. (Feb.)

★ **RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS**—M-G-M.—All three Barrymores in one film, plus Ralph Morgan and Diana Wynyard, provide a display of personal art rarely exceeded in pictures. Don't miss it. (March)

RED-HAIRED ALIBI—Tower Prod.—About a girl (Merna Kennedy) innocently involved in beer running and murder and the target of blackmail. Theodore Von Eltz fine as the racketeer. (Jan.)

ROBBERS' ROOST—Fox.—A grand Western! George O'Brien and Maureen O'Sullivan in top form. (Feb.)

ROCKABYE—RKO-Pathé.—Constance Bennett in a mother love story that misses the mark but provides background for the star's charm. Joel McCrea plays opposite her, and Jobyna Howland is a riot as an inebriated mother. (Jan.)

ROME EXPRESS—Gaumont British-Universal.—An excellently done train ride, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (April)

SAILOR BE GOOD—RKO-Radio.—Barrelhouse humor features this appearance of Jack Oakie, as a bibulous gob. (March)

SCARLET RIVER—RKO-Radio.—A so-so "low-down" on filming Westerns with Tom Keene, Dorothy Wilson, Creighton Chaney, Rosco Ates and Ed Kennedy. (March)

SECOND HAND WIFE—Fox.—A slow tempoed Kathleen Norris tale; Helen Vinson the mercenary wife who tosses hubby Ralph Bellamy to the high-minded secretary, Sally Eilers. (March)

SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE, THE—M-G-M.—Too bad the Madame X theme can't be given a well-earned rest. Jean Parker rather grabs the show from Irene Dunne. (March)

★ **SECRETS**—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford flees her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (April)

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE—RKO-Radio.—Thrilling if unconvincing drama of the French police unravelling several murder mysteries. With Gwili Andre, Frank Morgan, Gregory Ratoff and John Warburton. (Jan.)

SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE—Invincible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (April)

SELF-DEFENSE — Monogram. — Pauline Frederick has her troubles running a Canadian saloon and gambling hall on the level. Interesting, thanks to Pauline. (Feb.)

★ **SHE DONE HIM WRONG**—Paramount.—First-class rough stuff about the gay Nineties on the Bowery, with Mae West, Cary Grant, Noah Beery and others. Not for tender minds. (March)

★ **SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE**—Paramount.—Charles Laughton's subtly satirical *Nero*, admirably supported by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, make this De Mille spectacle of ancient Rome noteworthy. But don't take the children. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

MOVIE STAR STAMPS

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
STAMP-SIZE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE
LEADING MOVING PICTURE STARS

50 FOR 50c 100 FOR \$1.00

*The New Movie Star Stamp Fad
is Sweeping the Country*

● Movie fans all over the country are making up their collections of these new movie star stamps. They are supplied in sheets or strips like regular postage stamps, all gummed ready for mounting. They are reproductions of choice photographs. In fact, they are miniature photographs of excellent quality and finish. Suitable for mounting in stamp books or on your personal stationery. Can be mounted as a border for larger photographs. Be the first to show your friends your collection of these new movie star stamps. Send your order today. The coupon below is for your convenience.

*Your Own Photograph Reproduced
Stamp Size 100 for Only \$1.25*

● If you would prefer to have your own photograph reproduced or that of a friend or any other photograph such as your home or a pet, Photoplay has made special arrangements to procure them at the same low price of 100 for \$1.25. Just send us the original photograph or snapshot with the coupon below and your order will receive our prompt attention. The original photograph will be returned to you with your stamp photos as quickly as they can be completed. Thousands will take advantage of this unusual offer so get your order in early and avoid the rush. Mail it today to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find \$..... for which please send me

..... Photo Stamps.

☐ Check here if you want an assortment of movie stars.

☐ Check here if you want your own photograph or a special photograph reproduced and enclose the original. No less than 100 can be ordered where Photo Stamps are made up special. Price, 100 for \$1.25.

Send to:

M

STREET ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

"Party
Tonight?"

how's
your
breath
today?



*Don't offend . . . play safe . . . Use Listerine
. . . deodorizes hours longer*

You never can tell when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. The wise thing to do, then, is to use Listerine before social engagements. No fastidious man or woman would overlook this precaution.

After using Listerine, you *know* that your breath cannot offend others. The moment this amazing antiseptic and deodorant enters the mouth, it cleanses, arrests fermentation, decay, and infection—all causes of odors—then overcomes the odors themselves. *Listerine instantly gets rid of odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours.*

Don't be one of the thousands who take it for granted that their breath

is beyond reproach when, as a matter of fact, it is not. The unwelcome truth is that everyone is a victim of halitosis at some time or another.

You can readily understand why: a few particles of fermenting food, overlooked by the tooth brush, often cause bad breath. A slightly decaying tooth or a leaky filling produces odors. Also, excesses of eating and drinking, and, of course, temporary or chronic infections of the mouth, nose, and throat.

So we say: don't guess about the condition of your breath. Simply keep Listerine handy in home and office, and rinse the mouth with it every morning and night, and between times before meeting others. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BEFORE ALL ENGAGEMENTS

Listerine

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS



Lee Miller

STRAIGHT from London success, Lilian Harvey's stardom blossoms in Hollywood. You'll be seeing her now in pictures and she's a cheerful little eyeful, British accent, et al. Lilian is one of the girls who went in for trousers but you'd never believe it judging from her furs and fancies here. She is blue-eyed and blonde and very feminine



Otto Dyar

LIKE the street car conductor who went for a trolley ride on his day off, Richard Bennett, veteran actor of stage and screen, dons one of his most colorful costumes—and goes fishing. Far from being fed up with the fixings he has to wear during studio performances, Bennett imagines himself a bold, bad bandit and sets out for his sport



Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE lure of Hollywood fame, Benita admits frankly, is the reason she has deserted the English stage for pictures. A stage and screen favorite in her own native London, Miss Hume's ambition drove her to seek international laurels via Hollywood. Her first picture in this country was "Clear All Wires." Now working in "Service" for M-G-M



Hurrell

DON'T be so quizzical, Eddie Lowe. That wicked look in a man's eyes upsets the girls—makes 'em wonder. Well, maybe you're right, especially since you've just finished "I Love That Man." We're pretty sure you and your partner in that film, Nancy Carroll, will make a go of it. You always hit the target, don't you, Eddie?



Always a little more thrilling

... this girl has learned that "popularity" is just another name for "personality". She emphasizes each *fate-given* trace of individuality—selects frocks to complement her eyes; face powder to compliment her face. And she uses Coty, of course, because Coty is the one "personalized" face powder, *tailored-to-type* in three ways!

In *texture*, Coty offers a fine, smooth, adhering finish, which *most perfectly* suits most skins. It is Coty's art to *emphasize animation* while banishing shine.

In *tints*, Coty presents individual, skin-true tones that give a precious, rose-petal finish. Test their *naturalness*—"personalized" to your complexion!

In *fragrances*, Coty creates a score of adorable, enchanting odeurs, among which you'll certainly find several that perfectly express your *personality*!

Like the clever girls who are its devotees, Coty Face Powder—in the famous *powder-puff box*—proves itself always a little more thrilling! It's "personalized"!

Coty



Pure! In these days of wobbly quality standards, take no chances on what you put on your precious face! Buy Coty, insist on Coty—utterly pure, laboratory-tested, safeguarded against deterioration!

"If We Lose Our Figures . . . We Lose Our Jobs"

say Greta Nissen and Adolphe Menjou



Enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" on location between scenes of "Circus Queen Murder"—the new Columbia production.

The "Hollywood Lunch" helps movie stars to "keep fit without fat"

EXCESS weight can cost a star popularity—and even a job! For almost every contract sets a limit to the pounds a star can gain.

That's why screen favorites know what foods build energy—give nourishment—without adding a fraction to the silhouette.

No heavy lunches!

At lunch time especially, you'll find few stars eating a heavy, fattening meal. They need *energy* to pull them through the afternoon. And they get it from a light, nourishing lunch—the famous "Hollywood Lunch."

Look at the picture above. It was

snapped on location as Greta Nissen and Adolphe Menjou took time out for lunch between scenes of "Circus Queen Murder"—the new Columbia production.

Notice they're eating, not a heavy meal, but the "Hollywood Lunch"—a sandwich and a glass of malted milk.

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit

If you want to stay slim—and keep fit, too—forget the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the

grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever tasted—Borden's Malted Milk!

Borden's is better!

Borden's is a finer malted milk. Richer in nourishment and energy-building values. Richer in vitamins A, B, and G. And every attendant serving Borden's is trained to mix the *best* malted milk!

Make tomorrow's lunch a "Hollywood Lunch!" And don't forget—for home use, Borden's Malted Milk also comes in handy glass jars.

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT



DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

HOLLYWOOD came through the earthquake practically unscathed. Long Beach and Compton business districts, only a score of miles away, were virtually demolished.

But the sustained temblor, which wrecked these cities, caused Hollywood to shake up on its foundations, and people rushed panic-stricken into the streets. No one knew when the buildings, swaying like trees in a gale, would fall upon them. Hollywood was plenty scared.

Broadway stage folk who had recently arrived stood with white faces and open mouths, terrifiedly wishing themselves back in New York. And those who had lived in Hollywood all their lives were just as badly paralyzed with fear.

AT the studios themselves, although there were no casualties nor any damage other than demolition of a few sets, all was chaos while the shocks lasted. Casts rushed from the stages into the open. Executives, directors, authors and stenographers stood for a moment trembling with fear as they realized what was happening, and then deserted the studio buildings pell-mell. Laboratory workers left their film in the "soup" and dived for safety. Actors ran from dressing-rooms, half clad.

It is safe to say that in that one moment more prayers were breathed than Hollywood has heard for years.

PERHAPS the most dramatic thing that happened during the entire shock was on the "Dead On Arrival" set, at Paramount, where Ricardo Cortez was performing an operation on Gloria Stuart. First the operating table rolled away and Gloria sat up. The cameraman, leaving his electrically-driven camera still running, rushed to the doors. But the whole cast was trapped on the huge sound proof stage. And as the building swayed, the lights trembled and the dazed crew stopped, virtually paralyzed, the still grinding camera photographed the entire terror-stricken scene until the current was cut off. The players finally forced the doors and rushed into the street.

On another sound stage a few yards away Carole Lombard, Alan Dinehart and the rest of the "Supernatural" cast were making a spooky scene with the

whole set dimly lighted and with weird sound effects.

At first everybody thought the quake was a part of the picture, but when the realization hit them the panic was on.

INDIVIDUAL stars felt the upheaval wherever they were. Claudette Colbert was walking in the studio wardrobe when the floor started to shimmy and a dummy rolled out of the shadows right to her feet in the darkness. Claudette gave one wild whoop and was on her way.

Irene Dunne was in a dentist's chair. She, the nurse and the dentist all made a rush for the door. The door was jammed and had to be taken off its hinges before they could get out, with the building rocking like a ship in a wild sea.

Lilyan Tashman was having her hair waved. She was in bed all the next day as a result of the shake. Even now she's thanking her stars that she wasn't getting a permanent, or she might have been electrocuted.

Buster Crabbe, making a personal appearance at a Los Angeles theater, had just bought himself a new pair of shoes and was re-entering the theater to go on. As the ground beneath him began to shake he said to the doorman, "Guess I'll go and put my old shoes back on. There's something wrong with these new ones."

Jack Oakie, sitting in the legal department arguing about signing for the fifty per cent cut, felt the temblor, seized a pen, and signed immediately.

CLARK GABLE was in the publicity office. When the lights went out Clark made for the door. His foot went into a waste basket and he went flying into the street, waste basket and all.

Marian Nixon was in her fourth floor apartment when all the china fell out of the cupboards. Gathering up two broken dishes, she ran to the street below, leaving all her jewelry behind her in a drawer.

Robert Montgomery and Director Harry Beaumont made for the door of their stage at the same time. Each insisted that the other go out first and they soon found themselves wrestling to push the other to safety. Neither got out before the shocks were over.

Joan Crawford was reading in her living room. She ran outside and sat by the front door all night. Nothing could persuade her to go either in or out.

Don Cook and Jack Holt, heroes of Columbia's "Tampico," were in an executive's office. Both heroes made a dash for the door.

"Yaw," yelled the executive, "you can't take it."

But when they got to the street they found him there already.

Noah Beery ran out of the studio in his ghastly make-up of a horror picture. The people thronging the street went into hysterics as they saw him.

ELISSA LANDI is wondering whether she gets seven years' bad luck as a result of the quake. She was brushing her hair in her dressing-room when she fell against the mirror and smashed it with the brush.

Louise Closser Hale thought it was her glasses that made the room shake so and decided to consult her oculist, then she learned there had been a quake.

Tom Brown had just stepped into the bath tub. The tub tilted and nearly drowned him. He jumped out and then, realizing that he was naked, got back in again.

Maurice Chevalier, recording a song standing beside a pool for a romantic scene, was astounded when the water slopped out and the gold fish jumped out of the pool and hit him.

Marlene Dietrich was autographing a photograph to Travis Banton, designer, and had just begun the "M" when the quake jittered the pen all over the picture. She dated it as the only "earthquake autograph" in existence.

Miriam Hopkins was taking off her make-up in her dressing-room. She ran to the door and right then the door came violently open and hit her. All she could think of to yell was: "Billy (her hairdresser) I want my hair fixed."

ADRIENNE AMES thought the studio was being shaken by a heavy truck until she looked out of her second floor window and saw the huge, three hundred foot high water tower swaying like a pendulum. The sound of the water swishing around was terrific.

And then Adrienne streaked down to the open spaces. She was the last one out of the building.

Brian Aherne, playing with Dietrich in "Song of Songs," had just finished for the day and was taking a shower. He made the street in one jump and a bath towel, wishing he had never left old Broadway.

HOLLYWOOD was almost as aghast over the banking holiday as it was over the earthquake. Perhaps the impression was even deeper. The effect was similar to that in Wall Street upon the bursting of the great financial bubble in October, 1929. The depression was over three years in reaching Hollywood.

Having gone through the experience a year ago of having some of the banks close permanently, the

"holiday" created something of a near-panic. Caught unprepared, like the vast majority of people throughout the nation, the actors were inclined to look upon their deposits as an irretrievable loss. Perhaps it was because of the distance of Hollywood from the big financial centers that made them think that their banks would not reopen.

High paid stars found themselves almost penniless. Maurice Chevalier had to borrow two dollars from a worker in a filling station. Noah Beery had forty-five cents. While Roland Young had exactly twenty-three cents in his pocket.

Some of the studios managed to get money from somewhere to cash in part pay-checks. At M-G-M an armored car under convoy of motorcycle cops and special police dashed through the gates, the siren shrieking. From the excitement created, you would have thought it was a return to frontier days, with a stage coach arriving after a dash through the hostile Indian country.

THE practical cessation of payment of the studio's one million three hundred thousand dollar a week pay-roll brought the long discussed subject of the cut in salaries to a crisis. A fifty per cent reduction has been voted and accepted. Whether the full resumption of banking activities will modify the length of this period remains to be seen.

The upward swing in business that the entire nation now looks hopefully forward to will naturally remove the financial strain upon the motion picture industry. Motion pictures are the one great amusement, and amusement is vital to a nation's happiness. So for that reason the production of pictures is, in reality, a basic industry.

VARIETY records the striking relation of motion picture houses to business. It cites, for example, how the closing of a big picture theater in Minnesota has reduced store rentals from three hundred and four hundred dollars a month to one hundred and one hundred fifty dollars.

There is an old saying that trade follows a nation's flag. Evidently business keeps step with the crowd, too.

SEVERAL years ago, John Ford directed a picture for Fox, which reached the screen as "Four Sons." I. A. R. Wylie had written the original. Margaret Mann was unforgettable in the featured rôle—that of the mother. Today, John Ford is directing a picture for Fox, which may reach the screen as "Pilgrimage." This also by I. A. R. Wylie.

Margaret Mann has a bit part, calling for a few scenes. She skyrocketed to fame in that one picture, "Four Sons," yet she never could find another rôle to approach it. Soon she sank back to the level of bits and extra work. Did we say "unforgettable"?

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

Are Men's glances Keen...Women's Friendly ...Do they Admire your Skin?



Face to face with one friend, or surrounded by people—wherever you are, someone's eyes are searching you—scrutinizing your skin. For you, like every other woman, are in a Beauty Contest every day—ever the object of critical eyes that find you beautiful or consider you plain.



• *Exquisite cleanliness is Beauty's first law. With a soft cloth, apply a rich lather of Camay and warm water to your skin. Rinse well with cold water.*



• *Camay is pure—made of delicate oils. Its luxuriant lather is as gentle and refreshing in your bath as on your face and hands! Try it today!*

Copyright, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

You may live grandly in a mansion, or modestly in a cottage. Yet you cannot escape the Beauty Contest of life... the rivalry of woman against woman. Wealth and social position cannot help you. But a fresh, radiant skin is a glorious weapon.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To have a skin that is soft and velvety, use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Camay is creamy-white—pure—delicate

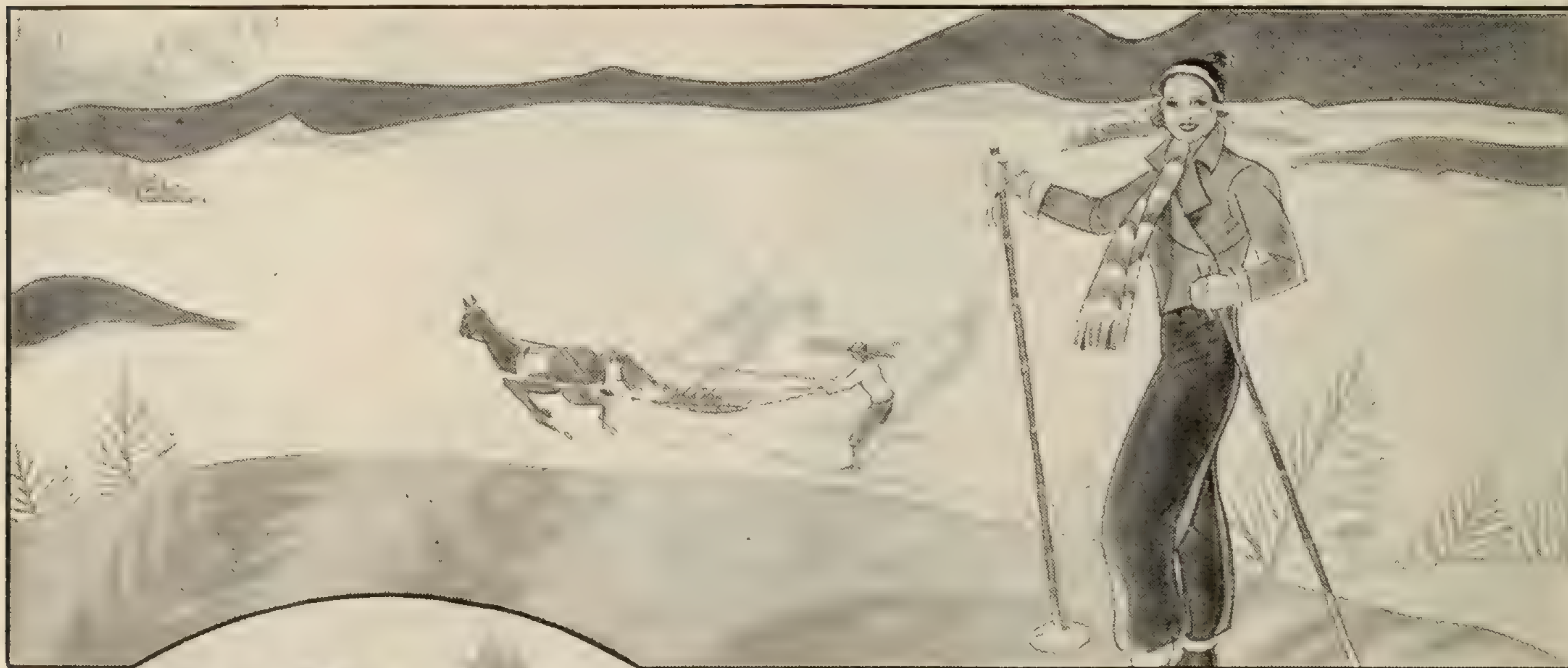
as dew upon your cheek. The quick, luxuriant lather it yields, in hard water, as in soft, cleanses the pores deeply and gently and brings out the fresh, natural loveliness of your skin. A finer beauty soap has never been made!

The cost of keeping your skin lovely is amazingly low! Never in your lifetime have you known a soap so fine, so delicately perfumed, so beautifully wrapped to cost so little! Get a supply of Camay today.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Clara's European



In the photos, and this sketch, by Dobias, you see Clara getting her first taste of winter sports



"This is what they call a *luge* up here. Rex and I had our first run on it today. Thrilling fun"

WHEN PHOTOPLAY first asked me to sit down and write about my trip to Europe, I said "Sure!" I was so full of everything I'd seen, I could have gone on talking forever. But there was too much to say. It would have made a book, and I haven't time to write one now, although some day I intend to.

That's why I tried to keep a diary in Europe, just marking down the things that meant most to me. Of course, it isn't written like literature which I'm getting to like more and more. It's written the way I talk. A kind of notebook, with my notions jotted down.

So I said to PHOTOPLAY, "You're welcome to my diary if you can make heads or tails out of it. But I warn you, it's a queer kind of diary. I didn't keep it regularly, and I didn't pay much attention to dates."

But you'll be surprised when you find out what *did* impress me most. Because I'm not going to

tell you it was old churches or castles or museums. I liked them, of course. But I'm not up enough on history and art to appreciate them like I should.

Between you and me, I bet lots of tourists who come back raving about things that are starred in the guide books, just rave because everybody else does. But the incidents and sights I remember most vividly aren't like that.

My two weeks' stay in St. Moritz; my visit to Reims and the day I spent going through the Pomeroy Greno champagne cellar; the Berlin Zoo; Westminster Abbey and the Unknown Soldier's grave in Whitehall, London; the poverty of the lower classes in Europe; these are the things that stuck with me.

(Gee, I'd like to go around the country telling what I saw to all the people who've got the wrong ideas about Europe. You can't realize how hard life is over there until you've had the chance to see conditions with your own eyes!)

The restaurants and shops, and the usual sight-seeing didn't mean much to me.

If you think I'm crazy when I tell you that I wasn't so keen about French food—well, I'm *crazy*.

THE dressmakers in Paris thought I was. Because the only thing I bought was a Hair Seal Phoque coat (the new fur that's all the rage). I wore it when I landed in New York.

But as I told the Patous and the Chaneles and the Lanvins, "I'm perfectly satisfied with the clothes I bought in America—they suit me better. So why change over?"

That's not patriotism—that's just common sense.



"Me trying skis for the first time. I took a spill and one ski flew over a precipice"

Diary

"St. Moritz gave me the most wonderful two weeks I've ever spent"



"Here's the guy who took a shine to me. He wanted to follow me home"

Jan. 18th. *St. Moritz*. Gee, what a place. Never felt more like a million dollars in my life. They've got a special brand of mountains and sun and snow and fresh air up here that makes you eat like a truck horse, and sleep like a bear, and feel so kind and good you'd like to kiss everybody you meet. It sure is swell.

Jan. 20th. Had my first skiing lesson yesterday. Was it a riot? I wasn't scared, only uncomfortable with those heavy boards on my feet. They felt ten miles long.

Guess I'm impulsive—or whatever you call it. Tried to do everything the first day. The teacher here takes a lot of interest in me. Says I learn quickly. Too quickly, I know now. So I tried to learn everything at once, and took a spill that landed me in a somersault at the bottom of the hill.

One of my skis came off and flew right over a fifteen hundred foot precipice. They make things big here—even the precipices.

Can you beat it? Rex took a lot of snap-shots of me today. Photography is getting to be more and more a hobby with me.

Jan. 23rd. Rex is showing 'em how we do things in the old U. S. A. also. The skiing teacher says he's a wonderful all-round sportsman. He's only been on skis twice now, and he's already doing all the fancy stunts.

This afternoon he thought he'd try some of those loop-the-loop turns around the side of the mountain on a *luge* (that's what they call a little sled here). The kind of thing they do at the Olympics. Mile-a-minute turns—and if you're dumped, good night. I said, "Darling, please don't be reckless." But he's kind of headstrong. So he tried. And made it. Hurray for Rex. . . . We're both learning to skate, too.

Jan. 25th. Rosie Dolly—one of the famous Dolly Sisters—is here also. She's Mrs. Netcher now, and lives in Europe most of the time. I've always been crazy about Rosie—she's such good fun on a party. Is always up to anything. She'll probably come down to Monte Carlo with us . . . Rosie said to me today, which I thought was terribly sweet of her:

"If they must send movie actresses over here to be entertained—why can't they all be like you?"

Jan. 26th. We were walking through the lobby of the hotel this morning and who did we see but Vilma Banky. Looking prettier than ever. She's still with Rod. And that proves that some folks,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Just four girls out for a big time. Seeing the sights of St. Moritz in this quaint contraption. The nice blonde is Vilma Banky. Next is Mrs. Eddie Goulding. Then Rosie Dolly and Clara. She wouldn't let Rex come along

"I'd Do It Again," says Clark

How Clark Gable met the world-old issue—when the wills of father and son clash

By
Evaline
Lieber

SHALL a father dictate the choice of profession for his children?

Should children, from a feeling of loyalty, follow their parents' advice?

This is not a new problem. It's as old as the moon, and as ever-present.

And probably there is no city in the world where the answers—pro and con—are as sensationally illustrated as in Hollywood.

The case of Clark Gable is one of the most surprising of those many dramas which grow out of a son's defiance of parental authority.

Since he was sixteen years old until a few months ago, Clark had no idea where his father lived or what he was doing. And, though probably the father was quite aware of his son's sudden sky-rocketing to fame, he gave no signs of being interested. Yet these two were the only living members of their family.

With Clark's mother gone, the father felt a double parental responsibility toward the young, impulsive boy left to his guidance. Naturally. When there are two influences to mold a youthful mind and temperament—a masculine and a feminine—the job is not nearly so difficult. If a father and son disagree, there is always the mother's interceding tenderness to soften the pressure of the quarrel. To bring the older man to a better understanding of the boy's enthusiasm. To temper the

"Tie yourself so tightly to a star that not even a passing comet can untie you," says Clark Gable. It was a long, up-hill fight that brought him to such rôles as *Giovanni*—as here shown—opposite Helen Hayes in M-G-M's production, "The White Sister"

boy's stubborn judgment of his father's harsh common sense.

But there was no mother's influence in Clark's adolescent life. And that's one reason the bitterness grew.

Clark was in Akron making his initial fight for stage recognition. His father had gone to Oklahoma and established himself as a contractor for the drilling of oil wells. He was prospering. He sent for the son.

Clark went. The artistic inheritance from his mother urged him toward the stage. But the tie with his only remaining parent made him feel guilty of disobedience—and inspired filial yearnings.

"When he sent for me I was happy to go just to be with him. But I simply couldn't stick to the work. Oil wells were uninteresting, uninspiring and unromantic.

"My father is Pennsylvania Dutch. He comes from a people who tilled their own land, who always knew exactly how and from what the next meal was coming. He had a vision of saving his money, putting it into oil land and 'striking it rich.'

"He wished me to share this vision. He expected me to work with him, save my money as he saved his. He wanted *us*—father and son—to strike it rich together. I was his only son. But after a trial, I knew that all the money in the world was not worth my revulsion and rebellion against this work."

That crucial scene—common to so many parents and offspring—came one afternoon when their work was finished. It came more violently and with more emotional undercurrent than is customary. Because there were only the two of them, and they were closer to

one another than either one of them cared to admit.

This father had no other children on whom he could lavish his inherited right to parental domination, or his affection. The son, no other parent to whom he could turn for sympathetic comprehension.

"I felt *then* that I had the right to choose my own destiny; make my own choice of vocation. I feel exactly the same way today. Only now my father and I agree about it.

"There is only one way to get what you want from our brief visit on this earth. First, you must know what you want and then set out to get it, and not allow anything to sidetrack you.

"Opportunities to side step [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]





Husband, baby, happy family life! Isn't this worth a sacrifice of one's personal ambitions? Norma thinks it is, and is risking her movie career to safeguard the fulfillment we here see of every real woman's heart

Norma's Love Comes First

"I DON'T see how it is possible for any actress, no matter how famous, to find it difficult to choose between her career and her husband. Such a problem isn't good sense. Because the answer seems obvious if she really loves her husband.

"The call of a woman's heart certainly should be stronger than her cry for fame. At least, that's the way I've found it to work out in my life. I have never been put to the test of pondering that question until just recently. Since Irving was sick. And I now know that no career, no one picture, would ever be big enough or important enough to take me away from him when he needed me."

Norma Shearer told me this a day or two before she and her husband, Irving Thalberg, and their adorable son, Irving, Jr., aged two-and-one-half years, left for a trip to Europe. A trip designed primarily as a rest for Thalberg, the oft-hailed, and correctly, too, young production genius of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who has been very ill with a "flu" attack. His first serious illness during his six years of wedded life to Norma.

We were seated in the charming living-room of Norma's beach house where she and her husband and child live the year round. It is situated right at the seaside, with a retaining wall shutting it off from the direct path of the ocean. The cheery, wide living-room with gentle green carpet and furnishings done in creamy bisque, peach and white tones,

opens upon a tiled porch which offers an unsurpassed panorama of limitless sky and water.

Fishing boats and several picturesque three-masted schooners were lying lazily in the sunlit, blue-green calm of the sea that day and the Venice

pleasure pier, a short mile away, with its roller coaster and ferris wheel, presented a gay contrast.

Just a few moments before I had been up in the nursery with little Irving the while he sat at his tiny table eating his bowl of consomme with rice, and pouring his milk from a pitcher formed in the shape of a very pert kitten and a sad-eyed, lop-eared dog. On the rim of the silver plate into which he poured some of his soup, "because it's hot," were engraved figures of quaint brownies.

"Who do you suppose those little people are," he asked me with his precious, bright face turned up toward mine. The golden curls of his bob—curls which sadly enough went the way of the shears the following day in order that he could rightfully take his place in the world as a "little man"—lovingly caressed his sensitive brow.

"I'll tell you who they are," he explained, in clear, intelligent words. "They're Ditty Bennett and Peter Bennett and Barbara Lyon, my little friends."

Ditty and Peter and Barbara being the exquisite children, respectively, of Joan Bennett, Constance [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

By Elza Schallert



WHEN Warner Bros. started director Al Green at work in its South Sea tale called "The Narrow Corner," a sailing vessel, the "Nancy G," was obtained and used for most of the shots. But some of the most exacting work, showing Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Patricia Ellis at high points

"The Narrow Corner" Stage Gives

in the film, proved difficult to take in the cabin; so this stage was evolved.

The whole thing—cabin and all—is mounted

on one giant ball and socket joint, and can be made to rock as violently as the most thrill-avid director could desire. The stage hand in



Photo by Stagg

Storms and Seasickness to Order

the upper right corner can also dump water down the companionway from his barrel, as desired. So everyone concerned can enjoy all

the sensations of a typhoon—including seasickness; and it is a matter of record that when the stage was tried out *mal de mer*

afflicted several unfortunates stationed upon it. Groups of husky stage hands at the corners do the rocking.

With such a stage at his command, Director Green (leaning on his chair) is quite certain that Doug and Patricia (center) will provide all the realism anyone could ask.

By
Reginald
Taviner

A Millionaire In

Rich in fame, money, friends, the
greatest comedian of all time asks
—in vain—for but one small gift



IN Hollywood you may see ex-cigarette girls who have become cinema princesses, and former taxi drivers who are worshipped as demi-gods. You may sit at a restaurant table and be waited upon by a once reigning toast of the New York stage, or buy sheet music on a street corner from a man who was reared in the shadow of a throne.

Perhaps the man to whom you toss a quarter for a gardenia has the right to wear a ribbon in his own buttonhole, and the panhandler who touches you for a cup of coffee was a famous playboy who once threw away thousands in a single night.

But these are the small-fry only, their stories so common as to be scarcely worthy of comment any more. What if the chap who parked your car was heretofore a grand duke, with a yarn as long as your arm if you cared to listen—but you don't listen, because his memoirs are stale, trivial stuff beside some you've heard. You can't walk a block in Hollywood without bumping into some such paradox or other; either they were up and are down, or were down and they're up.

Just the same, there is in Hollywood one human paradox who stands head and shoulders above all the others. Not in stature, for physically he's only a little fellow; yet even in Hollywood, where the official coat-of-arms is a hammer on a field of hams with jealousy rampant, everybody will admit that he's the biggest shot in town. Yet, among all the multitudes of celebrities, among the world-famous throngs of soothsayers, stars, sycophants and supervisors, he, the most celebrated, the most famous, the one admitted great among all the near-great and the would-be great, roams as a lost soul.

He is lonely, because no other soul can share with him his pedestal of genius.

He is sad, because the laughs he has given the world have been born in his own sorrows.

He is a jester in the court of life, a Pagliacci whose clownish make-up ever hides the tear in his heart.

He has everything the earth has to offer, yet nothing he wants. A pauper in contentment, yet with the whole world in his grasp.

He is a millionaire, a millionaire many times over in money, yet the most humble home is rich compared with him. Easier, indeed, is it for the camel to go through the eye of the needle than for this rich man to enter the heaven of happiness—and he is a millionaire in search of happiness.

YOU may see him almost any day, strolling preoccupiedly down the Boulevard. Not as often now as formerly, since the Boulevard has become a tawdry promenade of cheap-jacks and jim-cracks; still, quite often, even now. He doesn't see shop windows with their catchpenny junk, where jewels, and gowns, and frankincense and myrrh used to be; he doesn't see the tense faces hurrying by, the beggars and street-musicians thronging where once the stars were wont to tread.

Somewhere within himself is the world that he inhabits, the sphere where dwells his thoughts. All he gives the Boulevard is a glimpse of a small, slight figure, wearing as like as not a neat blue suit, a pair of patent-leather, button-top shoes, and a plaid cap or his beloved bowler hat. His mobile face, sensitive and plastic as a sculptor's clay, is unmindful and expressionless; his eyes, dark and deep, are like opaque windows. He can see out, but you can't see in.

He looks straight in front of him, scarcely turning his head from Vine Street to La Brea. You could follow him, and he wouldn't know.

He doesn't see, among all the others, another figure that passes him—a stocky figure of medium

In any group of celebrities he, the most celebrated one of them all, roams like a lost soul

Search of Happiness

height, dressed in a pair of old white duck pants turned up almost to the knees, and a threadbare shirt without any sleeves; a man, older than he, but looking much younger, whose bare head sways a shock of long, blond hair, not yet white like his own, and whose sandalled feet swing along at almost a trot. That's Peter the Hermit, bronzed in health and happy in his heart, with a song on his lips and a smile on his face.

Perhaps he hasn't two dimes to rub together or perhaps he has—you wouldn't know, and he's not caring. He has found the fountain-head of life. He laughs at the world, not the world at him.

Hermit? No, not Peter, even if his dress is eccentric and he does live up in the hills. The other guy is the real hermit. It is he whom you will find strolling down around the East Side at night, seeking the intimacy of his own thoughts among the pawnshops and flopjoints, among the coffee-and-sinker lunch counters, the dime movie houses that stay open all night, the Rescue Missions and all the rest of the haunts of human misery after he has left a party at Pickfair or a gathering of the great at his own mansion—surfeited with all that, he wants to be alone.

He wants to smell again those acrid smells that remind him of his own native slums.

He wants to think again those introspective, creative thoughts that gave to the world "The Kid," "Shoulder Arms," "A Woman of Paris," "City Lights."

He wants to maroon himself upon an island of his own making in the midst of a stream of flotsam and jetsam; to be at peace within himself while the tide of all earthly emotion rushes by.

And when he tires of that he gets into his Rolls-Royce limousine again and is whisked back to his own mausoleum in Beverly Hills, where money has built for him everything that mortal man may desire—everything, that is, save the one thing he is eternally seeking yet never can find: Happiness.

IN Hollywood you may buy with money any commodity that the earth has to offer. You may buy ancient baronial castles, dismantled in the Old World and set up here stone by stone; you may buy almost priceless old masters as well as ex-cabbages and ex-kings.

You can buy brains and achieve fleeting fame if not immortality; you can buy human beauty and human beasts. You can even buy the glorious saffron of the dawn, breaking like an eternal Easter over purple crests of the hills, and you can buy the gorgeous sunsets, limitless diapasons of color far-flung over the mirroring sea. All you have to do is pick your view.

The little, sad-faced jester has money enough to buy all of these. Some of them he has bought. But none of them are worth a plugged nickel compared with the one thing he lacks.

He tries to encompass that one thing, seated at the console of his huge pipe-organ, a small, pathetic figure on the bench, alone in a vast, high-ceilinged chamber conjuring wistful melodies out of the fabric of his own desire.

He tries to find it wandering from one room to another in that great mansion of his, a violin tucked beneath his chin, bowing the reversed strings with his left hand. Music—it is there somewhere. It lurks in those noble organ chords, in those trilled flourishes of the fiddle beneath his fingers.

Moods—they flow from him like water from a busted fire-hydrant. And ever he pursues them, seeking the one mood that escapes him.

He dives into his ornate swimming pool, floats dreaming upon his back with his closed eyelids upturned to the open sky. He tires himself out upon his private tennis court, knocking balls like white bubbles here and there. He goes to his own studio, the only individual studio that remains in Hollywood, and loses himself in millions of feet of film.

The pathos he accomplished upon the screen is not synthetic mummery. The satire and irony he achieves are not inspiration from above. The baggy pants and patched shoes that skid around the corners of life, leaving the girl-image of happiness behind them in the last reel, are not conceived in fantasy. They are all real, too real; and the tramp with the tiny mustache is really a flesh-and-blood millionaire. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]



His hand gripping in the rear his sagging trousers, here is the pilgrim-clown of old happier days



Wide World

Jimmy and Willie *do* Hollywood. They are Mrs. Cagney's little boys, though you are probably more familiar with Jimmy who has won stellar honors in the cinema field. His older brother came out to visit him, and Jimmy decided to show him the town. Even autograph seekers had a difficult time telling them apart. Why not plan a twin rôle for the lads?



Wide World

Cal York

Announcing-

"A W, no!" many of Buster Keaton's friends in Hollywood exclaimed when the word was first flashed over the radio from El Paso that Keaton had married a girl named Mae Scrivens.

A little later, however, when newspapers and wire services began carrying stories, quoting Buster and Mae concerning the marriage, these same friends were mystified and here's why: Buster said they had been married at Ensenada, lower California, January 8.

Reporters, however, were unable to find any record of the marriage license having been issued. Judge Francisco Maytorena in Ensenada said he knew Keaton but he had "never married him to anybody." Buster countered by saying he had made secret arrangements to keep it out of the record until his California divorce became final in August.

"My secretary in Hollywood has the marriage certificate," Buster added.

The secretary kept a discreet silence other than to admit he had talked to Buster in El Paso over long distance telephone.

"MAYBE they were married in Mexicali," reporters reasoned. "They stopped off there a couple of days ago."

But no record of a wedding ceremony could be found at the lower California border town. And so the mystery is still a mystery.

Mae has been Buster's nurse for about six months—since about the time, as a matter of fact, his wife, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, obtained her interlocutory decree of divorce.

At times, Buster has been quite ill although he has improved considerably since his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was terminated. This trip to Mexico City, which caused Buster, at the international boundary, to declare he and Mae were married, was planned to aid him in regaining his health.

Hot-cha-cha, if it isn't Jimmy Durante telling Harold Lloyd the sad story of how his bank closed and he couldn't draw out any money. And you know it would take the irrepressible Durante to laugh that off. Mrs. Durante seems to be enjoying the joke, too. Jimmy's humor is truly infectious—a tonic in such trying days

HERE'S a new romance that's starting gossip with a vengeance. Lilian Harvey and Gary Cooper.

And it looks at this writing as though Gary had fallen, this time, as at no time since he and Lupe Velez parted.

It even looks as though he might postpone his trip to Europe. One little lady in Hollywood may be able to keep him at home despite all the invitations from titled families in the old country.

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Irving Lippman



Maybe it was love at first sight, as Buster says, that prompted his elopement to Mexico with Mae Scrivens, his nurse. They posed for this picture in El Paso, Texas, along the honeymoon trail. The marriage has mystified Hollywood friends because no Mexican record could be found and Buster's divorce is not yet final in California—and can't be for some months

Not even a vestige of her trouser fad was visible the day Amelia Earhart called on Marlene Dietrich. Marlene was doing a scene from her latest picture and Amelia found her in an old-fashioned nightie in place of the tailored pajamas she expected. Amelia is all for the trouser fad. More convenient in flying

THE fine foods—the strange foods—the new foods of Europe were too tempting for Clara Bow. Always worried by her weight that seems to want to go up as naturally as a toy balloon, Clara came back home fifteen pounds heavier than when she went away.

Getting off the train at San Bernardino, she stayed hidden from all but her most intimate friends until she and her husband, Rex Bell, could go to their ranch on the California-Nevada boundary.

EDMUND LOWE swears this really happened at the home of a friend.

The telephone rang and the colored maid answered.

Eddie heard her say, "Yes Mam, she does" and "Yes, it sho is," and then hung up.

Five minutes later the phone rang again and the maid said exactly the same thing and hung up.

The lady of the house called her and asked:

"Who was that on the phone, Mandy?"

"Well," said Mandy, "a lady says: 'Does Mrs. Stevens live here?' and I says, 'Yes mam, she does.' And then she says 'Long distance from Washington' and I says, 'Yes, it sho is.' And that's all."

CLARA'S friends said that, despite her increased weight, Clara seemed almost exhausted from her European tour.

A publicity stunt, involving Clara Bow's pet white rat, "Pinky," almost had a tragic ending for "Pinky."

Left behind, her pet was dispatched by airplane to meet Clara on her return from Europe.

"Pinky" caught cold and Clara nursed him all the way across the continent, keeping him in her berth on the train for fear he might catch more cold in his cage.

HENRY GARAT, the young Frenchman recently brought to Hollywood by Fox, is married to Betty Rowe, a charming English girl.

They met on a train in France a couple of years ago.

At the end of the day's ride they were engaged!

Travel! Travel! By air, by sea,



International

Fatty Arbuckle's been directing pictures since his old comedy days, but Fatty's coming back now as a comedian in a new series of comedy productions. He and his pretty bride, Addie McPhail, couldn't wait for a train to speed them across the continent to their new studio work so they hopped a plane and flew to the land of sunshine and new hope for both of them. We wish them luck



Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg aboard ship on the first lap of their long anticipated vacation. They sailed through tropical waters of Panama on their voyage to Europe where they intend to play and rest before going back to the exacting grind of the studios

LITA GREY CHAPLIN'S double-barreled attempt several months ago to compel Charlie to let their two youngsters work in pictures may prove to be a boomerang.

Charlie interpreted some phrases of the judge's ruling to mean that the court would entertain a motion on his part to modify the terms of the divorce decree insofar as it affected the custody of the children.

Since then, Chaplin has been biding his time. As soon as this latest difficulty over the trust fund is adjudicated, Charlie may ask the court to grant him the custody of the two little boys for at least half of the time.

JIMMY CAGNEY tells about an actor friend of his who dismissed his chauffeur because he couldn't borrow any more money from him!

MARLENE DIETRICH has asked Travis Banton, designer for Paramount, to design her the fluffiest and most feminine gown possible for the next Mayfair party.

And she appeared at the last party in *full tuxedo!*

Does this mean that Marlene is returning to women's clothes—exclusively?

Not necessarily. We have a suspicion she would not like to assume the responsibility for changing a nation's habits.

In a way, this is a remarkable tribute to Marlene. How many others could secure so many imitators?

"YOU know," a writer remarked the other day, "the way Joel McCrea, Johnny Weissmuller, Bruce Cabot and these other leading men go in for intense exercising these days, the next thing we have on the screen will be 'muscle bound emotions.'"

IF the intense interest displayed by the little studio stenogs means anything (and you can bet your last dime it does), Jack LaRue is destined to become as great a sensation as Georgie Raft. When bosses look around their offices on the Paramount lot and find their secretaries missing, they know they'll find them on the set where La Rue is at work.

Like Valentino, Jack La Rue is an Italian. He is unmarried and supports his mother and five sisters.

Nor are studio stenogs the only ones who have felt the charm of this actor. Several magazine writers have come away from interviews with their heads in the clouds. So, look out, girls, don't say we didn't warn you!

MAIL from Sylvia Sidney's screen followers has been almost exclusively from Orientals, since her "Madame Butterfly."

AH, how true, that everything must come to an end sometime.

Even Jack Gilbert's picturesque salary! With "Fast Workers" Jack bows out from Metro. His contract is not being renewed.

What Jack will do is not yet known. Jack never exactly knows what he's going to do from one moment to the next. He has always thought he'd like to produce his own pictures. But with enough money from his million-dollar-a-year arrangement to last him for a lifetime, he may think twice about risking any of it.

by land, so Go the Hollywooders!



International

Janet and her mother, Mrs. Laura Gaynor, on their return from vacationing in Honolulu. As this issue goes to press, Janet files suit for divorce, charging hubby, Lydell Peck, with undue jealousy, suspicion and uncongeniality. And that's a pretty large order!



Keystone

Clara Bow waves farewell to New York, on her way to Hollywood after her European vacation. With her are husband, Rex Bell, and her twin ten-year-old cousins, John and Lilian Bow. It is expected that the children will spend a few months at Rex Bell's ranch before entering school. Clara whispered to some friends that she and Rex were considering adopting the youngsters

Now there's to be a new Jack Gilbert heir. Jack's little girl is with her mother, Leatrice. Will this be a boy? Will he inherit the dark flashing eyes, the restless nervous energy which every woman once loved and no woman has quite forgotten—

Is the career of Jack Gilbert—perhaps the most colorful personality of them all—ended or is it just beginning?

AND do you know what they were going to title Jack Gilbert's latest picture, "Fast Workers," at first? Well, get this, "Not the Marrying Kind."

Imagine that on the marquee of a theater.

And Jack has trotted up to the altar four times.

WHEN a local newspaper said Jack La Rue was being trained for George Raft's place, Jack darned near wished he'd stuck to piano tuning.

"I don't look like him; I don't act like him; I don't want to follow in his shoes."

Well, the two boys are going to play *brothers* in their next, "The Trumpet Blows." We can judge for ourselves, then, if there's any resemblance.

THE Fredric Marches have made an announcement that has all Hollywood gasping.

"We intend to adopt three more babies," they said. "In fact, we plan to adopt one each year, until little Penelope has three brothers or sisters."

And, what's more, the Marches mean it.

YES, Metro has a story in preparation for Garbo. Writers working at top speed. But whether it will be made in Culver City or Sweden—Anyone's guess makes a fair bet.

By the by, it sounds out here as though she'll surely make more pictures since people who seem to be in "on the know" are still claiming that she borrowed money to get ready cash for her trip home.

Maybe that's one reason she "preferred" the little, side-street hotels in Paris, for instance. They are remarkably inexpensive, you know.

AT last, we are to see the lovely Marlene without trousers!

A noted Italian sculptor has made a life-size statue of her.

And not only is the statue not wearing trousers.

It isn't wearing anything!

It is used in Dietrich's new picture, "The Song of Songs."

JUST in case your grandmother should start wondering out loud. Marlene Dietrich wore a one-piece bathing suit, of approximately her own coloring, when she posed for that life-size statue.

STRANGE how fate twists lives in Hollywood. Vilma Banky couldn't convince any producer two years ago that her accent was an asset.

So she went to Germany to appear in films there.

Now Paramount is making tests of her over there as a possible successor to Marlene Dietrich. So it goes.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

Sellers of Romance

That's what Hollywood actresses are, avers Robert Young who recently married his childhood sweetheart

By Edward Churchill

"MARRIAGE to a Hollywood actress isn't companionship. It's competition!"

Robert George Young, that good-looking young actor who so distinguished himself as the young physician in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," is emphatic about that. So when he married recently, he kept that philosophy in mind.

Since his rise to screen fame after the astounding success of that picture, Robert Young has been cast in many other films. He recently finished working with Joan Crawford in "Today We Live," her latest vehicle.

But all the while "Bob," as he's lovably called in Hollywood, has had his eye on a wedding ring and on the one girl in the world, he wanted for his wife. She's never been in pictures; she's never had a career; she's just a modern college-bred girl, graduated from the University of Southern California last June and anxious to make a restful, happy home for her actor husband. This is Elizabeth Henderson, the childhood sweetheart of Robert Young, who went quietly with him at two o'clock one afternoon recently to Judge Kenneth Morrison at Santa Ana and happily made her marriage vows.

There is a pretty romance behind this story of the newly married Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young, a story which is refreshingly simple coming out of the maze of marital mix-ups which so often characterize Hollywood marriages.

Bob, who went with Betty, as he calls her, in the days of poverty while he attended Lincoln High School, in Los Angeles, was literally hurled into motion pictures slightly more than two years ago. For an entire year, he had an opportunity to meet and to court almost every eligible girl player in motion pictures.

Hearing of his Cinderella-like rise—he was a youngster standing on a soap box to watch Douglas Fairbanks attending his own premières only a few years ago—young America said: "What a break! He's [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



She's Betty Henderson, one of last June's sweet girl graduates from the University of Southern California. Bob is old-fashioned enough to believe that an actor has a better chance to make a lasting go of marriage if he chooses his wife outside the profession





Robert W. Coburn

THERE are rumors abroad that Katharine Hepburn, if given enough rope, might yet out-Garbo Garbo. But it really doesn't matter. For here is an actress who has so much startling personality of her own, she could afford to sublet some of it to her less fortunate Hollywood sisters. If you're not convinced—see her in "Christopher Strong"



SAILING the briny deep and adventuring in all sorts of strange places seems to be Fay's lot these days. Now she becomes maritime heroine in "Below the Sea" with Ralph Bellamy. Remember Fay's adventures in "King Kong," when she lived about as close to nature as one could? If this keeps up Fay will be ordering gallons of freckle lotion to keep those sun spots off her pretty nose



Bert Longworth

TUCKED away in the hills of Beverly, this contented movie couple find plenty of time to bask in the sunshine between working periods. Preston Foster has finished "Elmer the Great," in which Joe E. Brown was starred. Mrs. Foster loves outdoor sports, so they are on their way to the beach for a holiday of swimming. Maybe that accounts partly for the healthy smiles they're wearing



Irving Lippman

THEY say George Raft is the sort of man who doesn't really think much about women outside the studio lot. Maybe that's so, and maybe it's not. Anyway, he makes up good and plenty for this neglect in Vina Delmar's "Pick Up." And seems to prefer the ruffled, dolly type, doesn't he, Lilian Bond? What is this potent charm you have, Georgie?

"I'm Right, You're Wrong"

Why Jack LaRue grabbed up the gangster rôle in "Temple Drake" when George Raft said "nay"

"IT will kill any man who plays it," announced George Raft as he refused the rôle of *Pop Eye*, called *Trigger* in the picture, "The Story of Temple Drake."

George suffered suspension from his Paramount contract rather than do it.

"It will make anyone who plays it," answered Jack LaRue, as he accepted it.

Jack received a long term contract with the company from which George had been suspended. One man *must* be right. But which? It is strange how the paths of these two men, who are intimate personal friends, have crossed since their respective arrivals in Hollywood.

Jack LaRue was the first choice for the Raft rôle in "Scarface." The test proved Jack too tall. The camera plays weird tricks with physiques, you know. Jack's screen-height emphasized Paul Muni's screen-stockiness.

Although LaRue is not too tall or Muni too short in life, the camera accentuations made them poor complements. So George Raft was chosen.

If it had not been for this unforeseen screen illusion, would their positions up to now have been reversed? Would LaRue have been the star with big successes and Raft only a character player with minor rôles to his credit?

And will the part which Raft has turned down, do for LaRue what "Scarface" did for Raft?

Here is a Hollywood situation—and the answer rests, I believe, with the women.

Women create or ruin screen heroes. And until women make their choice at the box-office, no one can tell whether an actor is routed for fame or failure.

Who could have suspected *beforehand*, that his rôle in "Scarface" would make a star of Raft? The *way* he played it unexpectedly opened one of those mysterious springs concealed within women.

Who would have thought that "Night Nurse" or "A Free Soul" would have made Clark Gable, hailed as the successor of Valentino? Had Rudy knocked the ladies about in his day, there might have been no Valentino.

And who can foretell what *Trigger* will do for LaRue, or what it might have done for Raft had he gone through with it?

The part is as devoid of sympathy as a desert river of water. *Trigger* is incapable of romance. He is so inhumanly cruel that

Jack LaRue, on the other hand, believes that whoever plays the part will stand ace high with women audiences



According to Raft, the rôle of *Trigger* in "Temple Drake" would kill on the screen any player who undertook it



he shoots a half-wit boy who vacuously attempts to stop his betrayal of an innocent girl.

Yet that girl, though repulsed, horrified, shows that the elemental nakedness of his emotions exerts a domination over her.

Will LaRue, as *Trigger*, create that elemental urge in other women?

Raft was afraid to take the gamble; LaRue welcomes it.

And LaRue bases his judgment upon a study he has made of women—not only from personal experiences but from the vantage point of an actor, a night-

club owner and a life-long resident of the Great White Way.

He believes that a primitive strain lies deep within the physical side of woman—a strain which civilization has veneered but not eliminated. He tells of an experience of a friend who took his sweetheart to a night-club and caught her flirting.

"No man can flirt with a woman unless he is given the opportunity," Jack insists. "She either allows it or she doesn't. My friend crushed her hand in his until she cried out with pain, rose and left her there alone. You would have thought this would have killed her love. In reality, it multiplied it.

"I know another fellow who had been going with one girl for years. They were going to be married some day. He was in our show. He had arranged to bring her to a party we were having after the theater. She telephoned she couldn't make it. Was too ill or had to see a sick aunt. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]

By Ruth Biery

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *KING KONG—RKO-Radio*

IT is too bad that "colossal" and "super-colossal" have been bandied about so freely—for here is a real hair-raiser to which those terms are appropriate.

The story, conceived by the late Edgar Wallace and Merian C. Cooper, deals with the adventures of Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong, entangled with *Kong*, a monster ape fifty feet high. Caught by savages, Fay is offered as a sacrifice to the ape. But *Kong* fancies her, as a man might cherish a dainty flower, and fights dinosaurs on her behalf, until Fay's companions, using gas bombs, catch him for exhibition in New York.

While in Gotham he breaks loose, seizes Fay, and—but from there on we'll let the film speak for itself. Suffice it to say, you'll get thrills such as the screen rarely affords.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *SWEEPINGS—RKO-Radio*

THIS story of a disillusioned father is so simply and touchingly told, it tears at the heartstrings and brings a tear to every eye.

Lionel Barrymore comes to Chicago with his wife after the great fire and begins a tiny store, thankful to wring out a few pennies of profit, and dreaming always of bright times to come. They do—as they did in the Chicago of those days. With the coming of each of his four children, he adds a new department, pouring his heart into the fast growing and successful establishment.

Alone, his wife having died, he tenderly cares for his four children, expecting them to take over, with the same love and tenderness that he always poured forth, the management of his beloved store, which gradually becomes the greatest in the world.

But by his very success he has sowed the seeds of their undoing. Scorning mere "trade," they devote themselves to profligate spending of Lionel's money, until in the end they all but bring ruin to the mercantile monument he has reared.

Gloria Stuart, William Gargan, George Meeker and Eric Linden are splendidly convincing as the children, while Gregory Ratoff is marvelous as the faithful old partner.

Here is a picture that will live in your memory. See it.



★ *THE MASQUERADER—Goldwyn-United Artists*

IF this really turns out to be Ronald Colman's farewell contribution to American films, he will go out on a memorable note—for while the story is old, he lends it powerful appeal by sheer artistry of performance.

It is perhaps the more interesting because Ronald plays against himself—as the dissolute, sinking member of Parliament, and as the splendid, upstanding cousin, almost a physical duplicate, who steps in and carries on. Not only in Parliament, however; there is a wife (Elissa Landi) and a titled mistress (Juliette Compton) to consider. Their performances help mightily, as does the fine mounting.

While the picture would prove a bit heavy for younger children, there is no reason why older ones, as well as adults, should not see and enjoy it.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

SWEEPINGS	THE WHITE SISTER
KING KONG	THE MASQUERADER
A LADY'S PROFESSION	DESTINATION UNKNOWN

The Best Performances of the Month

Lionel Barrymore in "Sweepings"
 Gregory Ratoff in "Sweepings"
 Helen Hayes in "The White Sister"
 Clark Gable in "The White Sister"
 Ronald Colman in "The Masquerader"
 Alan Hale in "Destination Unknown"
 Pat O'Brien in "Destination Unknown"
 Violet Kemble-Cooper in "Our Betters"
 Lionel Atwill in "Murders in the Zoo"
 Katharine Hepburn in "Christopher Strong"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 113



★ THE WHITE SISTER—M-G-M

THE poignantly beautiful F. Marion Crawford novel—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable reaching new heights in truly great rôles—what more could be needed for a memorable picture? Nothing—although superb mounting and Victor Fleming's outstandingly skillful direction naturally heighten the appeal of this long-favored story.

Probably you will remember the silent version which swept the country some years ago, for it was through playing in that, opposite Lillian Gish, that Ronald Colman won standing as one of the screen's truly great. If so, any loss of interest will be balanced by the chance to compare two great sets of performances; for here, with Helen Hayes' wonderfully sensitive interpretation, and Clark Gable giving a wonderfully sympathetic treatment of a difficult rôle, you may join the many who place their achievement above that of Lillian and Ronald.

If the story is new to you, you can imagine its possibilities for these gifted principals, from the fact that Helen, buffeted by life, and the supposed death of her Italian officer sweetheart *Giovanni* (played by Clark), seeks peace as a Catholic White Sister, only to have *Giovanni* reappear. Add to this, superb support by such players as Lewis Stone, Louise Closser Hale and May Robson, and you have plenty of reason for not letting yourself miss this.



★ A LADY'S PROFESSION—Paramount

THOSE who think Alison Skipworth and Roland Young are at their best when extracting fun from their foibles and such remarks as "Oh, I say now, old chap!" will have their fill this time. Those without previous opinions will just chuckle and laugh—so each group will be pleased.

The very vehicle is a portent of fun. These titled—and very much busted—principals, by some chance they don't quite understand, find themselves running a speakeasy, and getting rich. Of course, Roland's daughter (Sari Maritza) and her boy friend (Kent Taylor), as well as the gangsters (Roscoe Karns and Warren Hymer) mix in—and finally it all explodes in a New Year's Eve sort of brawl, a kidnaping, a raid, and the dazed Britons leaving for home wondering just what happened. Plot? You won't miss it.



★ DESTINATION UNKNOWN—Universal

HERE is a picture that is daring—not in the old, trite, sexy sense, but in the full meaning of the term; for it dares portray the spirit, if indeed not the person, of Christ exemplifying His promise of Divine forgiveness and aid—even for, of all people, a gang of rum-runners, desperate and facing death in a sinking ship caught in a tempest.

To say more would be unjust to the picture, and its right to be judged on the story it tells and the manner of telling. But we can say that Alan Hale, Pat O'Brien and Ralph Bellamy turn in outstanding performances; while Betty Compson, discovered aboard just as this desperate mob, its water gone, is going to end all in a grand consumption of cargo, runs the tension of the situation up to electric quality. Altogether, an offering that's unusual and fine.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

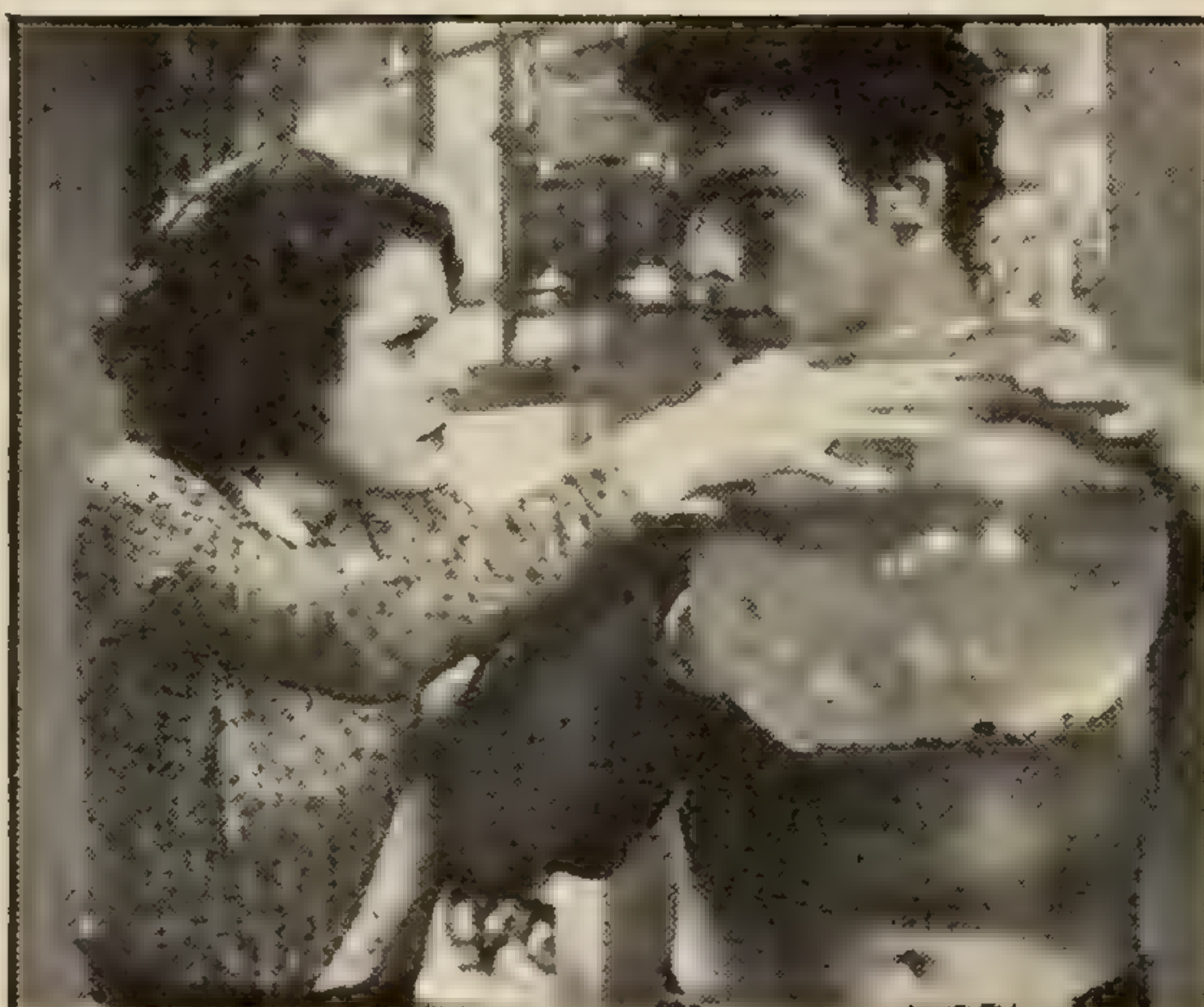
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

**THE KISS
BEFORE THE
MIRROR—
Universal**



SUSPENSE and interest are present throughout this novel and gripping story. Paul Lukas murders his faithless wife; and when his friend and attorney (Frank Morgan) discovers that his own wife (Nancy Carroll) is untrue, he plans the same crime. Both men are fine, but Nancy Carroll somehow seems miscast. Walter Pidgeon, Gloria Stuart, Donald Cook, and Jean Dixon offer several good bits.

**KING OF THE
JUNGLE—
Paramount**



BUSTER CRABBE, very much a man to look at, makes his film debut—and chooses lions, no less, as his meat. "Raised wild" among them, he and his pals are caught raiding a settler, are sold to a circus; then the "circus," figuratively as well as literally, begins. Buster escapes, crashes Frances Dee's house, is tamed by her. The circus fire is thrilling, with Buster rescuing his friends, the lions. Fine animal stuff.

**THE BIG
CAGE—
Universal**



THE story of an animal trainer who saves a circus from going broke by building an act using twenty lions and twenty tigers, together at the same time. Excellent animal stuff, and priceless circus atmosphere. The much publicized black panther, however, is omitted and that *Specialist* comedy might better be. (Let's hope it's trimmed.) Clyde Beatty thrills all as the trainer and others in cast good.

**OUR
BETTERS—
RKO-Radio**



HERE is a bitter—and scintillant—picture of London high society, as explored by Connie Bennett, sophisticated to the hilt and without moral scruple. Great, if you like sparkling dialogue, "intelligent" humor, and don't mind your sex—well, purple; but rather strong if you're squeamish. Connie great, and Violet Kemble-Cooper perhaps greater; fine support and lavish staging. No plot—just a roast of "our betters."

**SAILOR'S
LUCK—
Fox**



"NUTTY as a fruitcake" and plenty good—if sex topics that were printed in Latin in the medical books don't bother you. Sammy Cohen as *Barnacle Benny* will have you in stitches. About a sailor (Jimmie Dunn) who picks up a nice girl (Sally Eilers), decides she's two-timing him, but finally rescues her from Victor Jory and a crooked dance marathon, after a fight between the navy and dance hall bouncers.

**PERFECT
UNDER-
STANDING—
United Artists**



GLORIA SWANSON'S most recent talky talkie about modern marriage that's not quite up to snuff. It's a case of Gloria's taking hubby Laurence Olivier's romantic adventures on the chin, trying to retaliate, and ending, via the divorce court, in reconciliation. Gloria eternally youthful and beautifully gowned; Michael Farmer, her real husband, in a minor rôle; but the piece as a whole lacks dash and action.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**MURDERS IN
THE ZOO**
—Paramount



**OUT ALL
NIGHT—**
Universal



IF you want your spine cooled, we prescribe Lionel Atwill in this one. A jealous animal collector, he carries a poisonous snake in his pocket, and snake bites all who cast roving eyes at Lionel's wife, Kathleen Burke. Kathleen unwarily accuses him—and lands among the crocodiles. Add Charlie Ruggles, Randy Scott, Gail Patrick and John Lodge—and you have a grand dish of horror.

YOU'LL laugh, giggle and chuckle at the ridiculous plight of two love birds who have to honeymoon with mamma right along. Slim Summerville, a pampered mamma's boy, falls in love with ZaSu Pitts, marries, and finally with the aid of friends, breaks away from mother's apron strings. Laura Hope Crews is the perfect, coddling mother, while Shirley Grey is great as the hard-boiled girl friend. See it and cheer up.

**THE LIFE OF
JIMMY
DOLAN—**
Warners



**THE MIND
READER—**
First National



IF sweet romance is what the world wants it should line up at the box-office for this—provided rubber stamp episodes in the plot do not bother. Doug Jr. is the light heavyweight champ played for a sucker and tripped by drink; country lass Loretta Young and her auntie, Aline MacMahon, get him on the farm, pull him together—and does he come back! Well played and appealing—with the aforesaid proviso.

THIS one exposes the mind-reading, crystal-gazing racket with neatness and dispatch. Warren William, an eloquent carnival shill, selects his moniker, *Chandra*, from a box of cookies, and rises to wreck some of the best homes on Park Avenue. His able assistant is Allen Jenkins, chauffeur, who gathers the dope on philandering husbands. Connie Cummings almost reforms *Chandra*—but *can* a phony go straight?

**THE
CONSTANT
WOMAN—**
—World Wide



**CHRIS-
TOPHER
STRONG—**
RKO-Radio



NOT nearly as prosy as the title would indicate, but Eugene O'Neill must have written this one in his much younger days. Claire Windsor, as Conrad Nagel's tent-show wife, leaves him and her son to go back to her Broadway love; Leila Hyams, excellent as the faithful *Lou*, snaps him out of it. Tommy Conlon, as the son who leaves college and saves all, does well; but Stanley Fields, the roughneck, takes the palm.

THE story—an unpleasant tale about a titled aviatrix who sacrifices all in the end to spare her married lover's wife—lacks two things such a plot must have for real success: sympathetic development and clever lines. But how it has the third—great acting—in Katharine Hepburn! She overrides the forced or unconvincing situations.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 93]



Alice Completes Her Cycle

Bit parts, stardom,
then out! But she's
seen why and is off
on her second climb

Pert, tangy as fizz-water, just one jump ahead of the wisest, was Alice White—but in the studio as well as in the films. So the toboggan was eased into place, and whoosh! Alice was enjoying the fine Hollywood air

HISTORY may repeat itself, but only once to my knowledge has screen history repeated itself with regard to the same individual.

That person is Alice White.

When "Employees' Entrance" and "Luxury Liner" were released recently, Alice playing a minor rôle in both of them, simply put the two pictures in her trim pocket and walked away with them.

Critics all over the country dipped their pens in molasses and wrote, "Alice White, picture stealer."

It sounded just like an echo. An echo of six years ago when the White child extracted so much meat from a small part in "The Sea Tiger" that reviewers were roused to the point of asking, "Who is this picture stealer?"

Alice has completed a seven year cycle covering the most unusual story in that far from usual town of Hollywood.

From playing bits and stealing pictures in 1926, she made a swift, dizzy ascent to precarious stardom. Then an equally fast toboggan down the other side of the slope brought her, seven years later, to again playing supporting rôles and again stealing pictures.

Many stars have begun as extras or bit players, and many stars have quietly slipped back into oblivion, but Alice is the only one who has retraced her steps and dramatically duplicated her first beginning.

And in the story of that accomplishment is an example of courage, determination and will power out of all proportion to the ninety-odd pounds of blonde pulchritude that embodied these attributes.

No one could have told you then, and least of all Alice herself, why stardom for her was of such short duration; why Hollywood turned a cold shoulder after she reached the top.

No one ever questioned her ability. No one ever questioned her drawing power with the movie followers. Then what? I'll tell you.

The successful star, and one who holds her lofty seat the

But what a smart girl! First that knockout vaudeville tour—then getting herself well in hand. Now she's back—and see the new Alice, with that poised something behind the zip that's going to make the new Alice a real winner

By
May
Allison
Quirk

longest, has to be a combination of actress, politician and sound business woman. Just being a great actress gets one no further than their first good part, if that. Alice lacked one very important asset for maintaining screen success: good judgment.

And she possessed to the nth degree one of the cardinal virtues, and one least appreciated—honesty of soul. And it threw her.

I can say this now because the years in between have given Alice a new perspective on herself and Hollywood.

A new wisdom that will add immeasurably to her future happiness and carry her to a second and more lasting success.

From the time that Alice White's mop of light brown hair and dancing eyes came over the horizon, I have always felt a little sorry for her. Nature had endowed her with so much of everything necessary for a screen success, and yet she seemed a pathetic figure.

She was so terribly alone. Alone in the sense of fighting her own battles without a guiding hand to steer her clear of studio pitfalls. Of course, few immature people have good judgment, and Alice was very young when the full glare of fame broke upon her. But most youngsters have a mother, relative or an interested friend to lend mature counsel along the way. Alice had only her grandparents, older people to whom a picture studio was a complete mystery. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

"I Couldn't Stay INA CLAIRE

And make good in
pictures," says the
brilliant stage star as
she recalls film days

By Fred James

I WENT Hollywood—and I am heartily ashamed of the whole episode. You see, at heart I am shanty Irish—so I recovered my sense of humor and my sanity in time." That is how Ina Claire looks back upon her film invasion of Hollywood.

Miss Claire has been appearing on Broadway in a stage play, "Biography," sponsored by the Theatre Guild. The comedy is one of the hits of the season.

The comédienne occupies a smart apartment at the Pierre. She wore a striking—and highly effective—red lounging negligée when she greeted me. "At least I stage my interviews properly," she laughed. And kicked the trailing robe into position.

"Tea or—?" she inquired.

I didn't take tea.

Miss Claire returned to the subject of Hollywood. "I went to Hollywood with a film contract calling for a big salary as screen salaries go. When you go out there that way you are courting disaster. You find the whole colony lined up in two divisions, for and against you. You can guess which is the big division. The slightest thing you do, any chance remark, provides ammunition for the pros and cons.

"To begin with, Hollywood isn't real. Even the flowers are the sort that shouldn't be growing there. Artificial snow is tossed from airplanes at Christmas time. The whole place is tinselly, garish, false.

YOU go to parties and you find everyone talking about themselves, seriously, argumentatively, plaintively. Motion pictures are the sole item of conversation. Then Hollywood begins to numb you. The more sophisticated you are, the harder you fall. The atmosphere gets you, acts as an anesthetic.

"Things that you know down deep are tenth rate become first rate and *vice versa*. Your standards are turned topsyturvy. You find yourself seeking out strangers so that you can talk about yourself, like everybody else.

"Because I wear smart clothes on the stage, they welcomed me as an arbiter of fashion, thereby annoying a lot of local arbiters. When I burst out in three-year-old dresses, too short for current styles, I had to explain it all—and live up to my publicity—by saying that only the ultra over-dressed went in for long gowns."

Miss Claire laughed. "I'm always pictured reclining on a chaise-longue in an up-to-the-second Paris creation," she said. "Off the stage I spend little on clothes. I'd rather sit on the floor in any old thing.

"Well, I went Hollywood along with the rest," continued the comédienne. "I am ashamed of the emotions I put on display, of the squawks I made to high heaven. Do you want to know how I came to my senses? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



"In Hollywood the more sophisticated you are the harder you fall," confesses the scintillant comédienne. Now she's resumed her Broadway hit pace in "Biography"



"The end of an old chapter, the start of a new"—in Ann Harding's life story, not in the book. Above she is shown during her recent visit to her artistic home, Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Theater (shown below), as she rests and regains artistic energy and verve for work to come



Another wellspring of inspiration to Ann—her daughter Jane, born in 1928, during an interlude in her engagement with the "Mary Dugan" company. And it was Jane, in some measure, who placed her in films—for by resuming work too soon after the baby came, Ann was forced to seek a long rest and decided on California—with results we know

My Sister, Ann Harding

At last her years of stern struggle to perfect her art blossom into achievement acclaimed the world over

By Edith Gatley Nash

PART III

THE company was now housed in a shabby, bare, frame dwelling, containing only a few absolute essentials. Ann's only extravagance that winter consisted of going to a few Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra concerts. She would take an early train into the city, carefully spread a newspaper on the steps of the Academy of Music to save her one coat, and sit there patiently until the box-office opened. Being the first in line she was at least sure of getting an unreserved fifty-cent seat up under the roof, where she would lose herself for a few hours under the spell of Stokowsky's superb orchestra.

She was completely broke by spring, a condition which she never enjoyed. Being congenitally unable to borrow money, she decided to show up in New York and see what happened. She ran into two or three managers, including Al Woods who asked her where she had been all this time and told her to come around to his office—he might find something for her.

That sounded a little vague, so she told him where she could be reached and returned to Hedgerow. In two weeks she got a wire—"I told you to show up. Come and see me." Hedgerow scraped together enough money to buy her a ticket to New York and she went to see Woods, who gave her three very terrible plays to take home and read. When she returned them and said that she could not see her way clear to being a part of any of them, he told her that Colonel Savage had a play that she might like; to go and see him.

The Savage office was a few doors down the street. Ann went up and met the famous old producer, who was in conference with Rollo Lloyd and Lou Wiswell. They handed her the script of "Stolen Fruit," asking her to go over it at home and come back to read it for them the next day. At the end of her reading, those three old-timers of the theater were unashamedly dissolved in tears. Rollo and Mr. Wiswell considered the matter closed and looked expectantly at the Colonel.

Not wishing to appear too anxious, he erred on the other side, to the point of rudeness. "Hmm, yes, well, as a matter of fact, Miss Harding, I had thought of a brunette in the part." (Rollo groaned.)

"I AM obviously a blonde, Colonel Savage," Ann replied in slightly chilled tones, "and I understand you have a marked aversion to wigs. May I ask what prompted you to waste so much of your time on me?"

"One or two other ladies are going to read for me," he said, rising to indicate the conclusion of the interview. "If you will leave your name and address with my secretary she will let you know if we can use you."

His was the first discourtesy she had encountered in the profession.

"If you are interested in looking farther afield for the casting of the part, Colonel Savage, I see no reason for cluttering up your files with my name and address."

Whereupon she walked out.

With tears of humiliation and rage assembling, she went back up to

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Ann as she appeared in the title rôle of "The Trial of Mary Dugan"—the play that saw her change from stage to films. After its close she went to Los Angeles for a rest; but the movies grabbed her



PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood



JEAN HARLOW is representative of an extreme, exotic type of beauty. Her platinum hair set a world-wide vogue. Her half-moon brows accent her pastel coloring. Make-up is concentrated at eyes and mouth. She depends upon good health, fresh air, exercise, cream, soap and water, followed by an ice water rinse, for her perfect skin. Note her lashes. They are naturally long.

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



HIGH, narrow and very arched are Jean's eyebrows. She uses a finely pointed eyebrow pencil. The high brow enlarges the eye, gives clarity, an appealing quality.



JEAN uses a true red cream rouge for her lips, blending the line perfectly and carrying the color well inside to prevent a break in tone. Those very long lashes are black.



SKIN-TONE powder is then puffed lightly but thoroughly over Jean's face and neck, with special attention to nostrils, eye corners and chin. And, always brush from brows.



JEAN'S platinum halo has probably aroused more comment and curiosity than any one feature of any star. Naturally blonde, Jean encourages whiteness by weekly shampoos with white soap and a final rinse containing a few drops of French bluing. She brushes for softness, sets her wave with water and vinegar.

Minna Gombell's New Swirl



EXTREMELY chic is Minna Gombell's new long-short coiffure. It is very smooth, fitting the head almost like a helmet with only the roll curls on the left to break the suave contour. Notice the very unusual back-lateral part which produces hair for the banked curls on the left. Very smart, charmingly designed for spring hats and featuring the very popular roll curls, ringlets and soft face curls.



Beginning A Better Day



KATHARINE HEPBURN ponders a grave problem, for only courage can conquer that great desire to lie in bed until the last minute. But it gains you nothing in beauty, good grooming or poise. Fully an hour is needed to make your morning shower, dressing and make-up quite perfect, girls!



BETTY FURNESS knows that a cup of hot water, with a dash of salt or lemon if you can't take it straight, on awakening each morning is a marvelous eye-opener. It is a great aid to clear skin, bright eyes and general health. Try Betty's idea and see if it doesn't help your charms!



DO not skimp on time or care with make-up. Gretchen Wilson is working a little magic with an eyebrow pencil. Extension of the outer brow improves most eyes. For day, use foundation, slight eye accent, rouge, lipstick, powder.



Perfume, Powder And a Dash of Rouge

NEW, exotic shades of evening powder weave a spell of beauty on the skin. At left, Betty Furness, fair, finds a jade tone gives her the translucent beauty of a pearl, while Dorothy Wilson, brunette, creates the illusion of fragile porcelain through a mauve shade. Both girls press on powder with absorbent cotton, which makes a soft and sanitary puff.



GRETA NISSEN uses a camel's hair brush for applying lip rouge. She can work delicately and thoroughly with the fine point.



WHEN you wear real flowers, be sure your perfume is harmonious in scent. Muriel Kirkland blends a rare gardenia perfume with her tailored boutonniere for an ensemble idea in fragrances.

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 76)



"I bring Toluca from Africa," moans Gary, "and they pay her twice my salary." Ex-actor: "Shush, I'm waiting for the wolf"

Who's Zoo in Hollywood

THERE'S just one thing about it. If this keeps up we'll all be writing fan letters to a chimpanzee. Clark Gable will be playing extra to a moth-eaten lion and Garbo will be taking a back seat for a hippo. For I tell you, Hollywood has never seen anything like this animal craze.

The gangster cycle came and went, the horror cycle came and went (Yoo hoo, Karloff), and now comes the most contagious cycle of all. And one that apparently has no notion of "wenting." One that threatens to make a monkey of the whole business. Why, there's just no stopping it. For Hollywood has gone animal with a bang. And not animal crackers, either.

No longer are we contented with a mere cowboy's horse or a villain-chasing, virtue-protecting, police dog. Or good old Mickey Mouse. Oh no! What Hollywood wants and gets are man-eating tigers, Christian-eating lions, stampeding elephants, swinging chimpanzees and temperamental leopards. Give a director two hyenas, one porcupine, an ape and a slightly intoxicated penguin, and he will turn out a classic that will knock you out of your seat.

Actors are shoved aside. Nemo gets the part they expected. Or Nippo, the happy hippo. Many a little blonde sits on the curbstone weeping into her handkerchief; "The director says I'm not the type for the kangaroo romance. Kangy prefers brunettes."

The perfumed vamp no longer rests comfortably on a tiger skin and emotes. Today, the perfumed tiger sits calmly on the vamp and purrs a mean meow.

Producers' meetings are something beyond the wildest imagination. "Listen," one screams, pounding on the table, "what the public wants is new faces. New faces, you hear me. We can't keep on giving them Leo! Sure he has a snoot full of 'it', but they're getting tired of Leo."

"I move, gentlemen, that we get

"These lions are harmless," they told Buster Crabbe. So Buster removes his breeches, and good, old harmless Nemo nearly bit the leg off the "Lion Man." The chap who couldn't eat his sandwich: "How am I to know it might not be my favorite movie star?"

Nemo for our new super special 'A Farewell To Arms And Legs.' Now, Nemo has everything. She has a swell blonde mane, parted in the middle. She has a classy little East African accent in her snarl, that gets the men. She swings a fancy tail. And can raise twice the er—er—commotion that Leo can."

"But, listen," shouts another, "Nemo won't work without Lubitsch. You know that. Lubitsch brings out that little touch of pixie in Nemo that no one else can bring out."

"All right, all right, if Nemo wants Lubitsch, who am I to stand in the way of what an artist wants. But get Nemo." And, as an afterthought murmurs, "And get Lubitsch, too."

With ten animal pictures raging in Hollywood at once, an extra wearily made the rounds of the casting offices. No work. Only six hyenas (with or without fleas) and one turtle, were wanted that day. The next morning, the extra stole the bear rug off Sam Goldwyn's office floor, and immediately got the lead in "Burning Passion of the Icy North." Twenty-seven bear rugs, twelve lapin coats and Sid Grauman's hair were missing in Hollywood by six o'clock that night.

Gary Cooper sat in the Brown Derby and groaned, "Here I am, with years of hard work behind me. I've struggled and I've fought, to gain a top place in movies. And what happens? I bring back Toluca, my chimp, from Africa, and they go wild for her. Producers claw each other to get her. And pay her twice the salary I get. I can sit back in my sterling youth and be kept by Toluca."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

By Jane Hampton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

"So I'm A Movie Star"



Yeah, and to get even I've worked up a temperament

and finally they came to me.

I took one look, just one look, mind you, at a fellow they called Chevalier and that ended it. He had such a grand lip for grabbing hold of, I reached up and made one clutch, just one little clutch, and they picked me for a movie star. One innocent clutch, and look. Well, all I have to say is this, never clutch a Frenchman's lip. Look where it got me.

The next week, I went over to the studio to begin work. The first thing I spied was the script of the picture I'm starring in. It's called "A Bedtime Story." Now mind. Whoever thinks up these titles is a honey. I could think up a better title than that with a milk bottle in one hand and a rubber nipple in the other.

Well, anyway, I opened the script and here was this guy Chevalier plastered all over the picture. "Enter Chevalier here," it said, and, "Enter Chevalier there." Well, after all, I have my own interests to look after, so, while no one was looking, I chewed up six of Chevalier's most dramatic sequences out of the first reel and nine violent love scenes out of the fourth reel. To this day, no one knows the best acting Chevalier ever had a

chance to do is inside my tummy. And, did I have a tummy ache? The love scenes nearly finished me.

The first thing they did was to take off my rompers and put me into a dress. Imagine! The humiliation of that! I suppose they gave the rompers to Dietrich who goes in for that sort of thing. But, after all, a guy needs his pants. What the heck!

And what a dress it was! Torn and patched and dirty! And not only that, but they handed me a pair of button shoes that went out of style with grandma's pompadour. Button shoes! Any day, I expected to be given a bicycle built for two and told to "skidoo" around the Marx Brothers.

After I got into my part more, I discovered that I was a poor
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Oh, we can just see it peeping out of your roguish eyes, LeRoy! You like Helen Twelvetrees so well as nurse in "A Bedtime Story," you're cutting capers so she'll have to stay on forever

SO I'm a movie actor. Me, Baby LeRoy, a movie star! Well, I never dreamed I'd come to this. After my nine long months of life, who'd have thought it would come to this? A movie actor! It only goes to show, you never know. One morning you get up to a sane dish of prunes and a respectable piece of zwieback and by nightfall, what? You're a movie actor with monograms on your diapers and caviar in your tomato juice.

What a world!

You see, it happened like this. A lot of men came out to a place where I and a bunch of other babies lay around, and they picked up this one and that one and said, "Whosooms, cootest, ittle, bittle tweetums," or some crazy thing (between you and me they're all daft in this business),

As Told By Baby LeRoy
To Sara Hamilton



Mack Elliott

THESE two regular guys, who chuckled through *umpty* scenes of "A Bedtime Story" together, are now dressed up in their best bibs and tuckers, ready to paint the town vermilion. "Oogle-google," says eight-months-old Baby LeRoy. "Even if I can't wear evening dress as well as you, Maurice, I'll match your grin every time. Let's go!"

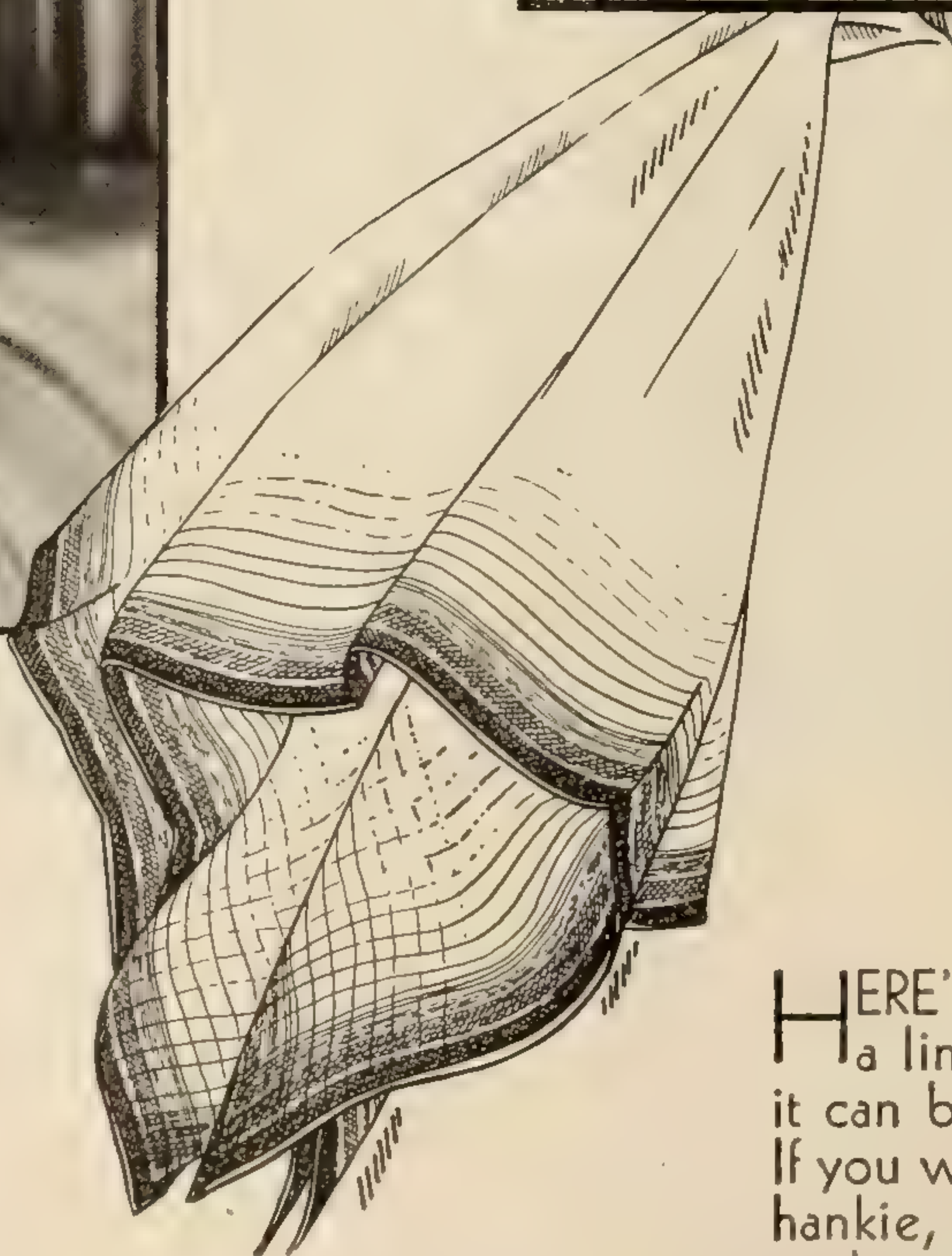
Latest Screen Fashion Tips



LATE spring brings less formality for evening costumes. Here is a charming white dinner gown worn by Myrna Loy in "Man on the Nile,"—an ideal example of what to wear from five on . . . a pleated girdle in green and white is the only color accent. Note the beads at the neck and gardenias cleverly arranged on the bodice.



WITH stripes, plaids and other patterns so popular this season, it was logical for polka dots to enjoy a smart revival. Minna Gombell wears this gay purple-blue and white foulard afternoon gown in "Pleasure Cruise." You haven't heard of foulard in a long time, have you? It's very smart again. A cape collar is pale pink blistered crepe . . . she wears gardenias at the back. Minna's hat is trimmed with the polka dotted fabric, an interesting accent.



HERE'S a new idea in scarfs : : . a linen handkerchief so large that it can be worn tied about the neck. If you want to use it for a large sports hankie, it's smart that way, too. White with a gay multi-colored border.

— Seymour



THERE are so many important fashion points to this smart costume worn by Myrna Loy in "Man on The Nile," that they deserve enumerating. First the dress, in heavy white linen with trim cape, uses dark accent in an orange-red silk scarf. Tailored lapels give a military look to the cape, while flat silver buttons make a double-breasted file on the dress. An inverted pleat in the skirt is lined with the red silk. Myrna's hat is a clever adaptation of a sun helmet and stresses the new higher crown line. It makes a dashing ensemble.



A Sporting Review Of New Pictures

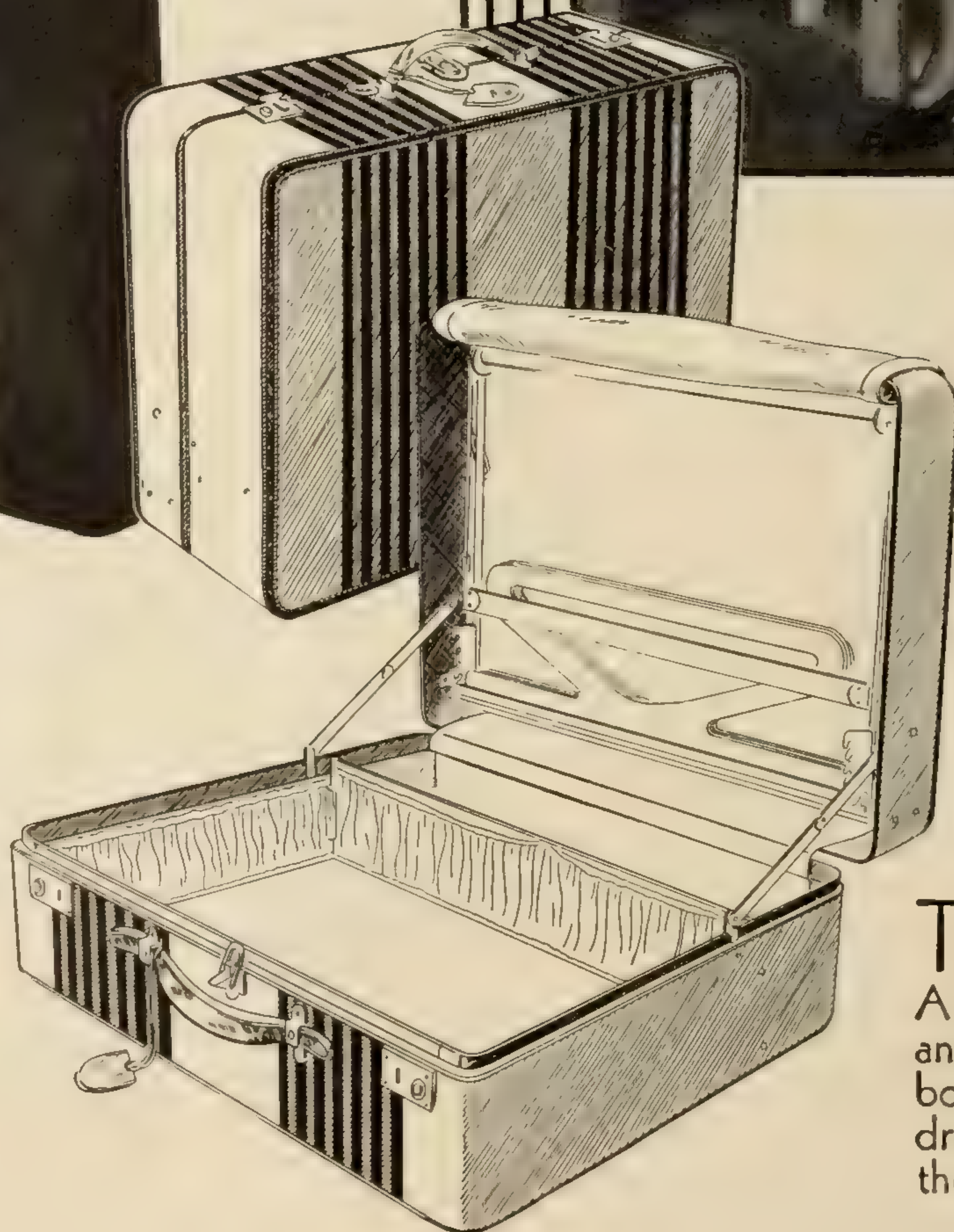
— Seymour



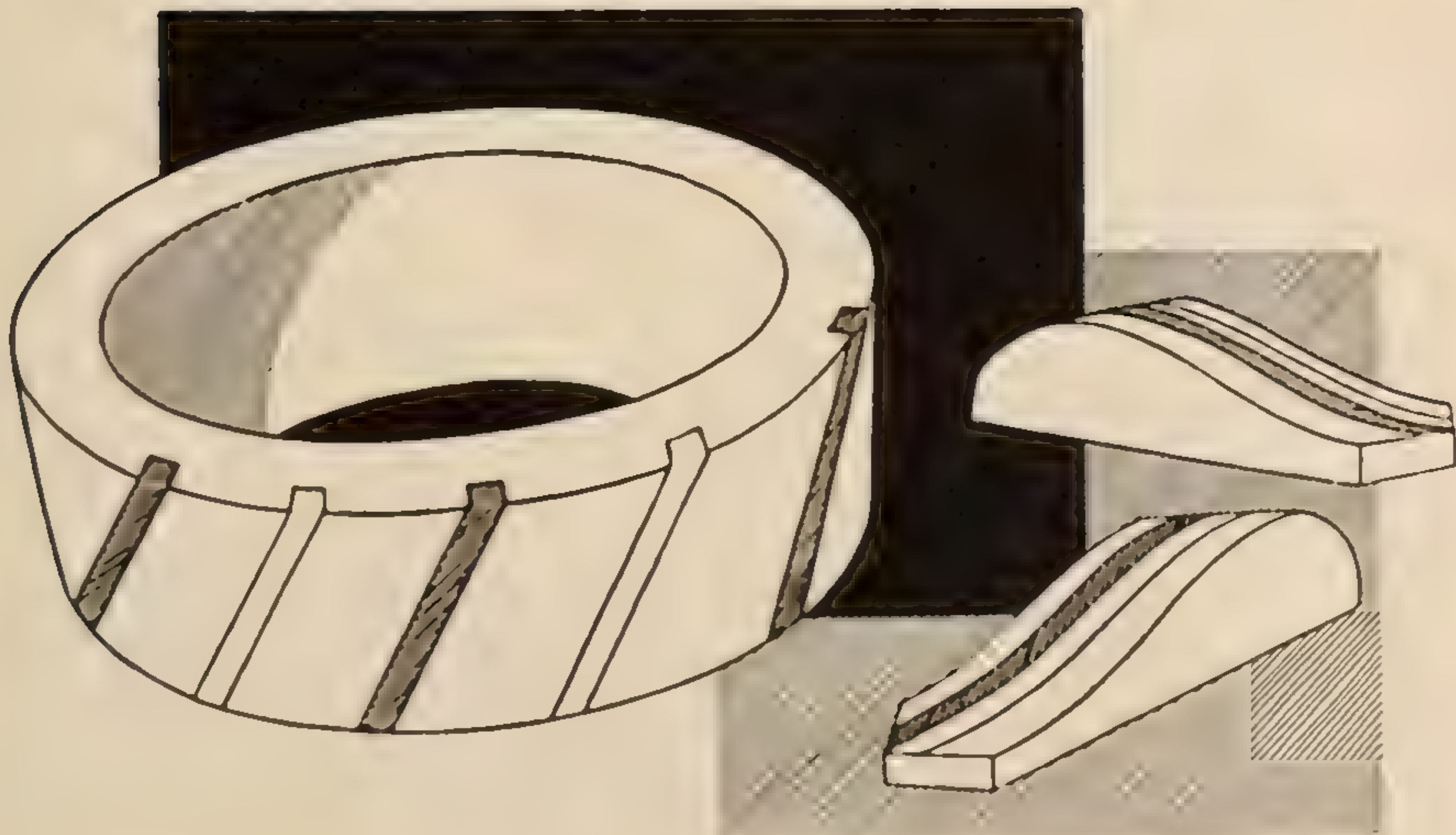
YOU will want to have this stunning deck or beach pajama for vacation days. It's not masculine, but jauntily boyish with blue flannel slacks and a white pique blouse that laces up the front to a wide sailor collar. A striped blue and white vest is worn beneath and the wide belt matches it. Travis Banton designed it for Shirley Grey in "Terror Aboard."



WHEN Genevieve Tobin goes on her "Pleasure Cruise," she wears this bright yellow, brown and white plaid coat for traveling. Genevieve's dress sleeves come below the cape. The perfect all-summer coat for you. Designed by Lambert.



THE perfect suitcase with trunk facilities! A compartment for shoes and incidentals in the bottom, hangers for many dresses in the top. And the case is striped fabric.



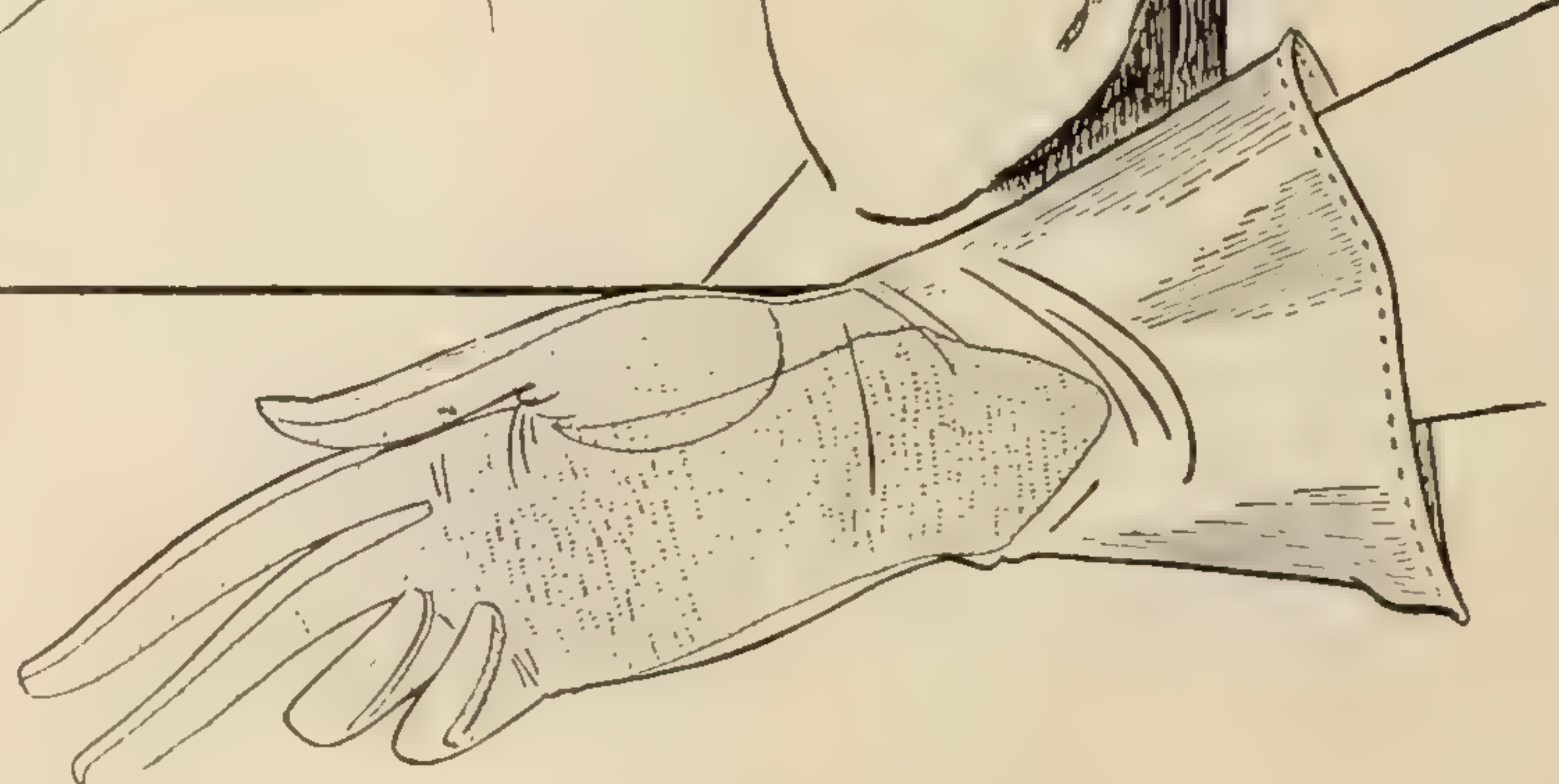
AND here's another gay sports dress that Genevieve Tobin wears on her "Pleasure Cruise." It's a perfect choice for your own summer wardrobe. The white rough crepe sleeveless dress is trimmed with four big buttons of nautical type—now here's the trick, the little jacket buttons onto these buttons! A blue and white striped scarf with anchor motif goes 'round the neck. Designed by Lambert under the direction of Rita Kaufman.

HERE'S a jewelry ensemble for your sports clothes. A wooden bracelet striped in color . . . and twin wooden clips for frock or wherever you wish!



— Seymour

YOU simply must not overlook piqué in both accessories and costume accents this spring. Here's one of the new hats made entirely of piqué, corded. Note the height in back and the cuff brim in front. And fabric gloves in piqué are all the rage—this glove has a knit fabric palm and fingers. Very chic.



THIS is a back view of the charming gray silk frock across the page, that Genevieve Tobin wears to a gay tea in "Pleasure Cruise." This shows you just how the mousseline de soie edges the back of the neckline, just like the sleeve cuff. It shows, too, the back fullness and belt detail of the brief blouse. This gown was designed by Lambert under the direction of Rita Kaufman.

AND now the front of Genevieve Tobin's gray gown. Isn't it just the sort of dress you will want for summer afternoons and evenings? The sleeves are an interesting length and only slightly puffed . . . the cuffs are edged with mousseline de soie. The blouse is trimmed with silver buttons and a frilly collar of the mousseline. Her accessories are gray.

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed on Page 112.



A ROMANTIC gown, this one designed for Genevieve Tobin to wear away on her adventurous "Pleasure Cruise." Can't you picture yourself in it on some moonlight summer's night? The two pictures show it with and without the pertly flaring jacket. The dress is a pastel toned organdie with short puffed sleeves trimmed with appliqued fabric violets . . . a large bunch of the violets are fastened at the neckline. The skirt is moulded by tucks to the knees where it flares out to the hem. The whole dress is posed over a satin slip. The jacket is taffeta with crisp, capelet-like sleeves . . . and it fastens with a single button. You could wear this with other evening frocks, too.



Carl De-Voy

"STRONG, silent man, not to be daunted," they call Jack Holt. Without ballyhoo, he forged ahead to stardom years ago. And when the scythe was used to clear away scores of one-time famous heroes "who wouldn't do for talkies," strong-jawed Jack pushed on to even greater success. His latest starring rôle is in Columbia's film tentatively titled "Tampico" with Fay Wray

"Why I'll Return to the Stage"

It's a love of old friends, and the theater is one of them

As Told By
Helen Hayes
To Ruth Biery

FOR one year motion pictures will lose one of its most vital personalities. Following her next picture, Helen Hayes will return to Broadway for at least a twelve months' period.

This is not because she dislikes pictures. Although Helen originally refused to make pictures because of a sincere feeling that she was not beautiful enough. And although she could not shake stage home-sickness from her for many months after she did come to Hollywood, she *has* learned to like the work of that strange, mad place.

But the stage is, to Helen, a true and trusted friend. The motion picture industry is an acquaintance!

Friendship has roots—roots so deep that they cannot be eradicated.

Acquaintanceship has charm! A relationship based upon charm is easily interrupted—even forgotten.

So Helen feels that she *must* return to the friend, at least temporarily, and leave the acquaintance. Perhaps she will further enjoy the charm of the new acquaintance, sometime, but she will never again leave the friend for so long a period.

"Friendship is so rare. It never forgets," Helen Hayes said. "If Katherine Cornell does one bad play, no one thinks of suggesting that she is slipping. But if a picture star makes one poor picture, producers immediately talk about 'jacking up' that person. One little failure against a dozen huge successes! Acquaintances forget so easily."

Hers was a beautiful comparison between the stage and screen. Friendship versus acquaintance! How often we hear



Here she was, in 1913, Helen Hayes at the start of her professional career, and destined to travel far. She was, a member of the Columbia Stock Company, playing Washington, D.C.

No wonder that many hail Helen as filmdom's most talented actress! A portrait that hints of the little star's remarkable capacity for reflecting the spirit of any rôle, unhampered by previous typing

people say, "She has more friends than any woman I know," or "Did you ever see a man with so many friends?"

Don't you wonder how many are *friends* and how many *acquaintances*?

Helen Hayes does.

"I always suspect anyone who has too many friends or tries to make many," said Helen. "A person cannot spread butter effectually on too large a piece of bread. A person cannot spread true emotion and loyalty on too many people. Too much bread means eventual waste of butter. Too many friends mean a waste of emotion.

"Just as a person who has one [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Sylvia Tells What Saved



THIS revealing story of what America's most famous masseuse and beauty culturist did for one of screendom's favorite stars, shows what expert help you now can have—thanks to Sylvia's great new offer.

Through PHOTOPLAY Magazine, she'll give you her own personal advice on how to solve your reducing or building up problems—the advice that practically all moviedom has eagerly sought and followed. On page 84 you see some of her answers, and you can read just how easily you may get her help on similar matters that may trouble you. Look now and see how to take advantage of this splendid new help.

NORMA SHEARER sent for me shortly after she was married. She was in the midst of making "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," and I saw that if the star didn't take off those extra pounds she had acquired, it would be the last of Norma Shearer's screen career. Norma knew it, too. For she is one of the smartest girls ever on the screen. Her life spells ambition and she'll go through any amount of work and torture if it will help her career.

She and Irving Thalberg had just rented the Elsie Janis home—a big house in Beverly Hills. I knew the place well for I had often been there when Elsie lived in it; but how different it was now!

When Elsie had it her household included about a million birds, a couple of barking dogs, several Persian cats and plenty of alley cats. You can imagine the noise.

But the first night I went to see Norma and a polite butler let me in, all was quiet. Norma Shearer could never live in confusion. She now welcomed me and came straight to the point—or, rather, to the curves. She was heavy in the arms, hips and legs, and right away we went into the bedroom where I started to pound her. But before I tell you the treatment I gave I must tell you a funny thing that happened as a result. I had put a big Turkish towel under her and when I left she fell asleep without removing the towel.

The next morning when she woke up there were little red marks all over her body. She thought sure that, in my treatment, I had broken her delicate skin. What hysterics! What carryings-on! Frantically, she called me up and told me what

had happened. Suddenly, I thought of the towel—it was the marks made by sleeping on that that had made her skin look mottled.

For I don't want you to forget that no matter how delicate a person's skin is, if you follow my advice to the letter, it won't hurt you. Norma has the most beautiful skin of any star I have ever treated!

Norma's was a different case and if you have any of the ailments that Norma had, then I can tell you, as I told her, how to get rid of them. I had to be very careful with her legs, for only the outside parts needed reducing, I could not touch the inside.

AND if this is your trouble, here's what you should do. Get a girl friend to help you. Put your foot on the friend's shoulder (you are lying down, she is standing up). Now, have your friend take your heel in one of her hands and pull it while with the palm of her other hand she presses against the toes and sole of your foot. It is an alternate movement that works wonders for reducing the outside of the legs. It's very much the same movement that one would use in pulling a riding boot off someone else.

See how it works? Pull on the heel, press on the toes, and have your friend do this just as hard as you can stand it. It's a marvelous exercise! And is relaxing and soothing.

Norma was very tired. She had been working hard and trying to look after her house at the same

Norma Shearer, as she appeared some time before the call went out for Sylvia's aid. Lovely then, but still— (At top left, Sylvia)

Norma Shearer's Figure

Lots Of Sylvia's Answers, Girls, On Page 84!



time, so I had two problems—to soothe her as well as take off the excess flesh. Here's how I did it. With a little cold cream on my hands I ran my fingers up and down her spine. You can do this for yourself. Then very gently I rubbed her back. This relaxed her and made her ready for the hard pounding I gave her later.

ON every part of her body that needed reducing I broke down the fatty tissues by taking up the flesh in my fingers and squeezing hard, letting the flesh slip through my fingers as if it had been mashed potatoes. That, girls, will take off lumps of flesh in the desired places. Then I finished by putting a Turkish towel over the spots that needed reducing and pounded with the flat of my hand. So you can see that with first the soothing back treatment and then the squeezing hard treatment, you are both relaxed and stimulated.

But besides being overweight Norma was anemic. That's the cry I get from so many girls. "I can't reduce because I'm anemic." Well, Norma was anemic and she reduced and in one week I built her red corpuscles up twenty per cent.

I didn't put her on a drastic diet. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I even let her eat pie. My conscience hurt me about that—but Lord! how that girl loved pie! However, I made her do some other things. And you anemic, plump girls (or thin girls either for that matter) can do the same things. In a kettle of cold water put a combination of turnip tops,

green leaves of celery and green leaves of lettuce (the sort that you don't use on the table because they don't look pretty).

Now, over a slow fire let this simmer for an hour or so. Press all the juice out of the greens and drink the liquid. I'll admit it doesn't taste like a cocktail, but it isn't so bad. Don't put any salt in this.

DRINK two big glasses of this every day. And drink plenty of tomato juice. Have a green salad every day, preferably lettuce and tomatoes. Take liver extract. Eat very rare steaks and have calf's liver at least twice a week; but here's the way to prepare it.

Get the liver half an inch thick. Don't fry it, broil it so that none of the juice runs out of it.

Have gelatine every single day. And oh, how much better you'll feel! Oh yes, and don't forget to eat the skin of your baked potatoes, for they give you mineral salt.

And here's where you girls can take a lesson from Norma. She was a grand girl to treat, for if she believes in you, she will do anything you say. She never doubted me—and nothing was too hard for her to do. And all the time she was taking my strenuous treatments she was being an excellent housewife, for Norma, who seems so sophisticated on the screen, is an old-fashioned wife.

She is very domestic, manages her home beautifully, and is always concerned about Irving's comfort. I've heard her declining invitations many times, invitations that she might have liked to accept, but she knew that Irving needed to rest. She told me often that had she not been under my care, she couldn't have done all that was demanded of her as wife, star and mother. The things I tell you to do, girls, give you pep.

IT was a conversation between Norma and Irving that started Norma's amazing screen versatility. I heard that conversation. One night while I was treating her, Irving and she were talking about a story that she wanted to do, but he told her she was not the type. I could feel Norma's jaw set and I know that that's why she set out to show him she wasn't any type, but could play any rôle. But even if Norma's husband is her boss, she gets less consideration about little things at the studio than the other stars. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

What could be more charming than the Norma that emerged after a short time—svelte, poised and queenly, in her new radiant charm?

Sport's Such *Ripping Fun!*



He's as zealous about a polo game with Warner Bros. team as he was in carrying messages over the Irish countryside from De Valera to Collins. Just a modern Paul Revere, is George Brent

Tennis? Indeed not! It's badminton, otherwise known to ale-drinking village squires in merrie, merrie England as "battledore and shuttlecock." Watch this Martha Sleeper girl receive those fast serves. Not bad. No indeed! All Hollywood thinks this a priceless game. They're building badminton courts on every studio lot. Doug Fairbanks introduced it

With what grim determination Boris Karloff keeps the wicket inviolate. That's playing *cricket*! Did you know that an Eton-Harrow match at Lord's Field, London, sometimes takes two or three days? Sounds like an O'Neill tragedy to us. Yet this game seems to amuse a great number of our fastest-moving masculine stars. And they're not all Englishmen either!



Just as likely to offend—

the girl who says **“I NEVER PERSPIRE”**

All healthy people perspire . . . frequently over a quart a day . . . though many never feel sticky—*Second-day underthings are NEVER safe*



OTHERS NOTICE IT

Underthings can absorb up to 30% of their weight in perspiration without even feeling damp. The odor is noticeable to others even when you aren't aware of it yourself.

MANY girls say, “I *never* perspire.” It's easy to fool ourselves this way, but we can't fool other people.

We *all* perspire—frequently over a quart a day, doctors say. We don't *feel* sticky because underthings absorb the perspiration. The odor is bound to cling. Others notice this so quickly—before we do ourselves.

That is why it's *never* safe to wear underthings a second day. Dainty girls won't risk offending. They take

this simple precaution—wash underthings in Lux after *every* wearing.

Protect daintiness this way

Lux is especially made to remove perspiration *safely*. These dainty suds take away odor, and save color and fabric. Perspiration contains harmful substances that wear out silk. Luxing underthings and stockings every night keeps them like new longer!

Protect *your* daintiness this easy way—it takes only four minutes!

Avoid ordinary soaps—they often contain harmful alkali that weakens silk and fades colors. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Mrs. E. M. Schellenger says: “With one box of LUX I washed 330 items

48 pairs socks, stockings	34 towels, wash-
12 pieces silk lingerie	cloths, bibs
62 child's woolen undies	9 child's rompers,
83 diapers, pads, blankets	sweaters, cap
47 napkins, doilies	35 handkerchiefs
and I did the dishes 21 times for a family of 6”	

LUX *underthings after each wearing*

Removes odor . . Saves colors



YOU can have the

IF you have seen Jean Harlow on the screen—and, of course, you *have* seen her—you have noticed what an alluring complexion she has. Smooth. Velvety soft. The kind of skin men find irresistible.

Do you realize that the right care can do wonders for *your* complexion?

No feature is so easy to improve as your skin. The whole secret is the right care—followed *regularly*. Jean Harlow, like most of the lovely Hollywood stars, has discovered that secret. Listen to her own words:—

“The great actresses of the stage and screen take exquisite care of their skin,” she says—“and *I have found their secret*—regular care with Lux Toilet Soap.”

*Have YOU tried the
Beauty Soap of the Stars?*

To keep their complexions always lovely, 686 of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood (including all stars) use this same gentle, *sure* care. Not only at home in their own luxurious dressing rooms, but in the studio dressing rooms as well.

That's why Lux Toilet Soap has been made the

official soap in all the large film studios.

Why not begin now to use this fine, fragrant white soap for *your* skin? Why not start to make your skin softly smooth, lovely—learn a lesson from the movie stars?

Get two or three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today!



Charm men find irresistible



JEAN HARLOW'S

complexion
care

*will make
your skin
enticing!*

LUX Toilet Soap

Hollywood Beauty Forecasts

By Carolyn
Van
Wyck



CLAIRE WINDSOR'S charming coiffure is distinctive and simple. That fringe of feather curls below the up-turned ends is especially lovely with soft, blonde hair.



CONSTANCE BENNETT knows that with fair skin, blonde hair, blue eyes, a black frock and pearls are always one of the most flattering combinations.



"A PLACE for everything and everything in its place," is what Sue Carol's felt bag boasts.

STYLE is a wind that blows us all hither and yon. Sometimes it is a kindly wind, blowing us all to best advantage, then again it restricts and limits us.

I am afraid of this mannish vogue. I am afraid that too many of you girls will fall heavily for it. Pants and mannish shirts and tight hair cuts are, I must admit, a great novelty for those of us who have worn curls and romantic clothes for the last few years. They are refreshing, in a way. But I can predict right now that a lot of you girls who fall for them too heavily will be doing yourselves out of dates, nice escorts and maybe even husbands. You will have to have personality-plus to wear these things and get away with them with people you meet for the first time. With old friends, of course, that's another matter.

However, I can forgive you the pants, the mannish collars, anything almost but the mannish hair cut. Now and then a girl may look chic and attractive with a very close cropped head, but I doubt if many of you would. However, if the urge overtakes you, do consider the matter seriously; or, better, consult a good hairdresser and follow her advice.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN finds that pure milk of magnesia is a great boon to the skin. She cleanses thoroughly, applies the magnesia, much in the manner of a masque,

lets it dry, then removes with cold water. This is a very soothing, whitening and refining treatment. Lillian Roth, now married and retired from pictures, also uses this masque. She posed in the magnesia act for this department last summer.

MANY Hollywood stars are forsaking deep-toned nail polish for a more natural shade. Pale rose and coral really are more flattering to most hands than the deep, deep

reds with which we decorated ourselves for a while. Jean Harlow tips her pink nails with a white opalescent polish, which ties up perfectly with her platinum hair.

THE whole spring make-up tendency is toward brighter and fairer tones—a tendency that goes well, by contrast, with the tailored mode. One salon features a red poppy shade in lipstick and rouge for all tones of skin. Unquestionably, these bright, vivacious tones are more in keeping with spring than heavier, darker ones. They lend animation, youthful freshness to the face and are particularly becoming with beige and gray tweeds and navy blue tailleurs.

Peachbloom tone in face powder is an all-type shade. The very dark shades are being discarded, and a good thing. Few of us can darken our natural skin tones, except through an even tan of the sun, and flatter ourselves. The use of a shade lighter powder, on the other hand, is wise, for our face skin invariably darkens slightly because of exposure, and lightening it up a little is not going out of Nature's original scheme of colors.

PATRICIA ELLIS offers a little eye shadow trick for enlarging the eyes which really works. This is for evening, by the way. Spread your shadow lightly across the lids working out in fan shape beyond the eyes and toward the temple. You must do this artfully.

SPRING is a grand time to make yourself over. Perhaps our Basic Beauty Budget, Hair That Misbehaves, or our Make-Up leaflets will help you. Just send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. She will help with your other beauty problems, too, if you will write to her.



★ JOAN BLONDELL

Featured in Warner Bros.

"LAWYER MAN"

and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using Max Factor's Face Powder.

HOLLYWOOD Tells How to Create Beauty that Fascinates with MAKE-UP in Color Harmony

★ *Make-Up is something different in Hollywood...that is why the beauty of the stars appears so fascinating.*

COLOR harmony in powder, rouge and lipstick is the secret...a new idea in make-up originated by Max Factor...Hollywood's make-up genius. "To enhance charm and attraction, the individuality of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead types must be emphasized," explains Max Factor. "To do this, make-up must be in color harmony to accent natural colorings."

The amazing difference will be instantly apparent to you. Created to screen star types, each shade of face powder is a color harmony tone. Exquisitely fine in texture, even and soft in color, it actually enlivens the beauty of the skin and creates new loveliness.

It imparts that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen...and clings for hours, too, for screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a powder that adheres perfectly.

Proved perfect for you by the screen stars who face the close-up of motion picture lights and camera every day, you know that your make-up will appear flatteringly beautiful under any close-up test.

Now this luxury...Max Factor's Face Powder, originally created for Hollywood's stars, is available at the nominal price of one dollar. To complete your color harmony make-up: Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Discover today what new beauty Hollywood's make-up secret holds for you.

Blonde, Brunette, Brownette, Redhead! Permit Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, to suggest your personal color harmony in make-up. Mail the coupon for your complexion analysis, make-up chart and book of illustrated make-up instructions.

How to Make Up Your Lips to Last All Day



KAY FRANCIS,
Warner Bros. Star,
using Max Factor's
Super-Indelible Lipstick

1. Dry the lips. Make up the upper lip first. With Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick follow the contour of the lip and fill in by blending with the lipstick or finger. **2.** Trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing the lips together. **3.** Fill in and blend lipstick on lower lip. Now moisten the lips...and your lip make-up will remain perfect all day, permanent in color value...smooth in texture.



★Purse-Size Box of Powder...FREE

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California. WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. Fill in the chart below with a ✓

1-5-63

COMPLEXIONS		EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTES
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Oily <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
AGE			

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder... Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

© 1933 Max Factor

Ask The Answer Man

"GIVE the little girl a big hand" was the cry of Texas Guinan when Ruby Keeler danced in one of her nightclubs. This month picture audiences are giving her a "big hand" for her work in "42nd Street." Hundreds of readers have written in asking about her.

Ruby, in private life, Mrs. Al Jolson, was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia on August 25, 1909. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall; weighs 105 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her family moved to New York when she was four years old. She has three sisters and one brother.

At the ripe old age of thirteen, Ruby made her debut in the chorus of "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." Later she appeared in the choruses of "Sidewalks of New York," "Lucky," and "Bye Bye Bonnie." She first attracted Broadway's attention when she appeared in La Guinan's nightclub show. Her real big opportunity came when the late Florenz Ziegfeld signed her as chief tap dancer in "Whoopee."

She turned her back on this opportunity when she married Al Jolson. That was in September, 1928.

Ruby loves to watch prize-fights, bicycle races and hockey. Plays golf with Al and accompanies him when he goes fishing at Catalina. She gets a great thrill out of meeting celebrities and collects autographed photos whenever she has the courage to ask for one.

United Artists offered her the lead opposite her husband in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," but she turned it down. Thought it would worry Al too much to have her working with him. You will see her next in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

MARJORY FROST, CHELSEA, ENGLAND.—You are right Marj, Buck Jones is bigger than Jason Robards. Jason is 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. Buck tops that record by 1¾ inches in height, and 3 pounds in weight.

ROCCI ROGGIA, ARTESCA, CALIF.—Thanks, Rocci, for your kind words. Makes an old fellow feel good to know his answers are helpful. The picture "The Happy Warrior" was produced by Vitagraph in 1925 and directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The players were: Malcolm McGregor, Alice Calhoun, Mary Alden, Anders Randolph, Olive Borden and Otto Matiesen. Some of the stars who were born under "Scorpio" the astrological sign of the Zodiac (October, to you) are Connie Bennett, Carole Lombard, Marian Nixon, Janet Gaynor, John Boles, Boots Mallory and Mitzi Green.

R. R., ATCHISON, KAN.—Cheer up, all is forgiven. I do try to get the answers back to my friends just as soon as possible, but with hundreds of letters coming in asking just as many questions, it takes a little time to answer all of them.

MARY, KULPMONT, PENNA.—Mary, here's the low-down on Paul Muni. He was born in Vienna on September 11, 1897. He is 5 feet, 9 inches tall; weighs 165 pounds and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Was educated in New York public schools. Appeared on the stage for fifteen years before he entered pictures in 1929. His real name is Muni Weisenfreund. His latest picture is "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." Paul has been married to Belle Fink since May 1921.



Ruby Keeler, whose dancing feet made her popular along the Rialto, is now winning praise for her work in "42nd Street," her first picture effort

ELIZABETH BENNETT, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The lad you admired so much in "The Phantom of Crestwood" is Tom Douglas. Tom hails from Louisville, Ky., where he was born on September 4, 1906. He is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall; weighs 140 pounds and has blond hair and brown eyes. Educated in Louisville and in England. Was on the stage both in England and America before he made his talkie debut in 1931. Tom played in silent pictures, too, back in 1920. Aviation is his hobby and he is the proud owner of a pilot's license.

BERNICE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—A large number of your neighbors also wrote in asking

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

about little Ann Ross, the Indian maiden who did such a grand bit of acting in "Oklahoma Jim." Ann is a real Cherokee Indian, born in Sallisaw, Okla. She is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 112 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Was educated at Bacone College in Muskogee. Her mother was an Indian school teacher and her father a chief's son. Prior to her debut in pictures, Ann was a stenographer. When not appearing before the camera she studies elocution, music and dancing. She also lectures in schools about the tribal customs and ways of her people.

B. J. P., BRYAN, OHIO.—You must have someone else in mind. Alice White was a script girl prior to her movie debut in 1926.

HELEN HOLBROOK, KEW GARDENS, L. I., N. Y.—Helen, the old silent film "Captain Blood" was released in September, 1924. J. Warren Kerrigan played the rôle of *Captain Blood* and Jean Paige the rôle of *Arabella*. Herbert Marshall was born in London on May 23, 1890, and David Manners in Halifax, Nova Scotia on April 30, 1902.

GERALDINE STEVENS, CARRINGTON, N. DAK.—Ken Maynard is a native of Mission, Texas, where he first saw light on July 21, 1895. He is 6 feet tall; weighs 185 pounds and has black hair and gray eyes. Was educated in Indiana and Texas. Is a graduate engineer of Virginia Military Institute. For years he appeared in circuses and Wild West shows. Started to make pictures in 1922. Has been married for about eight years.

JACK ROBERTS, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Jack, Marian Nixon seems to have replaced Janet Gaynor in your affections. Marian was born in Superior, Wis., on October 20, 1904. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 100 pounds. Was married to Edward Hillman in August 1929. Her latest picture is "The Face in the Sky."

JESSIE WALKER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—That funny man, Charles Ruggles, was born in Los Angeles 42 years ago. "Girl Habit," "Queen High," "One Hour With You," and "This Is the Night" are a few of his biggest pictures. He is the brother of Wesley Ruggles, the director whose vision made "Cimarron," PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal picture for 1931, possible.

BETH MANNERS, CHICAGO, ILL.—I hope Carolyn Van Wyck won't get mad at me for stepping into her department, but when you girls ask me those questions, what am I to do? Lots of the stars use false eyelashes—the stick-'em-on-with-glue variety. But those eyelashes of Garbo's are absolutely real and if you don't believe it, just try pulling them some day. Of course, there's the minor item of first finding Garbo.

BETTY SAINT, ELMHURST, ILL.—And I'm an angel. In the picture "Strangers May Kiss," Norma Shearer played the part of *Lisbeth*; Neil Hamilton the part of *Alan* and Robert Montgomery the part of *Steve*. Ramon Novarro has never been married. He is thirty-four years old.

BROWNIE, WELLINGTON, N. Z.—Polly Moran was born on January 28, 1885. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall; weighs 134 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Bill Haines was a New Year's present in 1900. He has black hair and brown eyes. John Miljan first saw light on November 9, but he doesn't say what year.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

"They can't kid us Jimmy"



This Exact Amount

Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

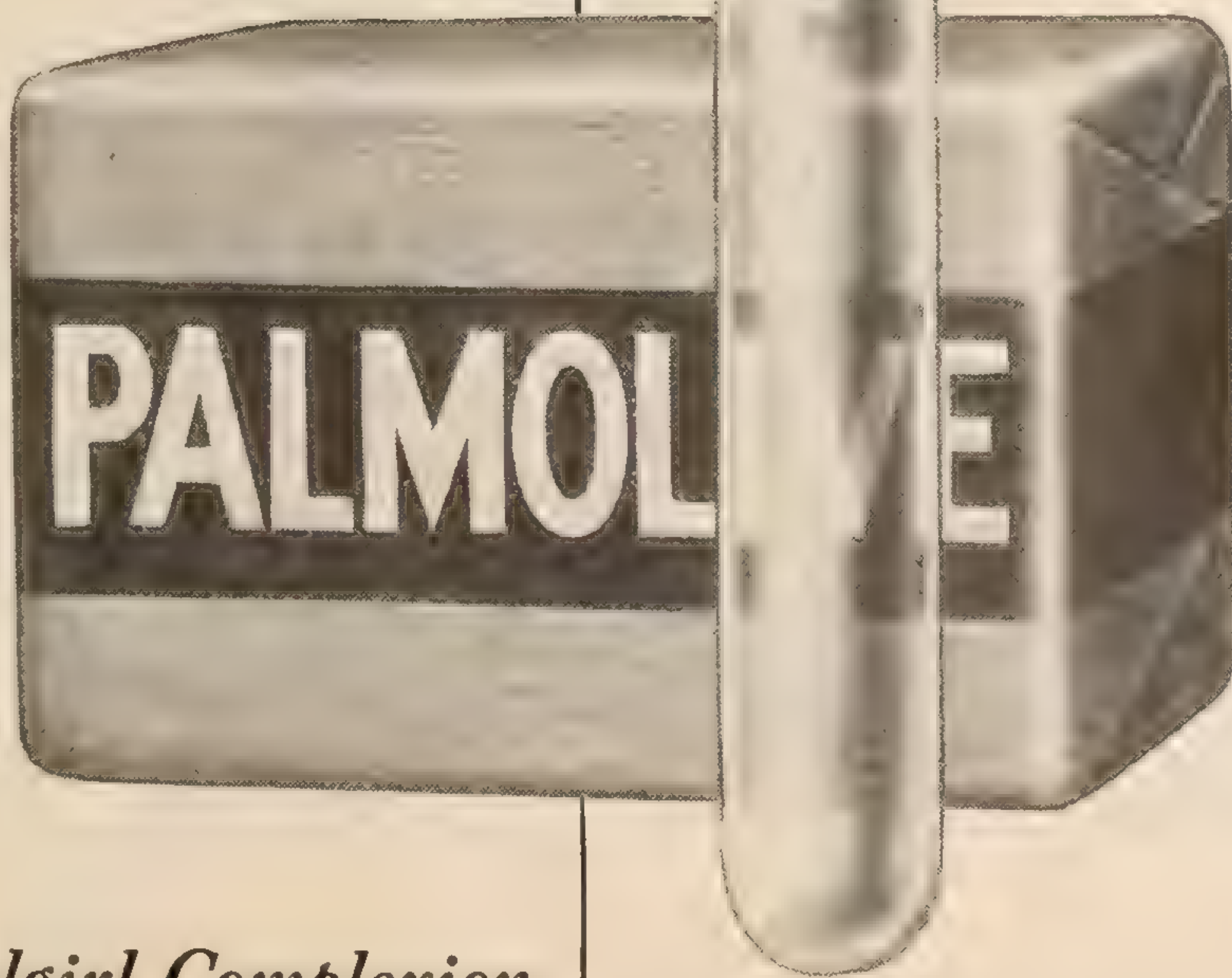
"I'D RATHER have you than be a movie star. Daddy calls us Palmolive pals and says we'll never be wallflowers as long as we continue to keep clean and sweet with Palmolive. He says that explains his beautiful family.

Just between you and me, Jimmy — mumsy still has her schoolgirl complexion★ and gets a great kick out of living. Too bad more women don't know the truth. I've used Palmolive since I was big as you and I know all that olive oil in each cake is good for little boys and big girls and big boys and little girls. At any rate—this family will take no chances experimenting."

* * *

★and now since the price of keeping that schoolgirl complexion has been reduced by just about one-half—you and millions of women and the whole family can use this famous cosmetic soap freely for face, hands, bath and shampoo.

Now it costs less to keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

HOLLYWOOD is having a little giggle at the slight misunderstanding over the marital status of Lilian Harvey and Willy Fritsch.

When Fox's new European importation was nearing Hollywood, news stories emanating from the publicity department referred to the couple as "Lilian Harvey and her husband, Willy Fritsch."

But, when Lilian arrived she quickly denied she and Fritsch were married and said the misunderstanding must have arisen in the translation of the German to English.

But the one who seems to be most amused is Maurice Chevalier. English, French and German are all one to him.

AND it wasn't only Gloria who found herself so broke in Paris that she couldn't even buy a steamship ticket home. La Swanson wired for funds and found that Uncle Sam was saying "No, no" on money to be shipped abroad.

WELL, it won't be long now, boys and girls, before America's huge heart throb will be back among us again, for Greta has asked for that passport back to America. The first card was sent to Greta's cameraman at Christmas time and now it's Adrian, her dress designer, who goes about waving the message that says,

so typically Garboish, merely the words, "How are you?" Signed, as usual, "G. G."

BILL POWELL separated from Warner Bros. in the friendliest manner. He will probably go back to make certain pictures. But they just couldn't get together on a contract-salary.

Bill says he's going on the stage. Which has been proved, after all, the quickest way for stars who give up contracts to *cash in*.

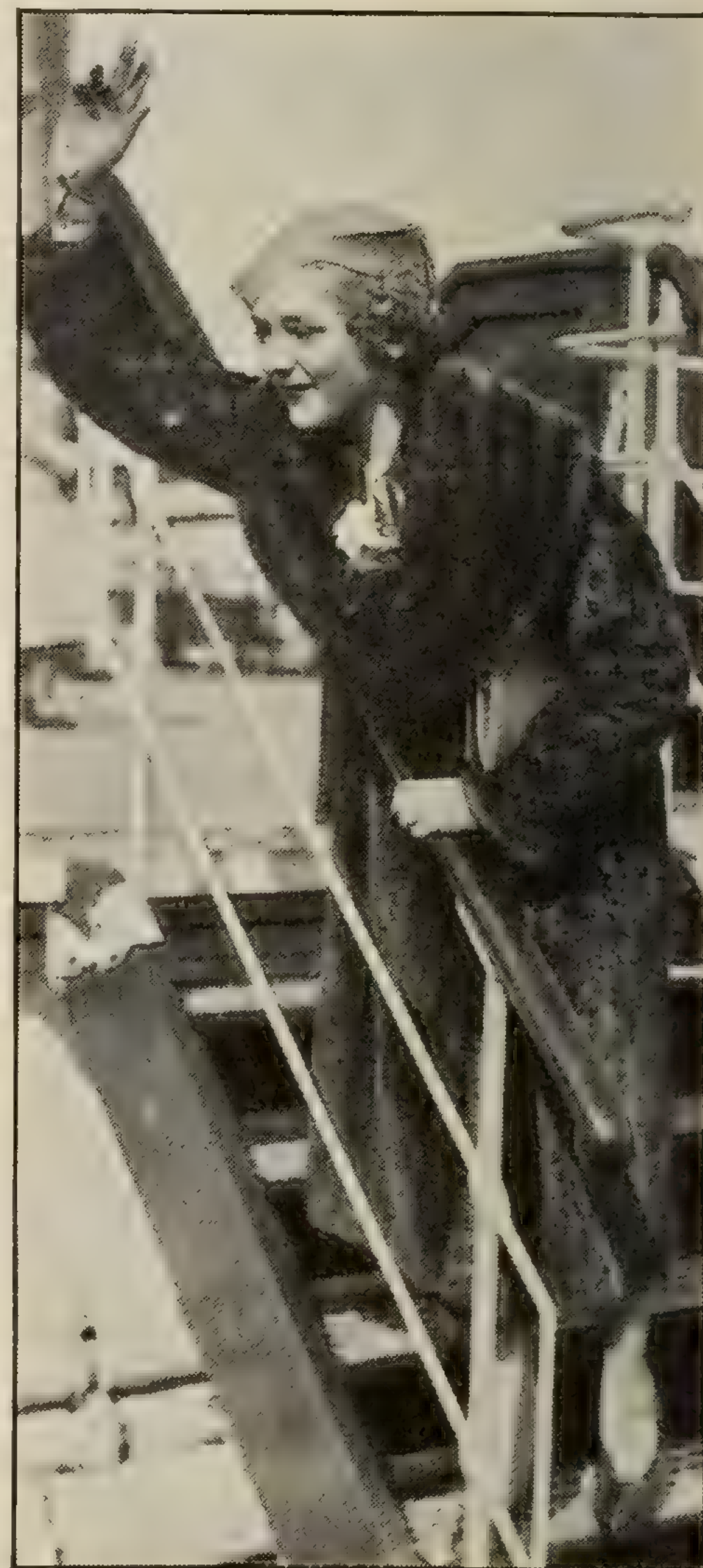
Which reminds us—not a rumor of trouble in this family for months. Carole Lombard and Bill seem to have settled down, after that first "hardest" year into tranquil domesticity.

And we never wrote that kind of line that the ones-written-about didn't start divorce proceedings, before we could get on the stands!

CHARLIE MACARTHUR walked the deck. Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg hung anxiously over the railing. It was five-thirty in the morning. The ship would sail in thirty moments. Would Helen Hayes make it?

A siren. A series of autos. They were winding up the cable—She made it.

And the newspapers wanted to know why in H—their cameramen didn't get Helen Hayes in their pictures. There was Norma in smart travelling dress; Irving Thalberg and Charlie MacArthur—but no Helen (she had



Wide World

"Goodbye, Broadway, hello, Doug!" That's the spirit, anyway, of our Mary as she waves old Gotham adieu before sailing to join the family's more strenuous half on the sunny Riviera



Phooey for you, Dietrich! What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, say Wheeler and Woolsey—so they let Wally Beery take them to lunch at the Brown Derby in this garb. Carol Ann Beery, too—in her pants

been making *another* ending for "The White Sister").

Do you think Helen would be photographed in a nun's costume she'd had on for two days? —In make-up. With Norma in the latest travelling ensemble? If you do, you don't know women!

A FRIEND ran into Jack Oakie the other day in Barker Bros. Furniture Store.

"Setting up housekeeping, Jack?" asked the friend.

"Nope," said Oakie, "but our cook's getting married, and I'm buying her a present. A day-bed."

"Why a day-bed?"

"She's marrying the night-watchman."

HARD times have come a-knockin' at the door of Ethel Barrymore, sister of John and Lionel. She asked the court to let her spend some of her son's \$2,700 yearly income, accrued from a \$50,000 trust fund left him by his grandfather, Samuel Colt, an arms manufacturer—because stage jobs are so scarce.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

KAY FRANCIS

is smart to the very soles of her shoes

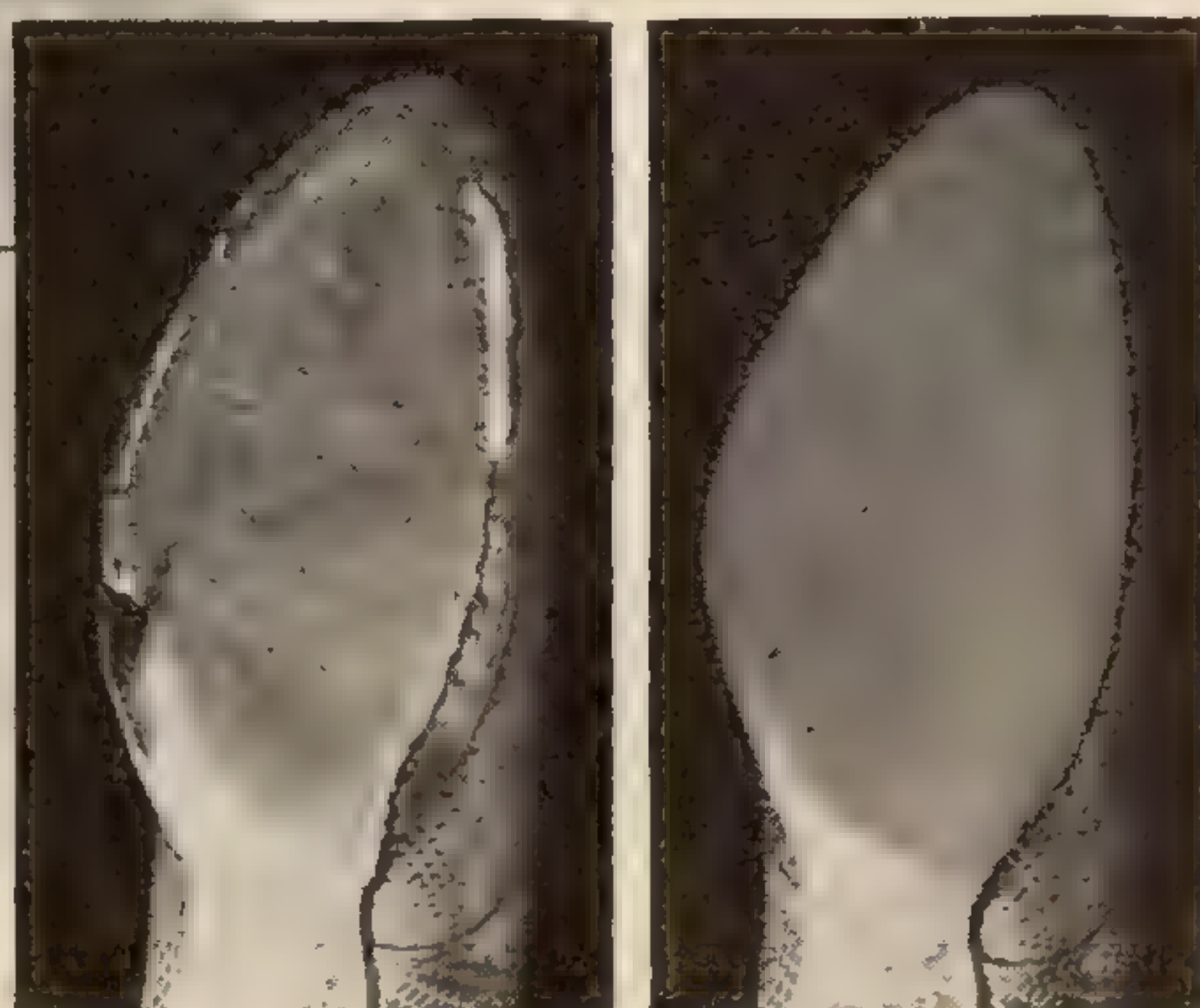


Kay Francis appearing in Warner Bros. production
"THE KEYHOLE"

. . let us tell you why

Screen stars have to be careful of detail — the camera catches every little flaw. And ragged, "peely" soles are so noticeably ugly! You know, they have happened to your shoes. But they never need happen again if you remember that the soles of Compo shoes never peel. They just cannot, for the uppers and soles are bonded together as a single unit. Always, Compo shoes present a clean, crisp sole-line. They have lightness, and flexibility that can come only from this new technique of shoemaking. And Compo shoes give greater comfort, because of the absence of ridges and seams.

Don't tolerate "peely" soles. The way to avoid them is to insist on Compo shoes — as made by over a hundred prominent manufacturers of the most fashionable footwear.



A Shoe With
"peely" sole

Compo Shoe
SMOOTH SOLE

Millions of pairs of Compo shoes will be sold this year in the most reliable stores — and at prices which place this important item of correct grooming within the reach of all. Compo Shoe Machinery Corporation, Boston, Mass.

COMPO
TRADE MARK

A name which stands for a new and improved shoe as made by over 100 leading manufacturers
YOUR GUARANTEE AGAINST "PEELY" SOLES

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]



Bert Longworth

Hey, hey, Doug, slow down! Eleanor Holm isn't wearing trousers, remember! And while we're in a flaw-picking mood, why, oh fair maid, wear galoshes where the sun always shines? And she a champion swimmer at that!

POOR Irish Jimmy Cagney. How it must rile the spirit of his red-headed personality to be a good boy. His agents handle all his money. They make Jimmy an allowance and he can't get any more after he spends it until next payment is due.

And his wife handles his business—appointments—sees that he gets to the studio on time, etc.

He gets a bonus if he's good—but there are moments in every day when he tells that bonus where it can go.

LITTLE Mae Clarke spent six months in a sanitarium fighting to overcome a complete nervous collapse.

She won—a tough battle.

She was signed by Metro and played a bad part in a bad picture (Jack Gilbert's "Fast Workers") so well that she was cast for the lead with Robert Montgomery in "Made On Broadway" hailed as a superb production. She had been working a week. One night she went to a party with Phillips Holmes.

The next morning, she awoke in a Hollywood hospital, jaw broken, teeth misplaced, etc.

The picture couldn't wait—and that picture would, undoubtedly, have meant stardom! What a terrible break!

PERHAPS after all we won't lose the screen charm of Ramon Novarro as was threatened when Ramon decided to turn director. Novarro is signing again with M-G-M as a star, he said, because they dangled three pet stories before his eyes just before he left for a vacation in Europe with his brother, Edouardo.

"THAT new guy, Lyle Talbot, looks more like an actor *is supposed to look* than any man I ever knew," whispered a woman who had been studying him at a nearby table in a restaurant.

"Sure. His real name is Hollywood. How could he look any different after that?"

THEY'LL remember him always in Hollywood for his big boy jollity—this Walter Hiers who passed on the other day. Remember him in "A Private Scandal," "Dancers in the Dark" and other pictures?

Recently he had been appearing in vaudeville and his clowning always brought a laugh. Goodbye, Walt, your friends will miss you!

AND another flicker friend has gone the same long trail — Spottiswoode Aitken, English character actor beloved by many. The actor's son, Frank Aitken, an aviator, paid a last tribute to a trouper dad by flying over the grave in Hollywood and dropping fresh-cut roses.

IF you've never really been legally married, how can you get a divorce? That's what's worrying little Boots Mallory who questions the validity of her marriage to Charles B. Bennett whom she married in New York in 1928 when she was a minor. Bennett questioned validity of Boots' divorce begun in Mexico so Boots retaliated with her own little question, and now the fight is on.

ALL Hollywood regretted the tragic death of Daisy Moreno as she was known to a host of friends. Because of her recent separation from Antonio, she was being driven home from a dinner party by the nephew of her husband's sponsor, Rene Dussaq.

The youth attempted to adjust his lights in a heavy mountain fog and the car plunged off the cliff.

AND there's that remark of Henry Garat's, the new French actor, that had all Hollywood rolling. A bit confused in his English, Henry explained to a reporter, "You see, my wife, she looks like a lady, but she's only twenty-two."



Stuffy restaurant food? Not for Bill Powell! He believes in the virtues of the lunch basket. Wonder if Carole Lombard packs it for him every day?

MARILYN MILLER picked up her newspaper in New York to learn that Don Alvarado, to whom she thought she was engaged, was sweethearting little Alice White out in Hollywood.

Within an hour Alvarado had the wires sizzling with denials of the romance and he and Marilyn—they both claim now—are formally engaged and will marry as soon as Marilyn reaches Hollywood.

THERE was a landslide on the mountainous hill which backs Marion Davies' home. Every furnishing in the house was covered with dust in the twinkling of an eye.

Marion rushed out and personally helped to bring those who had fallen with the slide into her home.

One of the slightly-injured opened his eyes, looked around eagerly.

"Gee, I always wondered what this place looked like inside," he sighed happily.

ANN HARDING'S book on Hollywood is nearly ready for publication.

And they say there's little she doesn't expose about this town that has brought her so much unhappiness. We hope she doesn't forget that it gave her fame—at the same moment.

CONNIE BENNETT was seasick just three days on her month-long crossing of the ocean from Los Angeles to Paris.

And the half of Hollywood which professes to violently dislike her—said "too bad."

And the half which professes to adore her, said "too bad," too.

Proving how the same expression can have directly opposite meanings!

IT took Mary Astor's servants to make more history.

On the second day after the banks took a holiday in California, they walked out because she wouldn't raise their pay!

And on *that* day Mary decided to give up her huge home and move into an apartment that furnishes "maid service."

THE latest conflagration on the Paramount lot is Jack Oakie and—guess who?

Peggy Hopkins Joyce!

AND Miriam Jordan, that well known new-comer at Fox, refuses to go out with any man in Hollywood because she is engaged to someone in the East.

She's started something new in Hollywood—a tough job usually.

REMEMBER the days when Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. were preparing the world for their eventual marriage?

First they were engaged and then they weren't; then a date was rumored set and then it wasn't.

In those days it could not be foreseen how the public would take the marriage of a popular single girl—or the marriage of a beginning-to-be popular single boy. Movie-goers liked their idols single.

Are these clever young people training the public to become accustomed to the idea of their divorce as they trained them to get used to their marriage? The one worked; why shouldn't the other?

Only—is it really necessary to train the public today? Of course, there is the publicity angle. Their names will be in the headlines as long as there is doubt one way or another.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



How to keep WASH GLOVES supple as when they were skins

Is the stamp "washable" in chamois, doe- or pig-skin gloves just another ha-ha to you? Don't blame the gloves. They are as sensitive as your own skin to the least bit of harshness in soap.

Wash your gloves with soap you *know* is PURE—IVORY SNOW, the quick-sudsing form of pure, gentle Ivory Soap.

And Ivory Snow *really* dissolves in LUKE-WARM water! It is made in a new way—not cut into flat flakes, but *blown* into quick-dissolving, sudsy *round* bits.

Six Rules for Success in Washing Gloves

1. Use IVORY SNOW and just barely LUKE-WARM water. Hot water is fatal to gloves. Ivory Snow melts instantly in water that is safely cool.
2. Wash gloves INSIDE as well as OUTSIDE. A soft nail-brush helps to get finger-ends clean.
3. Rinse thoroughly *inside and out* in barely LUKEWARM water. No flat particles in Ivory Snow to cling flat to the leather and make rinsing difficult—*no soap spots!*
4. DON'T SQUEEZE or wring gloves. Lay them flat between folds of a Turkish towel and *pat* loose water out.
5. DON'T hang wash-leather gloves to dry on a hot radiator or over heat of any kind.
6. Soften by working onto your hands just BEFORE they are dry.

KATHRYN MARTIN
Washability Expert

Copy, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.



Sylvia Tells What Saved Norma Shearer's Figure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

On the set, for instance, a lot of stars had music to cheer them up between scenes. Norma had none. I asked her why.

"Because," she said, "I'm just Mrs. Irving Thalberg." And she was too proud to ask Irving to let her have music.

When they're at their beach place Norma and Irving romp on the sands like a couple of boys. Norma stands on her head and does all sorts of tricks, but when they come into the house they are both quite formal. They treat each other with great courtesy, but it is all very formal courtesy. But they never interfere with each other's jobs or lives and Norma resents it like the very devil when people—old friends—expect her to use her influence with Irving for them at the studio. That's when Norma gets mad!

IRVING'S father and mother used to live with them; but since the baby came, they live with Irving's sister, Sylvia, and her husband. And now I want to tell you about Norma as a mother.

Norma won't give out any publicity about

the baby, so very few people know how she treats it. And here's something else:

Although she relies on other people who know more about bringing up a child than she does and she has never interfered with the care of the baby, she supervises its daily routine. So you women who complain you can't find time to reduce, remember that Norma did while she was managing a job, a home and a baby.

She had a trained nurse for the baby when it was small, and every day the little fellow took his sun treatment. His day is all mapped out and runs as smoothly as everything with which Norma is connected.

Norma doesn't talk baby talk to the child. When he was tiny she would come into the house, lean over his crib and say exactly as if she were talking to a friend, "Well, darling, how are you?" She is very proud of him, but she doesn't make much of a fuss over him. And when you ask her about him she says, "He's a cute trick."

It's amazing to see how Norma will take suggestions—if she thinks they're good—from

anybody. One day I happened to be in her dressing-room waiting for her, and I picked up a copy of "Ex-Wife" and began reading it. When Norma came in I said, "Baby, I've found your next picture." I showed her the book.

"I don't like 'Ex-Wife,'" she said, but I could see that she was thinking about the picture possibilities in it; and sure enough "The Divorcee," based on that book, was her next picture.

NORMA is too intelligent ever to be in danger. She is very reserved, and underneath her friendliness there is restraint. She analyzes everything. Is extremely ambitious and not very tolerant of people who aren't.

And here's something I'll make a bet about. Norma will never let her emotions run away with her. She was one of the smartest patients I ever had and hasn't it been worthwhile? Isn't her figure beautiful now? Come on, you girls, who complain that you can't reduce. Follow my instructions and just see how lovely you become!

Answers by Sylvia

REMODELING FIGURE AND FACE

Dear Sylvia:

I sit all day and consequently have become very large in the back. How can I lose there? Also how can I reduce my stomach? As I am small (five feet one inch) and not fat, the bulge in the back and in the front is rather incongruous.

F. F. J., Atlantic City, N. J.

Here's the most wonderful exercise for you girls who sit all day. At night (or morning) sit on the floor with your legs stretched out in front but not touching the floor. Then hitch yourself across the room in the sitting position, using your hands to help you along as little as possible. Get the idea? It's just walking in a sitting position. You can honestly feel the fat cells being smashed off. You can do the same thing to take off your stomach, but this time lie on the floor face down and with arms above head roll from side to side and hitch yourself along on your stomach. Put the entire weight of your body on your stomach. Those are two great exercises and just what you need. Now, go to it!

Dear Sylvia:

I am about five feet five tall, weigh about 110—but I think my hips are too large—around 36. What exercise is good?

C. R. H., Boston, Mass.

Here's a hip exercise. Get down on the floor on your hands and knees. Stretch one leg back with the toe pointed straight back. Then drag that foot forward on the toe. This will make the hips rise in the air. Then put your weight on the foot you have drawn forward. Repeat with the other foot. You see? You are really walking on your hands and feet. Go back and forth across the floor several times, but keep that back toe pointed and feel the muscles of the hips drawing tight. Unless you can feel that, the exercise won't do you any good.

Dear Sylvia:

My nose is large and wide. It spoils the

MY, how the troubles come in—but don't think I mind. If you knew what joy it is to be able to tell all these worried girls how they can set everything right just by working at home, you'll know why Aunt Sylvia says, the more the better. If you have a problem, I'll be glad to help if you'll just write, addressing your letter to Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. For a direct answer, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope; otherwise watch these columns. No obligations whatever, of course—I'm only too glad to help.

SYLVIA

looks of my face. What shall I do to make it smaller?

E. B., Chicago, Ill.

That's easy, honestly it is. You can take off flesh from the nose exactly as you can off other parts of the body. I've done just that to many of the stars. Here's what you do: For a half hour a day, with the middle finger of each hand, begin at the tip of the nose and rub hard along the sides. Put some cold cream on your fingers. Then right at the base of the nose, massage in a rotary movement with your fingers. Dig into the flesh you want removed. The idea is to rub your nose on the spots that need taking off. Think of it as so much sculptor's clay. You're the sculptor and you can model that nose!

REGAINING PEP

Dear Sylvia:

I am only twenty-five, married and have two sons; but I seem to have lost all my pep. My face is drawn looking. Tell me what to do to look attractive again.

Mrs. N. S., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Pep is as much a matter of mind as of body. Get hold of yourself. Walk with your shoul-

ders thrown back, your head up. Take brisk sure steps. Take a cool shower every morning and rub your body hard with a Turkish towel, rubbing extra hard up and down your spine. Then turn the radio on to a peppy tune and dance around the floor. I mean it—just dance around by yourself. Do a little two-step with your arms about your head.

Spring on every step and move your body from side to side. Feel all the muscles come into play. Get your circulation stirring. Stir up your lazy body. Don't eat fried foods or heavy pastries or highly seasoned foods. Drink plenty of tomato juice and eat lots of raw tomatoes (that's marvelous for the complexion). Drink orange juice in the morning and grapefruit juice at night. Only sleep about seven or eight hours. Start the day with fifteen minutes of brisk exercise. Smile.

Yes, I mean it. Your face won't look so drawn if you smile a lot. Take an interest in everyone you meet. Look at yourself in the mirror every day and tell yourself that you feel great.

REDUCING

Dear Miss Sylvia:

Would you give me a diet on which I could take off four or five pounds a week?

M. L. K., Logansport, Ind.

My general reducing routine will take off fifteen pounds a month. But if there is some vital reason why you should have those pounds off on a weekly basis, I'll tell you what you should do. For three days take nothing but liquids—a glass every two hours. You can have your choice of liquids—tomato juice, grapefruit juice and orange juice—but arrange it so that the orange juice is taken in the afternoon and the grapefruit juice just before you retire. Take a glass of all three liquids during those days. You can use your own choice about how to scatter them along. For three days eat normally, avoiding fattening foods, of course. Do this—three days liquid and three days solid, until you're the weight you want. This is a pretty drastic method and should only be done if there is a vital reason for easing weight quickly.

JUMPY NERVES

Dear Sylvia:

I am a victim of nerves. Should I follow the advice to Constance Bennett given in your article in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY? I suffer with indigestion on account of nerves. I have constant fears that I shall develop a disease and while I tell myself I'm foolish to dwell on these thoughts, I still do.

Mrs. H. M. Y., Brooklyn, N. Y.

By all means follow the Constance Bennett routine. I told you that she was very nervous when I first took her. But here are some variations for your special case. Instead of eating three meals a day—eat five meals. This will mean that each meal will be less than the ordinary. Take the same amount of food that you normally would, but scatter it out into five meals. Eat lots of fresh vegetables boiled low in water and with the butter put on cold after the vegetables are off the fire.

Don't eat much meat. Drink plenty of tomato juice and fruit juices. Don't eat rich pastries and pies. Eat simple foods. Drink a glass of grapefruit juice just before going to bed at night. I promise you—here's my hand on it—that if you follow the Connie Bennett routine with these additions you will be in very good health.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Did the movie stars who now have such beautiful figures always have small busts even though they were once stout? I am rather plump, but built proportionately. I am now following your diet and would like to know if I can reduce my bust very much.

E. H., Staten Island, N. Y.

Plenty of movie stars were big chested. I have a special diet for reducing the bust, but if you're built proportionately—your bust not being too large for the rest of your body—you don't need it. Just keep right on with your diet and exercises and you'll lose weight all over. You're lucky that you are in good proportion.



Irving Lippman

They do say it was Maurice Chevalier, seated across the restaurant, who held Miss Ames' gaze fixed so raptly, as she munches and meditates in the studio restaurant. But it's okay; Adrienne has just finished working with Maurice in "A Bedtime Story".

"That's One for the Book"



What a day it was when they made the snapshots! Now they are living it over again—with the pictures.

Don't let this summer's memorable days escape without snapshots. Snapshots of the new kind, made with Kodak VERICHROME Film. This film makes a great difference. You needn't wait for bright days. Sun or shade, just snap what you want. You'll get pictures noticeably finer than any you've made before. *Natural* pictures—nobody has to pose or squint at the sun. Try a roll of Verichrome—you'll be surprised how much you've improved. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

- Verichrome is the *double-coated* film. Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, on bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshot success.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM



Now She Attracts ...without Attracting Attention!

WOMEN welcomed her. Men were polite... but among themselves, they talked about her as "the girl with those painted lips!"... Finally, by chance, she tried a new kind of lipstick that made her lips beautiful with natural color... yet never conspicuous with a painted look!

A lipstick that's different

Probably you'll say you don't have a painted look. Yet any ordinary lipstick coats the lips with paint. So switch to Tangee. For Tangee brings out the natural color of your lips... yet never paints them!

Tangee *isn't* paint. It's different. In the stick, it's orange. On your lips, it is the natural shade of blush rose perfect for your complexion! See special offer below.

Use Tangee for alluring lips... glowing with natural color the whole day through! Sold at drug stores and cosmetic counters.



New Refillable Rouge Compact

Tangee Rouge, too, changes to your natural shade *instantly*. It blends beautifully... heightens natural coloring... never makes cheeks look painted. Comes in refillable compact. Buy Tangee Rouge Refill at a saving! Fits compact perfectly.

New!

SMALL SIZE 39¢
TANGEE LIPSTICK

TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER!

The George W. Luft Co., Inc.
417 Fifth Ave., New York

P-5

Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick and Rouge. Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Sellers of Romance

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

got everything he wants. Beautiful women. Automobiles. Fame. Why, he can even marry a star!"

Bob wanted to marry. He wanted a home and children. Being studious by nature, he kept his eyes and ears wide open as he was rushed into the sacred precincts of Hollywood. He gave a great deal of thought and attention to actresses.

In the course of a few months he was seen constantly with half a dozen of the young players. He was rumored engaged to Virginia Bruce, fresh from Eastern stage successes, and was attentive to Florine McKinney. Miss Bruce later married John Gilbert.

FINALLY, becoming lonesome, he made a date with Betty, his high school sweetheart, over the telephone. Betty, as has been said, has no motion picture aspirations, is completely outside the pale of motion pictures, and considers the keeping of a home for Bob the best career in the world.

"Bob and I have had a frank talk about love, about Hollywood women and Hollywood society. His conclusions are bound to shatter the illusions of those who look upon Hollywood from afar as a garden of romance, bound to disappoint those who thought of him as walking through a glamorous paradise.

"Imagine marrying an actress—having her arrive at home an hour late because something went wrong at the studio—imagine taking her in your arms and have her whisper, tenderly—

"What do you think, Bob? My picture grossed \$14,000 this week at Indianapolis!"

"That's romance in a big way, all right. And supposing you're a big shot, and you marry. Your wife clicks better than you do. You stay at home. Before you know it, you're not Bob Young any more. You're Mr. Lucretia Lovejoy, or whatever her name happens to be. Not for mine.

"Hollywood women are always tired out. They sell love and romance for so much a yard at the studios all day. They look mighty glamorous to theater audiences. Men think—'Gee, if a woman who could love like that would only fall for me!' Well, they're all wrong. They'd find the woman in question emotionally exhausted from being forced through love scenes."

WHILE working in "Today We Live," Bob had an experience he won't forget. He met a young actor who, in turn, proudly introduced him to his beautiful wife. The actor displayed her "as if she were a prize winning dog in a show."

"After she left," Bob said, "he and I talked about marriage. I said I thought she was very beautiful, and that tickled his vanity. He told me she worked in pictures. I asked him if he didn't mind that. He said he didn't—in fact, he went further, telling me that he and his wife had an arrangement under which neither ever 'bothered' the other. It seemed that she met a lot of men in the course of her work, and she was welcome to do as she wished, any time, without explaining to her husband. He, in turn, came and went as he desired with any of the women of his acquaintance.

"We're modern," he told me, "and we have a modern marriage. Neither of us wants a home—neither of us likes children."

"I told him that I was pretty modern myself—but that I never could consider such an arrangement. I said that it seemed to me to be the outgrowth of two breadwinners in the same family.

"He admitted that it was, and assured me that the marriage would not last more than a year."

This shocked Bob. Bob not only loves a home—he has always had one—but he wants

children. He looks upon marriage as a sacred and beautiful thing. An intimate thing, shared by just two people, away from the world and the publicity spotlight. The idea of looking on a marriage as lasting only a year or two is horrible to him. Bob says love is not something you can tear off a calendar and throw away.

Bob was born in Chicago in 1907. His father, Thomas E. Young, was a contractor. It was a large family, and Bob got a feeling of substance and permanency, lacking in modern homes.

The family moved to Seattle and then to Los Angeles when Bob was ten. At Lincoln High School, he met Betty Henderson, three years younger than he was.

"We had an understanding," Bob says.

The youngsters found they had a great deal in common. Bob has a hard time explaining it. He says:

"We liked to do the same things. We thought the same way about a lot of things. We were good company."

The understanding didn't mature into an engagement. Bob was graduated, worked night and day. He clerked in building and loan associations, worked in banks, was a motion picture property man, so that he might appear with the Pasadena Community Players. Betty went to the University of Southern California.

"We sort of lost track of each other," he explains.

AFTER four years at the Community Playhouse, I went on the road with the Moroni Olsen Players. I tried again and again to get into pictures. Finally, an agent took an interest in me and I was signed by Metro. I was a boy with a dream come true. I'd been an errand boy, saving my money to go to picture shows. I'd stood in line with the thousands at premières to get just a glimpse of stars. And, abruptly, I was a motion picture actor—a male Cinderella.

"I was thrown into the heart of the motion picture colony. It was like being a millionaire for a day. How I managed to keep both feet on the ground, I don't know. But I did.

"I went every place, saw everybody. There were parties and more parties. I met stars, talked with them.

"Then, as the months passed, I began to see the glamour peel away and get underneath Hollywood life. I saw the women, trading in sex—getting so much money for so many emotions per reel. I saw young women who were so wrapped up in their work that they could think of nothing save success. They were cold. Their emotions were spent. What was more, I saw married couples who both had careers. I saw the terrific difficulties under which they stayed together.

"And, later, I saw many part as the result of their problems.

"I got to thinking how much more real my attachment for Betty had been than anything I had seen in Hollywood. One night I made a date with her. Here was real companionship, sincere devotion."

IT was not until recently that he felt he had enough of a margin above expenses to be able to provide for a wife.

"I've thought it over carefully," he says. "At first, I was afraid to think of marriage. Supposing I was only a flash in the pan and couldn't make good? Then, any woman brave enough to have married me would have been left holding the bag."

But now, after two years and eleven pictures—"The Black Camel," "The Guilty Generation," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "The Wet Parade," "New Morals for Old," "Unashamed," "Strange Interlude," "Hell Below," "Men Must Fight,"

"The Kid From Spain" and "Today We Live"—he has had enough confidence to take the step.

Betty was graduated from the University of Southern California last June, with honors. Almost immediately thereafter she found a position.

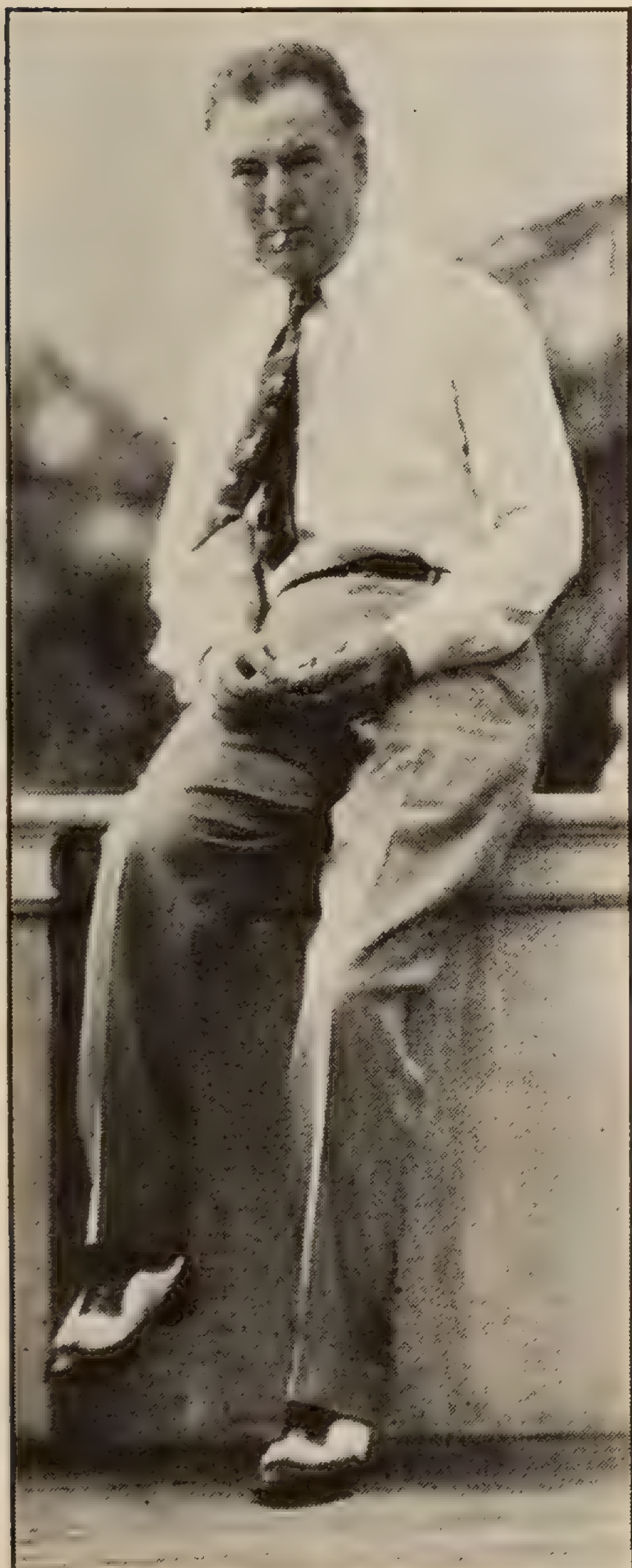
"None of that," said Bob. "We're going to get married too soon to be bothered. I'm laying down the law right now, young lady. There'll be just one fellow in this family going after the ham and eggs, and that'll be Robert George Young."

Bob says he'd feel the same way about marriage if he was a bank clerk—banking almost was his career, you know—or working in a shoe store.

"YOU can't have a divided pay-roll and still have a central interest, no matter what work you do," he asserts. "If I were making less money than I am, I'd not compromise and get married, even with the understanding that my wife could quit 'after a while' when the installments on the furniture were met.

"I'd stay single until I could support my wife properly."

As Betty agrees with these ideas, it looks as if Hollywood is about to have another non-professional marriage which will be a success. Statistics show that actors who marry non-professional wives have five times a greater chance at happiness than those who marry actresses.



Acme

Well, now, Tom, life's treating you easily, if you can look so hearty and so happy, as you take your ease at Miami. And vacation can't dim the Meghan fire, would you say, girls?

Film GOT IT!

and a million dollars couldn't put it back!

Caution: To save lovely teeth—fight film

FILM . . . what is it? A soft, sticky mass that stains teeth an ugly yellow. Food particles cling to it. The mineral salts in saliva combine with film and form hard, irritating tartar that makes gums bleed.

Film's greatest damage is done through tooth decay. In film are tiny, rod-shaped germs . . . *Lactobacilli*. These germs produce strong acid. This acid eats away the tooth enamel just as other acids eat into cloth or wood. Deeper and deeper goes the acid until the nerve is reached . . . the root canal infected . . . and unless repaired, results may well prove tragic.

"What can I do to fight decay?"

To fight film use Pepsodent *instead* of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because Pepsodent contains a special film-removing substance that is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film-stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as other materials in common use has gained wide recognition.

And so, when tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use Pepsodent twice a day and see your dentist at least twice every year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p. m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p. m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent— is the special film-removing tooth paste

FROCKS and FRIENDS

**Perspiration can Cost
You Both**



Under your arms there is a social and financial enemy. A social enemy, because the odor emanating from arm-pits is positively repulsive to your friends!

A financial enemy, because the acids of perspiration stain dresses and fade colors. That alone can cost you the best dress that you have to your name.

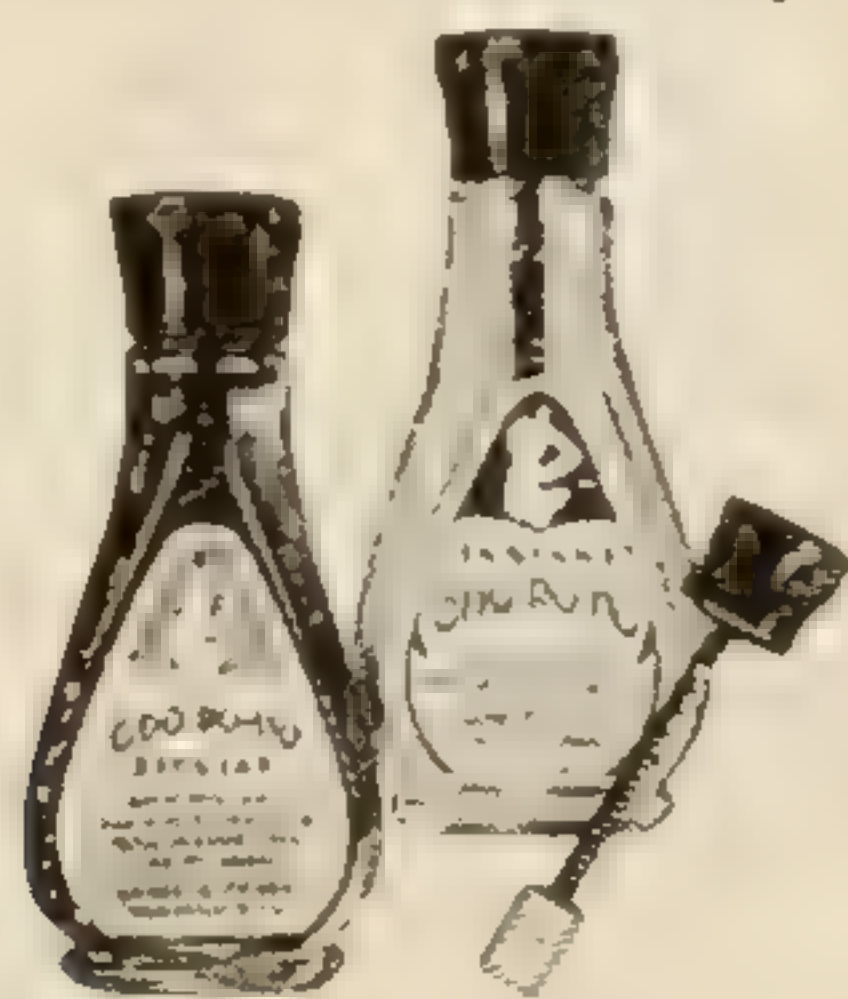
Odorono Saves your Dresses and your Friendships

Odorono, a physician's defense against perspiration and its odors, protects you. For perspiration *must be prevented* if you are to avoid ruining dresses and offending friends. Greasy creams and sticks, temporary powders, perfumes, soaps, cannot save you. But Odorono is certain; with it your freshness is secure. Without it doubts can disturb your mind—perspiration wreck your dresses.

Choose with confidence the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.

**ODORONO
REGULAR**

for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.



**INSTANT
ODORONO**

is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Clara's European Diary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

even movie actors, can stick together. Wow! . . . we're going to have a hen party this afternoon. Four of us. Going riding through the mountains in the nuttiest little sled that looks like a baby cradle. Rosie, Vilma, Mrs. Eddie Goulding (she came up the other day) and me. Rex begged to come along too—but I wouldn't let him. I think sometimes a wife and husband should be apart. At least for a few hours a day. Then they don't run so much chance of getting on each other's nerves. Which Rex and I have never done so far yet. (Knock on wood.)

Jan. 28th. If you're looking for celebrities, just come to St. Moritz. They're lumped together here like pieces of molasses candy. All sorts. Princes and dukes and counts and marquises (is that the way to spell it?) and barons. Common as extras in Hollywood. Manufacturers, and retired millionaires—if there are such people left in the world.

A terribly sweet boy who's head of an important company in America is here, and he's been with us practically every day. Is going down to the South of France with us, too. Expects to sail on the *Rex* from Italy with us when we return to America. There are lots of actors and movie people and explorers and mountain climbers and champion sportsmen here, too.

And some famous aviators . . .

Jan. 30th. A terrible thing happened yesterday. There's an English aviator here—I forget his name, but he's terribly well-known. The other day he asked Rex and me to take a short flight over the Alps with him and his pal, another Englishman. I've been leery of planes ever since I was in a smash-up flying back to Los Angeles from Mexico with Harry Richman. My face was all cut up, and I felt dreadful and looked worse. So I wouldn't allow Rex to go either. I'm superstitious about flying now. So the Englishman didn't go either, but stayed and went tobogganing with us. His friend went by himself, and was killed. Nobody can say I haven't got hunches. Besides, I believe in the law of gravity.

What I always say is: What goes up must come down.

Jan. 31st. Last night was loads of fun. We had an auction sale for the benefit of the bob run. And they auctioned off a picture of myself. Prince de Bourbon—he comes from a very old famous French family, I think it has something to do with Napoleon; maybe he was against Napoleon, I've forgotten—

Anyway, he's a charming man, and he kept on making them raise the bid for that picture of me. I was surprised when it kept getting higher and higher. Princes and counts and dukes were bidding against one another for my picture. Made me feel kind of important. It sold finally to Count Rossi, an awfully nice gentleman, for five hundred bucks . . . Golly, was I the hit of the evening after that! We danced and played roulette till all hours.

Believe me, this is the life. Outdoors all day, with the wind and the sun making your blood tingle in your veins. Developing a gosh-awful appetite, exercising till you're ready to drop. Skating, skiing, tobogganing, sleighing. Then good talks in front of the blazing log fire. It feels so good to relax that way, after you've been out all day in the air. Then a dinner that would knock your eye out, it's so good.

And in the evening—dancing and bridge and roulette and all the kind of gambling games they make so much fuss over in Monte Carlo. I wish I didn't have to leave. . . . And the one thing I love about it here and about all of Europe I've seen so far is the *freedom*. Nobody asking any questions. Everybody minding his own business.

They don't give a darn what you do over here. That's the only way to live.

Feb. 2nd. There's an awfully nice man here called Count Vallombrosa, who joins us for roulette quite often. He was in Paris also when we were there—and when he left he gave Rex and me a letter to his friend, the Count de Polignac, who lives in Paris part of the time. The rest of the time this Count and his Marquis brother (I can't keep these darn titles straight) live in Reims. They have a castle there. They own the largest champagne cellars in the world. They make Pomeroy Greno champagne. They say that's the most famous brand in the world. Only we didn't get much of that in America, even before Prohibition. Maybe it was too expensive. All I can remember is Mumm's.

Anyway, we met the Count. Because I wanted to visit Reims and the battlefields. I wanted to find out what the war was like, and I wanted to see that famous cathedral the Germans bombed.

So we visited Reims and tested some of the swellest champagne I ever hope to get in my young life.

And the warfields were just like they'd been left on Armistice day. I think the war must have been worse than we thought. If I have time later I'm going to write it up in this diary. Because I think seeing those things made a deeper impression on me than anything else I saw or did in Europe. I hope I can write it up the way I saw it.

Feb. 3rd. My skiing has improved like nobody's business. The teacher says if I could take a lesson from him every day for the next month, he'd make me like a professional. I could even enter the Olympics for women. He says even though I haven't done much athletics—only riding and swimming—I've got the build for it. And he says I've got remarkable courage for a woman. And lots of energy, more than most other women. I don't see anything very wonderful about that. I'm just not afraid of many things, except aeroplanes, and talking before an audience. I guess I've been around animals so much, I've lost my fear. Animals don't have half the physical fear humans have.

We could learn a lot from them.

There's a great old St. Bernard up here. He follows me everywhere. I'll say I'm going to be lonely for him! I would have taken him back with me, but it's hard to get imported dogs through the American immigration. Sukie, the kangaroo, wants to come along with me, too. But maybe she and Pinkie (Clara's pet white rat) wouldn't get along so well together. And I don't think she'd like the monkeys or the dogs at the ranch. So Sukie stays in St. Moritz.

Feb. 4th. Gee, I hate to leave. But Mr. Bavetta, the French representative for Fox studios who managed my itinerary in France and Switzerland after Sam Rork returned to America, has been wiring us frantically from Paris to say if we want to spend a little time in the South of France before sailing for New York, we've got to leave St. Moritz now. I'm anxious to see the Riviera. Want to find out if it really beats Southern California for climate and scenery and good times. I don't see how that's possible, but I'm willing to be convinced.

We expect to stay in Monte Carlo as long as possible, and maybe have a day or two at Nice, Cannes and Juan les Pins (I always have to look up the spelling of these foreign places in our Baedeker). Lilian Harvey and Maurice Chevalier both have villas down there. We hope we'll have a chance to see them—the houses I mean. Because both Lilian (she was

in our New Year's Eve party in Berlin) and Maurice are in Hollywood now.

I don't see how the Riviera could beat St. Moritz. Nothing could for me. And everybody's been so grand here. They're all begging us to stay. But we're leaving tomorrow probably, after the most marvelous two weeks I've ever spent in my life. . . . So here goes for some packing. . . . So long, St. Moritz! I'll be seeing you again!

Next month Clara will tell you of her experiences in the gay city of Paris and on the battlefields of Flanders

A Millionaire in Search of Happiness

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

You have never seen that tramp achieve his heart's desire in any of his pictures. That's because the millionaire has never achieved his heart's desire in real life.

To have the tramp do so in the picture would be to reach an anti-climax on the screen. To satisfy the lone figure in life would be to quench the fire of genius from which the brilliancy of creativeness constantly gleams.

SO he remains the contradictory comic who solaces the loneliness in his soul with rambling improvisations worthy of a Wagner or a Beethoven, and then invites Einstein to his home and clowns him into hysterics. He came from the common people, but he dines with the Prince of Wales and instinctively picks up the proper fork.

He wanders in and out of night clubs, sitting always at a table alone. He is a detached being, even in the m  le of merriment at the Cocoanut Grove.

He is appalled at the suffering of others—he has great pity for those who have to withstand the ravages of poverty, disappointment, defeat. Yet within himself his sensitive, never-to-be-satisfied soul suffers more than any of those he pities.

He is a near-divinity who communes with the gods of art while he feasts with gastronomic delight on a dish of stewed tripe.

Many times this prince of inconsistencies, this most complex being of idiosyncrasies, has attempted to capture happiness in his grasp. Many women have loved him, and he has thought himself in love with many women.

But no woman who has loved him could offer the tenth part of what he had to give—not one of them could follow his moods, commune with his thoughts, share with him the mental world he occupied.

To him none of them could be companion. He found that he must walk alone in his own chosen paths even while he lived with them.

DISAPPOINTED once, he tried again. Disappointed again, he tried yet another time. Even in woman he sought something which he could not find. Yet he must keep on eternally trying, because he was lonely deep down inside of him. But there was no kindred soul that he could discover; always there was something lacking. The woman who could understand his whims would have had to be a clairvoyant, and she who could change her own mood to match his would have needed to be a genius, also.

And there were none such, it seemed.

He tries to formulate her now on the keyboard of that organ, from the tremolo strings of that violin. There is a place waiting for her in the mansion where he now lives alone—and it is really alone—with his five servants.

One woman was mirrored in all of his early films, and Hollywood, at least, believes that she was the only woman who brought him

AN AMAZING OFFER!



Did you get YOURS yet?

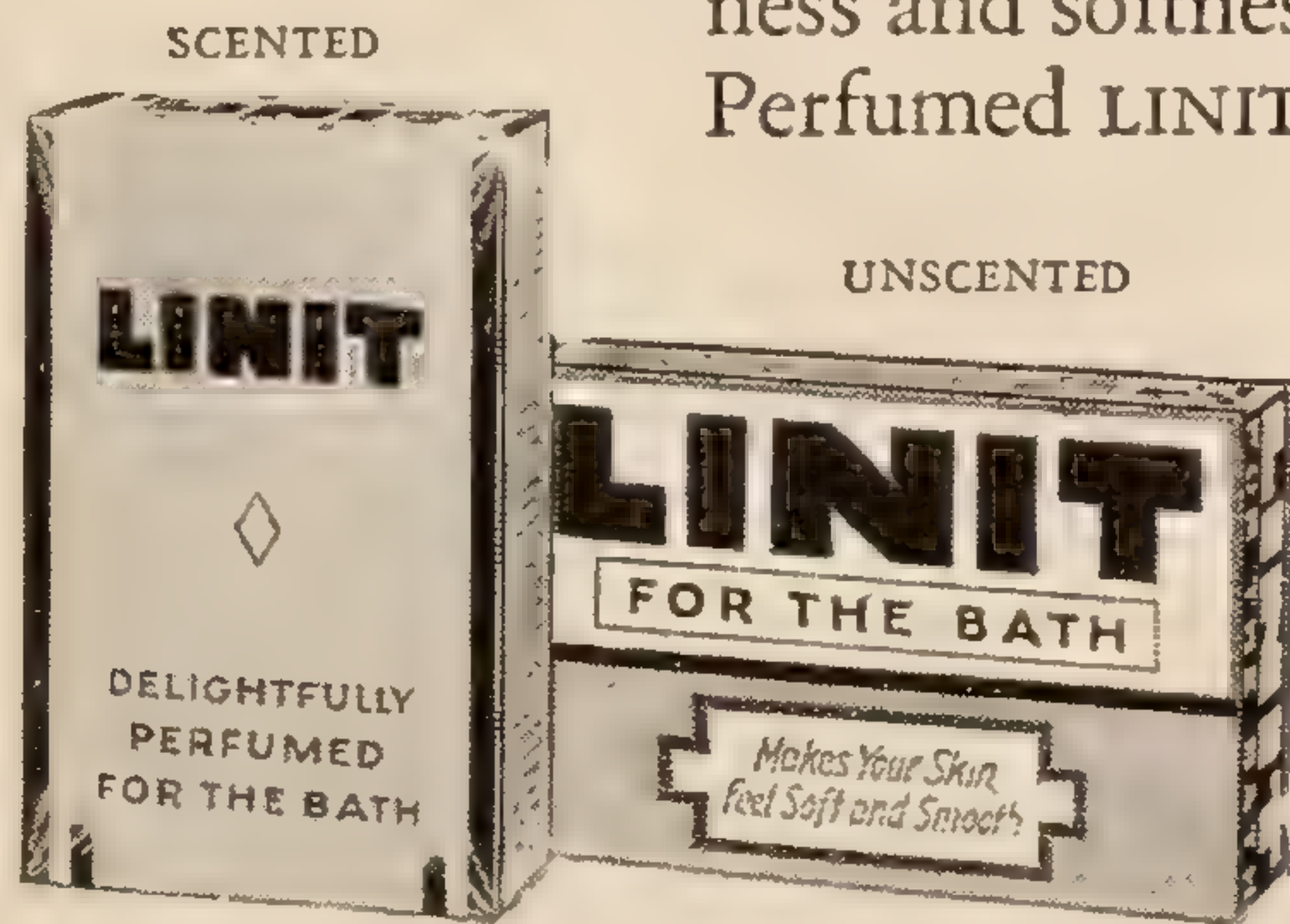
This dainty, non-leakable perfume container has been enthusiastically received by thousands of fashionable women everywhere. Easily carried in the purse, ready for instant use and available in six different colors, they are fast becoming an indispensable accessory to milady's handbag. As they make welcome gifts for your friends, you will no doubt wish to get *more* than one.

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

RESULTS are IMMEDIATE with a LINIT Beauty Bath

Try the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin feel *instantly* smooth and soft. It leaves an invisible light "coating" of LINIT so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary. To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers.



The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

This Offer Good in U. S. A. Only and Expires November 15, 1933

Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. P-5, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York

Please send me.....perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose \$.....and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Ivory

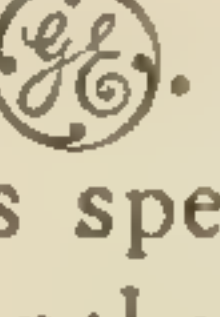
Name.....

Address.....



City.....State.....



Amazing Proof that LAMPS marked can "TAKE IT"!

THOUSANDS roar farewell—the 42nd Street Special, most sensational train in railroad history, pulls out of Los Angeles with its cargo of picture stars on a cross country trip of good-will. The train is ablaze with light—huge signs on both sides run its full length. In those signs are more than 3500 lamps—unprotected—*every one of them bearing the honorable mark *. Giant searchlights sweep the sky as this spectacular comet of the rails heads east for the mountains and beyond. The grind has begun. Many stops to make—which means *speed* to keep with the schedule, 60, even 70 and more miles an hour sometimes. The train lurches and jars—terrific strain—the lamps in the signs outside are taking a beating from the ripping winds and penetrating moisture; dust hammers against them—the temperature goes down . . . they're getting the bitterest test any lamps on earth could possibly get!

Yet in Chicago—after 3098 miles of mountains and deserts and plains and wind and cold—only eleven of them weren't burning! Of these, five had been taken as souvenirs by fans, three had been shattered by pebbles kicked up by the rush, *and only three had burned out!* Think of it—every one of the more than 3500 unprotected lamps suffered more torture than you'd give a lamp in your home in years.

This amazing story of *lamp quality* is of real dollars-and-cents significance to *you*. It means that lamps bearing the trustworthy monogram  can *take it!* It means they won't die young, blacken too soon or otherwise disappoint you. And they don't squander current—they make electricity an even more economical servant. Edison MAZDA Lamps marked  on the bulbs are the *right* lamps to use in *your* home if you want good light at low cost—all the light you pay for.

The Warner Brothers-General Electric 42nd Street Special may have visited your city. It arrived with the new Warner musical picture, 42nd STREET. It carried such well-known film people as Bette Davis, Tom Mix, Leo Carrillo, Eleanor Holm, Laura La Plante, Claire Dodd, Lyle Talbot, Preston Foster, Glenda Farrell, Harry Seymour, Doris McMahon, twelve lovely show girls and others. It was electrically equipped, carrying a Malibu Beach car with GE sunlamps to supply California sunshine day and night, and a new GE Electric Kitchen, with refrigerator, dish-washer and range, which supplied breakfasts for the stars en route.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

even a measure of happiness. And he is still grateful to her, even though other women succeeded her as his moods changed.

His pictures are largely a diary of his loves, written like milestones upon his road of life. Some of them have exploited him, some have brought him a brief taste of delight; in the end, all of them have failed him because they were not of the same caliber as he.

"He's a glutton for punishment," says Hollywood.

BUT Hollywood is wrong. The punishment is incidental, perhaps unavoidable, while the pilgrim pursues. And he is compelled to keep on pursuing by the desire within him. He is driven—driven to all those long, lonely walks, driven to his music, to his pictures, even, by the compelling urge to seek everlastingly with the hope that he shall find.

He is a Gulliver in a land of Lilliputians, an artistic oak in a forest of saplings. Therefore, with the multitudes around him, admiring and acclaiming him, he is alone.

WHEN he is making a film and comes to a temporary impasse, he asks all his staff to leave him, to stay away from him, until he shall have thought his way out by himself. They are powerless to help him, because he alone knows, he alone has the God-given instinct, to go on.

A great soul is a lonely soul. Others cannot commune with him.

It was a fitting gesture of fate to mask such a soul with the body of a buffoon.

His buffoonery has made him many times a millionaire. He gives happiness to all the world. But not all his millions can buy him happiness.

"I'd Do It Again," Says Clark

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

will come in every possible disguise. Jobs will be proffered in other lines, probably at big money; there will be love—and family interference. The last will probably come first, as it did in my case.

"But if you have yourself tied so tightly to your star that not even a passing comet can untie you—in the end, you *must* get what you want. The law of averages will take care of you.

"I wrote my father only once after I left. I had been earning *big* money; eight dollars a day." (I smiled at the emphasis Clark put upon the *big*. Eight dollars was still a magnificent sum to this man making thousands weekly. Which explains why Helen Hayes calls him 'completely unspoiled!')

"I wrote that letter from a lumber camp. I was overworking. My health broke. . . . There were doctor bills. I wired father for help. There was no answer!

"Today I can understand dad's attitude. It was his way of forcing me to come home to him; to make me see that what he wanted for his only son was for the best. I didn't see it then. I only became more bitter. And he became more disappointed.

"I thought my father cruel. As a matter of fact, he was actually kind. His stubbornness increased my stubbornness to stick to my dream of the stage. He tied me to my star more firmly than ever. In fact, I hated then. Youth is always so extravagant in its emotions.

"Now, I am grateful to him. Mature man seems capable of looking at both sides of a question whereas youth sees only one. The ego, so necessary to the boy, mellows to a more objective tolerance in the man.

I EVEN hated my fellow workers in those days. When I did get theatrical engagements, other actors advised me to give up. They swore I couldn't make the grade. They said my father was right; advised me to return home to safety. They insisted I lacked every qualification for acting. My ego hated them; my stubbornness rebelled and in rebellion strengthened my determination.

"Today, I do not hate. I appreciate. I realize that I was serving my apprenticeship; going through my college education. Suppose a boy is studying law or medicine and his professor advises him to choose another profession. He says, 'You are not fitted for this. You will not succeed. Change before it is too late. That young man *changes* if he is weak; *persistence*, if he is strong. And fights his unfitness until he overcomes it.

"Those other actors took the place of instructors. My father was the professor. All youth must go through college, whether in an institution or not.

"My father seemed to be proved right for

many long years. I made no money; I got nowhere. I was just one more failure! Some boys are forced to remain in college longer than others.

"Then, out of the blue, came the 'lucky' break—the law of averages.

"When father accidentally saw my name in a review of 'Machinal' in a New York newspaper which somehow reached his hands, he wrote me in care of the Equity Association. It was a note of congratulations—with no return address.

"I could not find him. I tried to avoid talking about it in Hollywood until after I had located and talked with him. I didn't know how he felt, and I certainly didn't want him to hear from me through a discussion of our separation in the newspaper columns.

"FINALLY, I found him on a farm in North Dakota. He had not struck his well, but he had saved enough to return to the work from which he made his stalwart beginning.

"It took another year and numerous letters to get him to come down here. I had thought I would never talk about him for publication. I have refused again and again, but—"

The fact that Clark's father is now living in a small home not far from his son's big one, is only proof that the wilfulness and impulsiveness of youth turn to tolerance at maturity. That the obdurate protectiveness of parenthood can be converted into a deeper understanding of the needs of an offspring who is *different* from one's self, when maturity turns to kinder middle age.

The added fact that his father is a bridegroom (having recently married his brother's widow—Clark's aunt) demonstrates also that a father and son can agree that it is quite natural for a single man and woman in their sunset-years to give a personal meaning to what youth terms "love," and maturity terms "companionship."

Watching Mr. Gable, Sr., and the new mother-in-law dining each Sunday with Clark and Ria Gable—who could guess the gigantic struggle, the bitterness, the disappointment and sorrow which once separated father and son?

Clark relaxed, smiled. "My father thought I was not sincere. If I should ever give a really inspired performance on stage or screen, it will be because I have always been so sincere that my sincerity reflects in that performance.

"Dad thought I was taking the gamble. He thought the stage unstable. He couldn't realize that saving money to invest in a wildcat oil well is the biggest gamble in the world. It's too bad that only hardship can mellow people to understand the other fellow's viewpoint. But I guess talking doesn't help. We

all have to suffer through our college educations on our own.

"I don't suppose anyone can ever change human nature. I don't suppose this story can help. But if boys and girls would only decide what they want to be, and then *want to be that more than anything else in the world!* It doesn't matter how humble the choice. If you make up your mind to be the best shoemaker and work at that without once side-stepping, you're bound to feel you have accomplished something in life!"

"I'm Right, You're Wrong"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"He discovered that the aunt was an old beau in New York for one evening. She hadn't seen him for years. My friend saw that girl only once after that—to tell her what he thought!

"Do you know that this was years ago, but that girl still writes to him? He wastepaper-baskets her letters.

"I WATCHED another couple for two years. She was the boss. He did as she dictated and they were both miserable. She kept threatening divorce. One day he up and knocked her in the jaw. She hasn't peeped about the divorce since and they are actually happy."

It is a theory of our modern era that the so-called gangsters' molls are the most loyal sweethearts and wives. I had always suspected this might be partially due to fear. Jack scoffs at that idea. "Fear never bred anything fine, so it couldn't breed loyalty, which is one of our finest emotions. It's respect. A gangster won't stand nonsense from his woman. He bosses her and she loves it. She admires him if he beats her. A woman who gets what she deserves is always loyal to the man who gives it to her!

"But so few of us have the nerve to do that. And women have been so trained, especially in this country, to the ideas of gallantry, hat-tipping, rising-in-the-street car, that many of them won't admit they like a little brute force when they do get it. Their dignity or pride forces them to the divorce courts. They'd rather be miserable the rest of their lives than admit enjoyment of what civilization and education is supposed to have cured in them.

"But they don't have to admit anything when they thrill in the darkness of a motion picture house to vicarious man-handling. It doesn't injure their dignity or their pride, or their refinement. No one knows!

"When they handed me the script, I read it with just one question in my mind: 'Will I commit screen suicide if I play it?'

"When I finished, I thought: 'No, it isn't suicide, and it may give me a new break. This is the hardest guy ever pictured. He is so hard he can never be topped. The women won't approve, but they will go to see him.'"

WHILE George Raft said, "No woman would ever want to see me in any other rôle if I play it. They'd always remember me as *Trigger* and hate me for it!"

I am not taking sides—but I wonder if George Raft is not remembered more for *Rinaldo* in "Scarface," than for any other rôle he has played—and Gable for "Night Nurse," "A Free Soul" and "Possessed."

George and Clark showed the world their cold steel first—then admitted to tender moments. The same with Jimmy Cagney. The grapefruit he plunged into Mae Clarke's eye in "Public Enemy" made him famous.

Jack LaRue is willing to show cold steel as none of these has shown it. But, when he does it, he's betting on *women*. A dangerous habit. George Raft prefers *horses*.

*Ends hosiery discomforts experienced
by 9 out of 10 women*

PHOENIX CUSTOM-FIT TOP

WHICH of these is your pet trouble? We'll wager you recognize one of them—at least in some degree! Hosiery tops that gag the thighs. Loose baggy tops. Too long tops that "bunch" when folded over. Short tops that catch the knees. . . . Most women just can't get a satisfactory fit with ordinary stocking tops. So—enter Phoenix with Custom-Fit Top (patent pending), the marvelous new stocking top that fits every leg! It stretches *both* ways; up and down for length, round and round for width. And it can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs, too. New comfort—new beauty, with longer wear! Phoenix Hosiery is priced, the pair, from 75c to \$1.95.

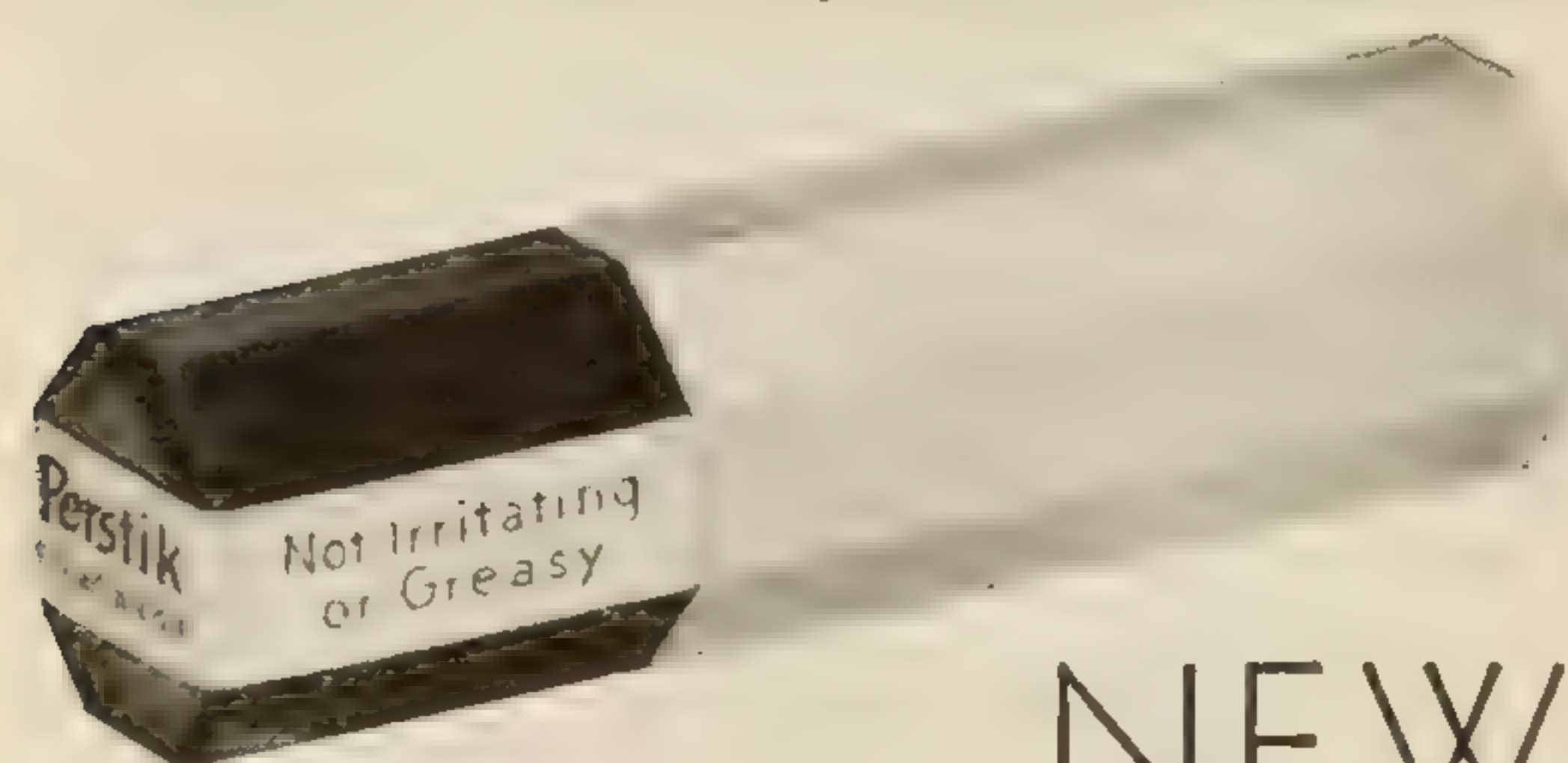
NEW!—Phoenix Desert Tones—the smartest hosiery colors for new Spring costumes. Featuring FIESTA—the all-occasion shade.



PHOENIX HOSIERY *with* CUSTOM-FIT TOP

See Phoenix Hosiery being made at A Century of Progress, Chicago

The Beauty Advisers to More than
10 Million Women, Recommend this



NEW DEODORANT



Prevent Perspiration Odor
this Easy, Economical Way.

No wonder Perstik, the new "lipstick" deodorant is the year's cosmetic sensation! It *completely* banishes under-arm odor, is applied as *swiftly* and *neatly* as a lipstick, and *cannot* irritate skin or injure fabrics.

A touch of Perstik to the armpits each morning gives effective and *lasting* protection. When you go out for an evening of theatre or dancing, slip Perstik in your purse—Perstik is *easy to use—anywhere—anytime*.

America's foremost beauty advisers unqualifiedly recommend Perstik. One says, "*effective and smart*"; another says, "*we welcome it with cheers*". Other trusted advisers praise Perstik with equal enthusiasm, and Good Housekeeping has awarded Perstik its Seal of Approval.

Important

Insist on *genuine* Perstik in the octagonal white case with the black and silver cap. Genuine Perstik *cannot* harm your skin even after shaving. It can *never* injure clothing—use Perstik and slip right into your dress. And Perstik is economical to use—*only* 50c and you have months of lasting protection against odor.

Get Perstik where you buy your cosmetics. If by chance you do not find it there, send 50c to Perstik, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Marvelous on Sanitary Pads

Perstik

THE "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

Awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Patents Pending

What was the Best Picture of 1932?

NOW is your chance to do a good stroke for the picture that gave you most pleasure—the kind of picture you'd most like to see more of—that was released in 1932! You can do it by voting for that picture to receive PHOTOPLAY's famous Gold Medal, awarded the best picture each year.

Other fields have their Nobel prizes, their Pulitzer awards. But in cinemaland, PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal is the ultimate, the highest, in distinction. It is made of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, from the design by Tiffany and Company, New York—and it is the supreme earmark of distinction, for it is the honor which you and the millions of your fellow picture-goers award by your votes.

Nor do you merely honor a great picture when you vote in this contest. A great national referendum such as this carries weight everywhere—points unerringly to the sort of picture the public will support most generously. So casting your vote for your selection adds just that much to the incentive producers and studios will feel to give you more like it.

No rules, no limitations, restrict you. Outstanding work by one or more stars naturally will count, and count heavily. But you will remember the supporting players—the direc-

tion—settings and staging—and of course the merits of the story itself. And the best test, the one which no doubt will decide you in the end, is the one of which picture *wears best* with you, as you look back to it, and compare it with others of the year, and with those you are seeing now. The picture that stands out best is the one for which you will vote.

To aid you in recollecting which were the pictures of 1932, we print a list below; but your choice is not limited to those in this list. If you consider some other picture superior, and it was released in 1932, you are perfectly free to vote for it.

One other point: While the picture must be one released in 1932, you need not have seen it in that year. If you saw it this year, that is quite all right.

If the picture was reviewed in January 1933, or earlier, it was certainly a 1932 release.

For your convenience, a voting coupon is printed herewith, but a letter or postcard will do as well. Your vote is what counts, however you send it.

Remember, nothing counts but your votes—but in order to count, your vote must be at hand when the polls close. So decide now—mark your ballot—and let us have it today!

List of 50 outstanding pictures released in 1932

American Madness

Arsene Lupin

As You Desire Me

Back Street

Bill of Divorcement, A

Blessed Event

Bring 'Em Back Alive

Call Her Savage

Conquerors, The

Cynara

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Doomed Battalion, The

Emma

First Year, The

Grand Hotel

I Am a Fugitive from a

Chain Gang

Kid From Spain, The

Ladies of the Jury

Lady with a Past

Letty Lynton

Life Begins

Love Me Tonight

Lovers Courageous

Man I Killed, The

Mala Hari

Merrily We Go to Hell

Miracle Man, The

Movie Crazy

Night After Night

Night Court

Once in a Lifetime

One Hour With You

One Way Passage

Rain

Rasputin and the Empress

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

Red Dust

Red Headed Woman

Scarface

Shanghai Express

Silver Dollar

Six Hours To Live

Smilin' Through

Strange Interlude

Symphony of Six Million

Tess of the Storm Country

Trial of Vivienne Ware, The

Trouble in Paradise

Washington Merry-Go-Round

What Price Hollywood

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion picture production released in 1932.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name

Address

Send
in
This
Ballot

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE —Universal

THIS will hand you lots of laughs. Charlie Murray as *Kelly*, in a rash moment in Seattle, marries Jobyna Howland—then, in his tug-boat, he goes places to evade her. But don't worry; Joby and her pal, Maude Fulton, a pair of die-hard battle-axes, catch up. George Sidney as *Cohen* is almost trapped by Maude; Andy Devine is framed with Joby.

UNDER THE TONTO RIM— Paramount

STUART ERWIN, a dumb but honest cowboy, is high pressured into buying a hog ranch where he sits and moans for the cattle range. Off on a little vacation to Mexico, Stuart goes wild, elopes with the cattleman's daughter (Verna Hillie), discovers the cattle thieves, and has a grand time. Raymond Hatton, Fuzzy Knight, Fred Kohler and John Lodge complete the cast. Good fun for Western addicts, and others too.

STATE TROOPER—Columbia

ENTERTAINING from start to finish, this rapid-fire picture of a state trooper, who sets out to settle a gasoline war—and does. Evalyn Knapp's dad has a huge oil refinery, and refuses to boost prices. The rival faction is out for blood, and anything goes, up to dynamite. Regis Toomey, as the state trooper, is swell. He saves the plant—and gets Evalyn, as he should.

ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.

THOUGH this lilting little love theme is woven around a rather weak plot, it is so gay and tuneful that one is quite apt to forget all else but the charming boy (Gustav Froelich) and girl (Liane Haid) of the story. Exquisite scenic shots of the Lake Como region; English captions.

BROADWAY BAD—Fox

CHORINE Joan Blondell, repudiated by her lover over a rubber check episode, suffers in silence, with mysterious week-ends. But when rascally boy friend later tries blackmail on that account—ha! Mother love shows its force. In spite of good work by Joan and Ricardo Cortez, the plot is too old to be convincing.

THE KEYHOLE—Warners

TWO such suave performers as Kay Francis and George Brent should make any play good—and they try hard here. Kay, a dancer who marries wealth, is blackmailed by her former dancing partner (Monroe Owsley); jealous hubby puts private detective George Brent on her trail; but by then you don't care. Allen Jenkins and Glenda Farrell are funny, though.

STRICTLY PERSONAL— Paramount

A NONE too rapid-fire tale about two ex-crooks trying to go straight with a small-town "Lonesome Club," where strangers may meet. A non-reformed old associate (Louis Calhern) muscles in; a wealthy member (Olive Tell) is murdered, and things look dark for *Annie* (Marjorie Rambeau) and *Soapy* (Edward Ellis). Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan as lovers; but all deserve snappier stuff.

There is no wave like the Eugène wave

Don't think that all permanents are alike. They're not. Don't think that any permanent wave will do. It won't. It's well worth your while to select a shop that does genuine Eugene permanent waving—with genuine Eugene Sachets.



EMINENTLY VICTORIAN

...a wave in her hair
and curls, curls, curls

Miss 1933 wears a hat that's up in the back in a manner pre-eminently Victorian. Her hair shows. Therefore the great need of permanent waves, and curls, by Eugene. For the Eugene Method gently imparts the required natural, yet lasting, undulations . . . and easily handles your shortest hair to produce the flattering face-and-neck curls of the mode.

New and patented 1933 improvements, exclusively used by shops that do genuine Eugene Waving, assure you of the correct wave, the way you want it—with curls that are as permanent as the wave itself.

Insist on getting the genuine Eugene Wave and Curls. Look for the Eugene Trade Mark figure on each sachet or waving wrapper that is applied to your hair. Eugene, Ltd. . . New York · London · Paris · Berlin · Barcelona · Sydney

Eugène permanent waves



FUN AT BOTH ENDS

and all along the

SANTA FE

CHICAGO—throbbing with the World's Fair

CALIFORNIA—beckons you to Pacific Shores

COLORADO ROCKIES
GRAND CANYON

National Park
Santa Fe Pullmans to Rim

INDIAN-DETOURS

By motor into enchanted lands of New Mexico

NATIONAL PARKS

Forests, lakes, glaciers, geysers



ANTA FE

See them all this summer. These thrilling places lie in the path of the Santa Fe. You'll be amazed how much you can see in so short a time for so little money.

Santa Fe New Vacation Fares Cut the Cost

Mail Coupon

W. J. Black, P. T. M., Santa Fe System Lines
1161 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Send picture folders and NEW VACATION FARES LEAFLET

Name

Address

FAST WORKERS—M-G-M

AGAIN Jack Gilbert portrays a cad with no redeeming or likable qualities—this time as a skyscraper riveter, who spends his spare time two-timing his buddy, Robert Armstrong. Mae Clarke is splendid; but the punch isn't there, and too much phony talk is.

FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.

AN episode in the life and love of Johann Wolfgang Goethe, handled operatically, with Hans Heinz Bollmann as *Goethe*, and Mady Christians as *Friederike*, his sweetheart. Elaborate settings, quaint period costumes and delightful musical scores. In German without English captions.

INFERNAL MACHINE—Fox

A GOOD cast—Chester Morris, Genevieve Tobin, Victor Jory and Elizabeth Patterson—in a shocker about a ship warned that a bomb will blow it up promptly at midnight. If the explosion had come off, the film might have had a really lively spot. Some sexy stuff makes it doubtful for children.

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram

LACKING in speed and climax, this version of the old story of *Oliver Twist* still retains some hints of the Dickens charm. Dickie Moore, although pleasing in his childish appeal, is hopelessly miscast as *Oliver*. Alec B. Francis, Irving Pichel and William Boyd bring a fair amount of realism to their characterizations. Doris Lloyd, Barbara Kent, George K. Arthur and Lionel Belmore are also part of a strong cast.

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia

CAUGHT in an extortion racket, Mae Clarke is sent up for a year—then paroled for good behavior. She seeks revenge on the store manager who caught her, and guess what—she falls in love with him! Mae, Ralph Bellamy, Marie Prevost, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Hale Hamilton do what they can with this antique situation and trite dialogue.

THE GHOST TRAIN—Gainsborough

IT seems that on each anniversary of a certain train wreck, a ghost train appears to roar by a little village, sending inhabitants into

frenzies of terror—and some stranded travelers find themselves living through this hectic night in the railway station. That is, it's supposed to be hectic—but the horror is dragged in too much by the ears to be convincing.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT—Allied

WHICH is "Thou shalt not get caught!" Probably based on the Wendel fortune left by the fabulously wealthy spinster, with a secret marriage, concealed daughter, a tremendous will fight, etc. Would do, if Alan Hale, Marie Prevost and Theodore Von Eltz could only get it to move.

THE PENAL CODE—Freuler Film

"YOU can't win, unless you go straight"—and should your foot slip and you do time, having letters "mailed home from Australia" by a mailing agency, won't help. That's the idea—but poor Regis Toomey, despite mighty efforts, can't make the moth-eaten situations click.

THE MAN WHO WON—British International

HEATHER ANGEL, looking very attractive in an English film made previous to her American debut. A draggy story, nearly smothered in broad Oxford accent, of farm life, in which a playboy nobleman decides to become a depression farmer.

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable Pictures

DOROTHY BURGESS, as a London street-walker, doesn't mind when the ship sails with her and her boy friend for Indo-China—especially when he's willing to marry her. But does she mind when he beats her, and it rains and rains and rains! She gets awfully depressed; so does the audience. If you must kill time with this, don't take the children.

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough

AN English production offering Jessie Matthews in a modernistic mix-up, consequent upon her running away on her wedding day to avoid the wealthy bridegroom papa has picked. Some good songs and dainty photography—but to American taste, it sparkles about like soda water left open overnight.

"I Couldn't Stay Ina Claire"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

By merely crossing the mountains on my way East. Hollywood immediately receded to its proper proportions, my standards began to reorganize themselves. It was amazing. That episode now is a half forgotten patch on my life."

I was tempted to ask Miss Claire directly about ex-husband Jack Gilbert. But—in time—I recalled her remark about being shanty Irish. Why take the chance?

"Do you want to know why I failed in pictures?" asked Miss Claire.

"I failed," said the actress, "but not by such a big margin, at that. I am not saying these things, by the way, as an enemy of motion pictures. I like them.

"And pictures are not to blame for the conditions surrounding them.

"Acting to me is a very exact science. First I was a dancer. I learned the technique of movement, that, to be expert, you must train every muscle and study continuously. Every day now I exercise and take instructions in the handling of my speaking voice. I spend hours

preparing for my hour and a half on the stage. You know, you only get spontaneity through hard work.

"When I take a rôle on the stage I first study the drama thoroughly. I consider and analyze the character alone, impartially. Then I take that character and consider it in terms of myself.

"I think out why this woman does this and that, and then picture all the varying moods and emotions in terms of myself.

"You cannot do that in motion pictures. You do scenes here and there, with no continuity or orderly system. Frequently, the picture story is in the throes of changes while you are making it. You start a big scene. Now I must know what it leads from and to, in order to depict it at all. 'We haven't time,' is the studio protest to that. 'Just go ahead and be yourself,' they tell you.

"That doesn't help me. I have no individual personality. I am just a fluid waiting to be pressed into the boundaries of an author's character. So you see that screen

work is torture for me and that it makes me profoundly unhappy.

"Mr. Goldwyn, who presented me in 'The Greeks Had a Word For Them,' told me I talked too much on the set. That was because I wanted to know about my scenes and what they meant to the story. 'Just act, Miss Claire,' he told me, 'that's all we want.'

"I do not know why I made 'The Greeks Had a Word For Them,' anyway. Any chorus girl could have played my rôle. Maybe I didn't get a chance to protest. Mr. Goldwyn talked so fast and so enthusiastically that I had no opening. 'You will wear Chanel gowns,' he exclaimed. 'Think of that!' I did not have the heart to tell him that I had worn dozens of them on the stage. I hated to destroy his enthusiasm.

"IN the talkies, cameras shoot at you from every side. Usually three face every one of your scenes from various angles. To me that is paralyzing, because I work out my scenes in such detail that every move, the very spot you stand, the tiniest facial flicker, is exactly calculated to get the most out of that particular moment. You simply cannot act a scene in three different directions to three different cameras. For at least two of them the acting is obscure, if not lost.

"To me or anyone like me, present screen methods are impossible. To succeed in pictures you must have a pleasant appearance and a superficial pliability, an easy way of slipping into easy poses indicating easy motions. I cannot fake emotions. I must feel them.

"Also, you must have luck if you come from Broadway. You never get a second chance. My first pictures were duds and consequently I missed out. Had I been an unknown I would have had time to try again. Suppose 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet' had gone out as it was originally filmed. Helen Hayes would have been a failure. She saw it, realized its faults and, with her husband, Charles MacArthur, fought for a mass of retakes. They had their way—and Miss Hayes became a sensation.

"There is another Hollywood weakness. You never can tell who is to be blamed for a failure; who is to be credited for a success. It may be the actor, the director, the electrician who lights the scenes, some able directorial assistant, the scenarist or the cameraman. Maybe even the cutter. I have discovered that the cutter can ruin your scenes. You know the habit of cutting scenes right after the big lines. The snap, the tang of these lines may be due to a lift of the eyebrow, a movement of the hands, that is to follow, but the cutter, unfamiliar with dramatic technique, does not know that. He cuts—and everybody wonders why the good lines curl up and die without getting the expected response.

"IN all my screen work I had but one director of ability, George Cukor. And even he was learning then.

"Another reason I failed was because I did smart, high comedy. They made me do that because I had been doing it on the stage. Now America, as a whole, doesn't give a heck about brittle dialogue, subtle, guarded emotions or poised epigrams. As I grow older I shall do character rôles on the stage. It will be my next step. Then, when I get a good one with lots of tear jerking moments, I hope to try the movies again. Character rôles are the ones that bring film success.

"I got an interesting glimpse of Hollywood when I went back last summer to play ten weeks on the stage in 'Reunion in Vienna.' Hollywood was suspicious at first, suspecting that I wanted to try the films again. Out there they seek a motive for everything. Actually I only wanted to earn some money.

"I went to some of the parties again. There were the same people still talking about themselves, with the same grievances, the same worries. Being of a world apart, I got a lot of good laughs. I rather enjoyed the experience. No motion picture writers were peeping



If you want a baby's smooth, clear skin, use the baby's beauty treatment

Just because you are collecting compacts now instead of rattles—is there any reason why you shouldn't still "baby" your skin?

No make-up looks truly glamorous in strong light on a rough, coarse skin. So do keep your complexion baby-smooth and clear! Give it the simple, *gentle* care that doctors approved for you in your tender baby days.

"No colored or perfumed soaps for the baby," decrees the doctor. Daily all-over beauty treatment

with pure, mild Ivory Soap is the prescription. There is nothing harsh in Ivory to dry or irritate the skin.

Then take this tip from the baby's schedule. Put life in your skin; stimulate it with refreshing, *non-irritating* Ivory baths. No soap odor, after your Ivory bath, intrudes on the real perfume you use. And you make no costly outlay for the velvety young look of an Ivory-cared-for skin. Ivory costs the least of all soaps that are safe for your complexion.

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 0/0 pure . It floats



YOU live on top of the town when you stop at the **ESSEX HOUSE** . . . the theatrical district on one side, the open calm of Central Park on the other. Here you live high above the rumble of the city, yet right in the middle of Manhattan. You enjoy the convenience of an ultra-modern urban residence overlooking more open country than a Westchester estate.

Incidentally, we notice many of our guests are from Hollywood . . . To some the **ESSEX HOUSE** is a retreat from business . . . to others a rendezvous for business . . . to all a residence of utmost luxury at a cost in tune with the times.

Private Dining Rooms
Persian Coffee Shop
Superb Restaurant
Magnificent Ball Room

APARTMENTS FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED
GUEST SUITES BY DAY • WEEK • MONTH

**ESSEX
HOUSE**

160 Central Park South, N. Y.

ALBERT AUWAERTER, Manager

FOR YOUR SKIN
TRY

★ **LABLACHE**
Face Powder

You will love its delicacy; its clinging-ness; its perfume. In Flesh, Creme, White and the New "MARGIE" (all complexion) shade. Sold Everywhere. Send for FREE sample to Ben Levy Co., 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

through my keyhole. I knew that photographs of my bedroom were no longer studied in every home in America and part of Europe, not to mention Asia. Nobody cared enough to write the things they thought I ought to say."

Miss Claire surprised me in talking about Greta Garbo. If Hollywood was to be believed, Miss Claire once viewed the Swedish star sharply, as a previous—and perhaps unforgotten—love of her actor husband. But there was no bitterness in Miss Claire's comment. Quite the contrary.

"Miss Garbo is the greatest actress in

pictures because she has the background," she said. "Nobody seems to remember her fine training in the Stockholm conservatory. They taught her the essentials—how to move gracefully, to dance, to fence, to study. To make the progress she has made in pictures, she must study intensely. To do that, she cannot go about as does Hollywood, taking life easily. Consequently, Hollywood does not understand her.

"Actually, she is the one person untouched by the mad town, the one person to preserve her sanity in the midst of insanity."

"Why I'll Return to the Stage"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

true profession which has proved to be a real friend is fortunate, so one who makes five real friends in a lifetime is indeed fortunate!

"You know, it is so funny to have come to this town, known as *mad Hollywood*, and have found four friends who mean more to me than any gold statues or money which I could take from it. When I am huddled over the fireplace in my old age, smoking my corn-cob pipe, I will have those four sitting with me to talk things over. What more can one get from life? I didn't have that in the East. Just one friend for mother and me, there. Four here. That makes my five. I am a fortunate woman."

The four in Hollywood are Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg; Clark and Ria Gable (Mrs. Clark). A group which is so un-Hollywood as the world knows this city that they are difficult to understand unless you study them together.

"It is strange, but we were talking about this just the other night," Helen continued. "We even made up a game to test whether others were our friends or our acquaintances. We decided that a friend is one whom we would defend violently. One of my so-called friends was mentioned. 'But she's so affected,' someone said. And I answered, 'Yes, but she means well—'

"Don't you see how the game works? That wasn't friendship. There are no buts in friendship. If anyone had said anything like that of Norma or Irving or Ria or Clark, he would have left my house with a black eye.

"We are friends only to those who are of enough importance for us to *act violently in their defense*. And we have few people who become of enough importance to us for that. We couldn't act violently for too many.

"As for acquaintanceship. I ask only one thing of it. *Charm*. Worth-while acquaintances should be able to tell a dinner-table story which will make me laugh and be able to laugh when I tell a good one. Acquaintances should make the surface of life more pleasant for one another. *Charm*. That is all that is necessary.

"One woman I know in Hollywood is trying to make a career of friendship. She is proud of being 'an awfully good friend' to half of Hollywood and defending the other half to the first. It can't be done. She is attempting to spread emotions too expansively. She says she is always frank and honest. I won't bluff with you—

"BUT I don't want any but my real friends to be frank and honest with me. I won't allow more than four or five people that privilege. . . . And I won't fight with acquaintances. A fight is too intimate—it is the privilege of *friends*.

"Which reminds me of another acquaintance. She was intensely emotional but interesting. A certain charm. And then, suddenly, I found we were on the brink of a row. There was no fight. I withdrew. She never knew what had happened. But she was not even an acquaintance after that. A fight would have forced an unwelcome friendship.

"Friendship cannot be forced," Helen Hayes went on, thoughtfully. "It comes or it doesn't. You know someone. You hear something about him and suddenly you find yourself fighting violently for him. Friendship has come. If that happens five times, naturally, during one life—you are wealthy. But you don't want the responsibility of having it happen more often."

HELEN paused and smiled that rare smile which lifts her face from wistfulness to real beauty. "I just can't get over coming to Hollywood and finding four people like that in a town where so many seem to think friendship consists in running to someone and saying, 'I am your friend and I think someone should tell you that so-and-so said this about you.'

"Some people draw remarks like that, of course, as the roots of a cactus draw water. It doesn't happen to me much because the first thing I do when I land in a town is to let everyone know how sensitive I am. If people think I am sensitive, they don't try nearly so hard to become that type of friend. I am probably the least sensitive person in the world. And the funny part of it is, the really sensitive people are the kind who attract that type of friend."

Experts on the art of acting, who never mistake a pretty ankle and a cute nose for genius, are practically unanimous in calling little Helen Hayes a faultless actress. Their archives do not record that she has ever failed in a part in all her twenty years before the public. And Helen, just over her thirty mark, has been stage-playing since she was ten.

Painstakingly, untiringly, little Hayes has poured her whole existence into the theater. And she has her reward today in love and glory. She began when she was a tot in Washington, guarded and guided by her mother. One of her mother's treasured pictures is a snapshot of Helen, taken nineteen years ago at a stage door, a tike in white sailor suit, with an unruly mop of yellow hair.

AND from this humble beginning, Helen has worked and studied and developed a histrionic ability which was a real loss to Broadway when she deserted the footlights for the klieg.

Helen has learned much about life in her brief years. And from that wealth of experience which has helped her develop her remarkable acting talent, she has learned to sift the dross from the gold.

So it is a happy thought she brings us, on leaving Hollywood for her beloved Broadway again:

Five friends who are worth the privilege of being unpleasant; hundreds of acquaintances who are allowed to furnish charm.

The stage will mean much more work for Helen, too. Day in and day out. No rests at Palm Springs. No trips to Europe with her beloved Thalbergs. No happy vacations at the beach with the Gables.

But—though the charm of an acquaintanceship with picture-making may be forgotten; the fidelity of Helen's friendship for the stage remains!

Norma's Love Comes First

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Bennett and Bebe Daniels. "There's a 'Z' on my cup—that stands for zebra. And there's a 'D' that stands for Daddy," he went on and on, explaining all the letters of the alphabet. A precocious laddy. And very, very sweet.

Irving Thalberg, who at thirty years, has accomplished more than most men do in a lifetime, and who at eighteen years was hailed "the boy wonder" of the motion picture industry because of his rare business and artistic acumen, gazed fondly upon his son and then said:

"CERTAINLY, we're taking him to Europe with us! We couldn't be at peace or enjoy ourselves without him. We took him to Europe two years ago and then he was a mere babe. I have grown very close to the boy in the past couple of months. Sickness has its compensations—it permits a busy man to get acquainted with his family, and makes him realize fully what the real values in life are."

I had gone down to see Norma to ask her whether she felt she was sacrificing her career for the human urges of love, and devotion to her husband, and the preservation of her marriage.

At the time Norma and Irving and the baby left for abroad, six months had elapsed since she had made a picture. By the time she returns and finds a suitable story and gets into production on the first picture of her new two-year contract, almost a year will have passed since audiences have viewed her in "Smilin' Through." This is considered a seriously long while for a star of Norma's box-office appeal to be off the screen.



The newest design for sports clothes and accessories is perforation—to give you lots of cooling air when strenuously occupied. Una Merkel wears one of the clever perforated suede jackets that are going to be a boon to golfers—hers has pinhole perforations all over it. The handsome dark gentleman is Shantytown!

THE AMERICAN MISS IS FASTIDIOUS.

ZIP
IT'S OFF
because
IT'S OUT

Permanent!

YOURS—without cost—my twenty-five years experience in giving thousands of women treatments for permanently destroying superfluous hair. Every package of ZIP Epilator contains it.

When you buy ZIP you are availing yourself of a product for destroying superfluous hair which millions of women have used, and which does all I claim for it. It is mild and fragrant, and ideal for face treatments. ZIP gently and quickly gets at the cause and frees you of superfluous hair.

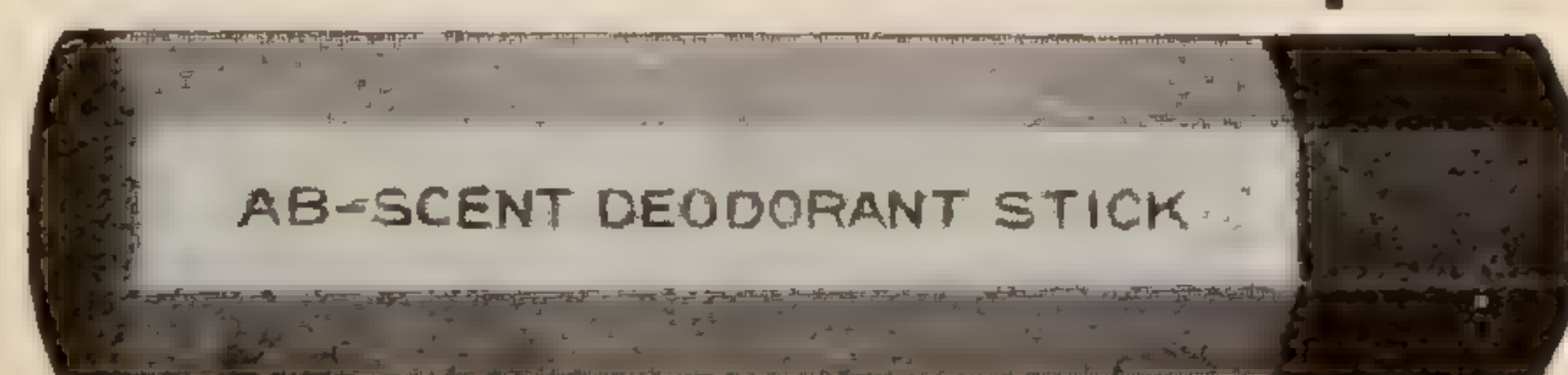
Formerly \$5.00 . . . Now \$1.00. There is no other Epilator available for destroying hair this way.

And if you prefer a cream depilatory, use

ZIP
PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

AB-SCENT New
Smart
Convenient
Economic
DEODORANT STICK

So simple now to banish every suggestion of perspiration odor. Modern attractive stick used like a lipstick. Will not irritate skin and harm clothing. 50¢.



This is by far the most popular depilatory cream today. Simply spread on and rinse off. If you have been using less improved methods you will marvel at this white, fragrant cream, as delightful as your choicest cold cream. It is the most modern and instantly removes every vestige of hair. No fear of later stubble or stimulated hair growths.

Treatment or
FREE Demonstration at my Salon

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST

562 Fifth Avenue, New York
Separate entrance on 46th Street



Beauty Questions and Answers by

helena rubinstein

DEAR MADAME RUBINSTEIN:

Everyone is talking about your new Red Poppy lipstick and rouge, and I would love to have both of them, but I am afraid they are too expensive for me. On the other hand, I have discovered that it is no saving to buy cheap cosmetics for I have been using a cheap powder and the result is that my nose and chin are filled with blackheads. Please give me some practical advice.

Elaine E..., Bronxville, N. Y.

DEAR MISS E...:

I will let you into a little secret. For a dollar you can get one of my lipsticks in the new Red Poppy shade or Red Raspberry or Red Geranium or Red Coral. And you can use it as a cheek rouge too. Or you can get my rouge en creme in either of the four Rubinstein reds and use it for your lips. That's real economy, and you will be sure you are getting pure cosmetics that contain the finest, safest ingredients and last a long time.

Since you say your pores have become opened and embedded with blackheads because you have been using cheap powders, I think you will be interested to know that my powders are only 1.00. And I am certain you will adore the new Peachbloom shade. To get rid of the blackheads you now have, I suggest that you wash with my Beauty Grains which remove all skin impurities. They are from .50 up.

Send all questions to
helena rubinstein

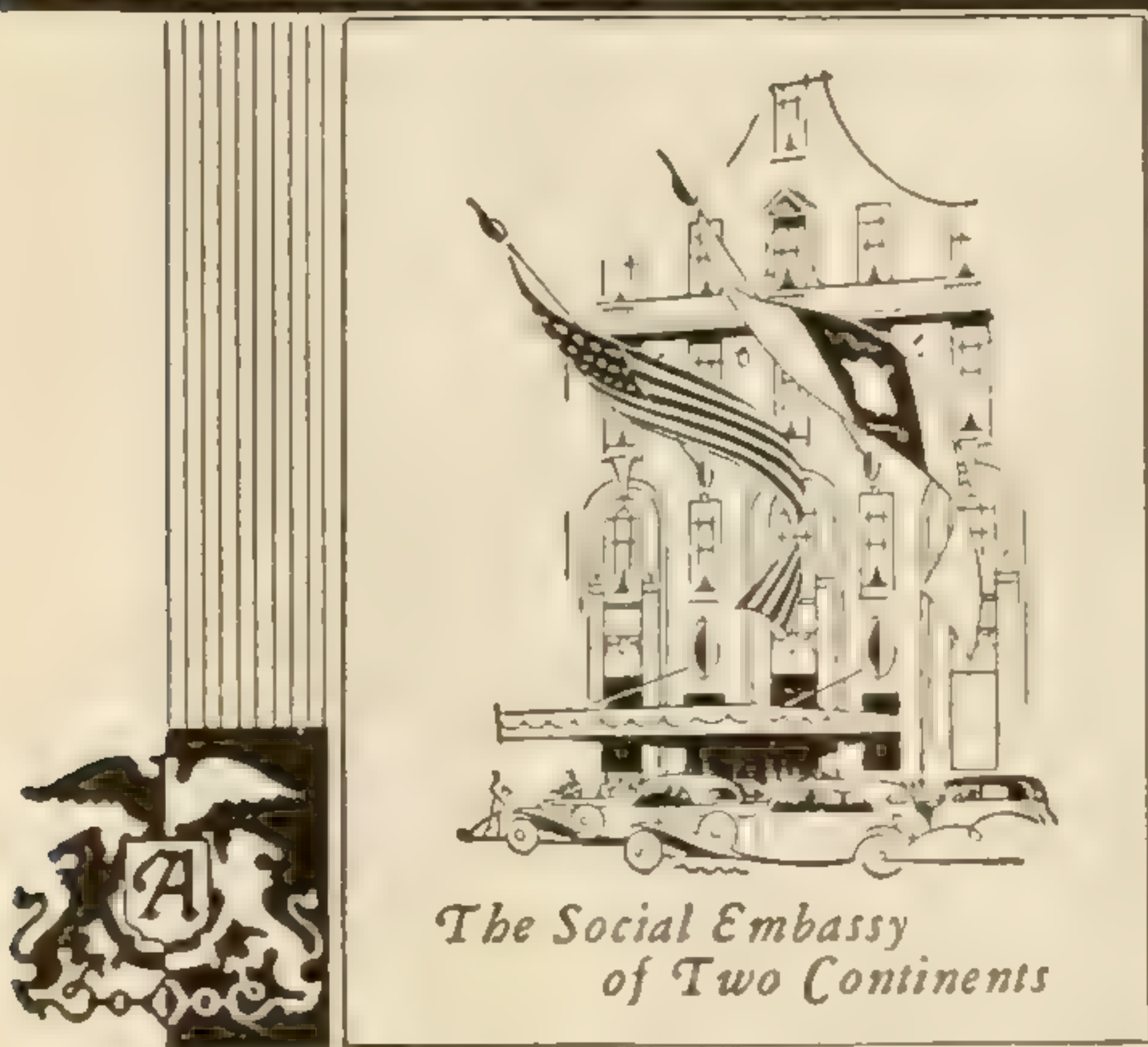
Dept. PH5, 8 East 57th Street, New York City

I am enclosing () for which please send me Lipstick... Rouge... Powder... Beauty Grains...

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



IN NEW YORK

This world-famous hotel offers the finest accommodations, service and cuisine at prices commensurate with prevailing economic conditions.

Celebrities of the diplomatic, stage and screen world focus their social life on the colorful stage of The Ambassador, conveniently located on New York's most famous thoroughfare.

Single Rooms from \$5

Double Rooms from \$7

THEO KROELL, General Manager

HOTEL

AMBASSADOR

Park Avenue at 51st, New York

I wondered if it had been advisable for her, from a purely commercial standpoint, to have remained at her husband's bedside for virtually eight weeks, during which time she put off the studio's suggestion that she get started on a picture, and then to accompany him abroad for two additional months or longer. Was it sacrifice on her part? I know many famous stars who would not have done it, on the logical grounds that it interfered with their careers.

Human impulses of kindness and common decency notwithstanding.

"I simply can't see that viewpoint," Norma said in a tempo a little less brisk than formerly. Norma has always talked fast—she thinks fast—but it seems to me that there is a mellowness rounding the crisp edges of her words these days. Philosophy is taking a deeper hold on her. She appeared as gay and carefree as of old, but a new and very attractive quality of repose has superseded her former smart audacity. It's a lovely development.

"WHAT sort of person would I have been to have left my husband, who has been such a great friend and helper to me, at the time when he really needed me? At least, I am conceited enough to feel that he needed my companionship, loyalty and understanding when he was sick and disturbed over the million troublesome things which come in the picture business.

"Of course, if I had been in the middle of a picture, it would have been wrong for me to have stayed at home, no matter how ill Irving was. You can't expect forgiveness for holding up a costly production under almost any circumstances. And Irving would never have permitted me to do so. But I felt I could hold off making a picture at this time, especially since the right stories are hard to find, and stay close to my husband.

"I have been in pictures for eleven years—they are so much a part of me that I can't imagine myself separated from them. They are much of my life.

"But just the same, I don't think they ever could be so important now that they could take the place of Irving.

"Once, the first five years of my career, there was nothing of importance to me except to become a big star and make lots of money. That's all that mattered to me. Maybe that sounds shallow.

"But it didn't seem so then. It was more than an ideal with me. It was a burning necessity. I simply had to become a star!

"BUT experience changes one. Especially, the experience of illness. Suffering seems to open our eyes and hearts to a deeper understanding of life. You suddenly realize what it's all about. Just seeing an active man like Irving, a dynamo of energy and resistance, suddenly put on his back because of some silly little germ like the 'flu'—seeing that terrifically busy life abruptly stopped in its tracks—first tore my heart, and then made me stop and think.

"It made me think about many things. Careers, fame, husbands, children. Careers, I decided, were unsteady things. Here today—gone tomorrow. Children, I knew, were the greatest experience of a woman's life. But after all, their love is transitory. They remain at home until their wings are strong enough to take them out into the world—and then they marry. And you are alone. A husband, I realized, is the most important love, friend, helpmate in a woman's world. He is the most worthwhile thing a woman can fight for.

"I don't know if I have been a good mother, a good wife and a good actress, all at the same time. Three careers are very hard for the strongest and ablest of women. I do not believe that there exists any woman who can do all three in highest order. Of course, I know that I never could have carried on the three careers if my husband had been in any

other line of work. A wife who comes into her home for dinner at eight o'clock, with make-up on and feeling exhausted, and a husband who comes home from his work at six, can't possibly have a very happy meeting ground night after night.

"I remember right after my baby was born there was only one thing I really wanted to do, and that was to stay at home with him. The hardest thing I ever had to do in my life was to leave him and go back to work. I just couldn't seem able to pull myself away from him.

"Yet, some of my most successful pictures were made during that period. I suppose that should be consolation."

THERE were tears in Norma Shearer's eyes when she told me this. They streamed down her cheeks and dropped heavily onto the blouse of her dress.

"There are nine months that I really lost out of little Irving's babyhood and I sort of resent them. And I always get mad when I think of the times when I returned home from a hard day's work and wanted to play with my baby, and the very proficient nurses that we mothers always engage for our first-born, would say to me, 'Not now, Mrs. Thalberg. You musn't see the baby just yet. It wouldn't be right. You will disturb him. He has just had his bottle.' How in the world would I have disturbed my baby? I was his mother!

"Irving was a great comfort to me during that period. And also a fine mentor. He didn't mince words with me when he said, 'Well, you've got your baby, and you've got your career. You always wanted to be a big movie star. Now prove it by sacrificing for it.'

"There are many people who feel that because of Irving's position in the M-G-M organization, I have had all the best acting parts handed me. Well, that's far from the truth. Being the boss's wife has many advantages and also disadvantages. There are many stories I yearn to do but Irving is too honest with me to let me attempt them. After all, he has to make money out of my pictures for the company and he isn't going to let me have my way to please my whims. I've got to make pictures that bring in money or else it will be just too bad for me, no matter whose wife I am.

"But Irving has been wonderful to me and has given me the 'breaks,' as he has every other actor and actress on the lot. And it would be foolish for me to say that he didn't feel a little more anxiety for my pictures when he previews them than he does for other stars. That's only natural.

"I wouldn't know what to do without Irving. He is such an encouragement to me in my trials and disappointments. I always feel he is right behind me urging me ahead. That's a wonderful thing, isn't it? He is far from being easy on me in his criticisms but I always know, for that reason, when he says a thing is bad, it is, and when he admits it is good that I can rely on it.

"WOULD you believe that after all these years in pictures, the first time I ever felt that I really belonged to the business, that it was *my work*, was in 'Strange Interlude' and 'Smilin' Through'? I didn't want to make 'Smilin' Through.' I didn't feel it was my type of rôle, but Irving made me do it. But for the first time in my entire career I felt no self-consciousness, no fear, no uncertainty—which have always been my three bugaboos.

"As for the future, all I can say is that I feel all the yearnings for great, emotional rôles that any terribly ambitious actress does. I should like to have a bigger and finer career in this business that I love so much. I am willing to work always harder and sacrifice for it. But I will never sacrifice the love of my husband for it. A career is meaningful but never that important. Wherever Irving is, and my baby, there I want to be. I know the glory of that happiness and I never want it destroyed."

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

★ **SILVER DOLLAR**—First National.—Edward Robinson shines as the genial, susceptible prospector of early Colorado mining days, who reaches the U. S. Senate but loses his fortune with the silver standard downfall. Aline MacMahon and Bebe Daniels. (Jan.)

SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures.—Endless slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "lit'ry." (April)

SLIGHTLY MARRIED—Invincible.—Slightly entertaining, with Walter Byron and Evalyn Knapp. (Feb.)

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—Warners.—Lovely scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (April)

★ **SON-DAUGHTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes, though loving Ramon Novarro (a prince in disguise) marries a repulsive fellow (Warner Oland) so her father (Lewis Stone) can have ammunition money; later strangles her husband with his own queue. (Feb.)

SO THIS IS AFRICA—Columbia.—Wheeler and Woolsey slip the loud and raucous razzberry to the animal pictures. (March)

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Five Europeans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (April)

SPEED DEMON—Columbia.—Nothing unusual, but youngsters will like the speed-boat races. (Feb.)

★ **STATE FAIR**—Fox.—A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (April)



"We gotta retrench—fire some more and work the rest harder!" Or if not that, it must be worse, Lionel Barrymore looks so tough as the department store owner in "Sweepings"

NO JOB — WAS THIS THE REASON? — by Timmins

ANOTHER BOOK! YOU READ THIS ONE IN NO TIME

OH, I HAVEN'T MUCH ELSE TO DO THESE DAYS I'M STILL OUT OF A JOB CAN'T SEEM TO GET ONE

HOW DID YOU ENJOY THIS LAST BOOK?

VERY MUCH. BUT, LOOK, ISN'T THIS UNUSUAL? WHEN IT SAYS THE HEROINE TAKES A BATH, IT ACTUALLY TELLS WHAT KIND OF SOAP SHE USED — LIFEBOUY

WELL, I CAN READ BETWEEN THE LINES CAN'T YOU? SHE WASN'T TAKING CHANCES WITH "B.O." —

TOO BAD EVERYONE DOESN'T FOLLOW HER EXAMPLE! YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY OFFEND AND PROBABLY NEVER REALIZE IT

COULD THAT BE A HINT FOR ME? PERHAPS I OUGHT TO GET LIFEBOUY

MY-LIFEBOUY'S GRAND! SUCH WONDERFUL LATHER — I NEVER FELT SO GLORIOUSLY CLEAN

"B.O." GONE — a fine job landed!

JUST DASHED IN TO RETURN THIS BOOK. IT'S WAY OVERDUE. HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TIME TO READ LATELY. I'M WORKING NOW AND I'M SO HAPPY!

Don't let "B.O." stand (body odor) between you and your job

APPLICANTS are many, positions scarce, employers critical. Don't miss out on the job you're seeking—don't risk the job you have—by carelessness about "B.O." (body odor). Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap, gives extra protection. Its rich, hygienic lather purifies and deodorizes pores—stops "B.O."

Complexions aided, too

A fresh, clear skin helps you make a good impression. Use Lifebuoy—its bland, searching lather deep-cleanses pores—makes dull complexions radiant with health.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

MINUTE-MAN SERVICE



Every one of our employees is alert to do your bidding; to serve you promptly, intelligently and courteously. That's part of the thrill of staying at the Lexington. • Yet rates for all this superlative service and comfort are amazingly low...\$3 for one person, \$4 for two. Breakfast is 35c, luncheon 65c and dinner \$1.

HOTEL LEXINGTON

48TH STREET AT LEXINGTON AVENUE • NEW YORK
Directed by Ralph Hitz • Chas. E. Rochester, Manager

Book-Cadillac, Detroit, and Van Cleve, Dayton, also under Ralph Hitz Direction

What \$1.25 Will Bring You!

In six issues of Photoplay hundreds of unusual pictures of photoplayers and of their work and pastime. Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

Brief reviews of current pictures with full casts of stars playing.

The *truth* and nothing but the *truth*, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay, so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—unequalled in its field of motion pictures.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Department H-5
919 No. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$1.25 (Canada and Foreign \$1.75), for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for six months (six issues) effective with the next issue.

Send to

Street Address

City

State

Send a money order or check for
\$1.25 addressed to

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

DEPT. H-5, 919 N. MICHIGAN AV.
CHICAGO

and receive the next issue and five
issues thereafter

TERROR TRAIL—Universal.—Tom Mix foils a hypocritical leading citizen, some horse thieves, and rescues Naomi Judge in proper Mixonian style. (March)

TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY—Fox.—For Farrell-Gaynor devotees, though Farrell's part is subordinate in a complicated, draggy story. Janet Gaynor does well as the daughter of a sea captain who becomes a squatter and is implicated in a murder. (Jan.)

THAT'S MY BOY—Columbia.—Richard Cromwell, with Dorothy Jordan, put zip into this football yarn. (Feb.)

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED—Universal.—Slim Summerville (a butler) and ZaSu Pitts (a maid) can't decide to be divorced. Weak story. (Feb.)

★ **TONIGHT IS OURS**—Paramount.—A deftly done bit of Graustarkian adventure and romance, with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. (March)

★ **TOPAZE**—RKO-Radio.—John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outslicks life and the slickers. Superb. (April)

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING—First National.—Rather unconvincing story of a swaggering tough's prison life from cell through death house, made real by Spencer Tracy's acting and good dialogue. Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot and Arthur Byron give good support. (Jan.)

UNDER-COVER MAN—Paramount.—You'll forget any objections to George Raft while a gangster, after you see him tear into the hot-bond racket. Nancy Carroll also good. Not for children. (Feb.)

UNWRITTEN LAW, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The wronged man (Purnell Pratt) leaves it to his companions whether he shall slay the villain (Lew Cody). Mary Brian, Hedda Hopper, Greta Nissen also present. (Feb.)

UPTOWN NEW YORK—World Wide.—Jack Oakie is fine as a regular guy falling for a lady with a past (Shirley Grey). Grand comedy and good human-interest drama. (Jan.)

VAMPIRE BAT, THE—Majestic Pictures.—"Dracula" horror stuff that creaks in the telling, although Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray and Melvyn Douglas lend considerable interest. (March)

VIRGINS OF BALI, THE—Principal.—Another "Goonie Goonie" glimpse of courtship and marriage in the East Indies. (Feb.)

VIRTUE—Columbia.—A "shady lady" (Carole Lombard) marries a taxi driver (Pat O'Brien). Discovering her unrevealed past, he forgives, then suspects. The climax is her implication in murder. (Jan.)

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram.—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaysia. (April)

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M.—And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (April)

★ **WHISTLING IN THE DARK**—M-G-M.—Ernest Truex and Una Merkel are a riot in a tale about a crime writer made to invent a perfect crime for use by his captors. (March)

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount.—Elementary Western marked by good riding and a wild horse stampede. Randolph Scott is the equestrian hero. The kids will enjoy this. (Jan.)

WITH WILLIAMSON BENEATH THE SEA—Principal.—A fascinating dip beneath the West Indian ocean, in the producer's glass studio. (Feb.)

WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount.—Co-operative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (April)

WOMEN WON'T TELL—Chesterfield.—An abandoned child found on a city dump grows up into a great tennis star; rubber stamp plot thereafter. (March)

YORCK—UFA.—Werner Krauss as General Yorck fighting Russians in Napoleon's day, gives a splendid portrayal of a commander's mental anguish. (Feb.)

YOUNG BLOOD—Monogram.—A thin Robin-Hoodish Western with Bob Steele and Helen Foster. (Feb.)

★ **YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL**—First National.—Uproarious comedy about a fellow who can't swim, mistaken for a champ and forced to go through with a race. How Joe Brown makes it causes the howls. (Jan.)

Alice Completes Her Cycle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

A rookie in the army doesn't encounter as many situations needing discreet silence as a raw recruit in Hollywood.

Alice White never suspected, until quite recently, that anything less than the whole truth as she saw it, on any subject whatsoever, could be admirable or profitable.

THERE was no one to tell her that candor with relationship to human beings must be tempered with discretion and delicacy.

She spoke her mind about everything and everybody, never with any intention of unkindness, but because she knew no other answers than truthful ones.

This honesty, this freedom of speech, was like a defiance hurled into the traditions of studio deportment. Very few individuals whether concerned in making pictures or manufacturing pretzels, are broad-minded enough to tolerate rock-bottom frankness.

It alienated people from her. Alice did not understand. She did not know how to be other than herself. If they resented her, well, let them! It aroused her fighting blood. She was too young to reason. She thought only with her emotions.

She'd show them, and show them she did.

It bred a defense mechanism in the game

kid; a defense to keep anyone from suspecting how deeply she longed for companionship and affection. With her back against the wall, she built an outward front that completely blinded everyone to her real character underneath.

She became cockier than ever. If the studio asked her if she thought she could play a certain part, her answer was the same no matter how difficult the rôle was. "Sure, I can play it. Nobody could do it better. Watch me get every bit of meat out of it." And she would.

Alice disproved the theory many times that an actor is only as good as his material. She was often far superior to the parts she played.

BUT such self-reliance in one so inexperienced was almost a sacrilege. It was super-ego, absurd vanity, the studio concluded. It prevented anyone from trying to help her. If her clothes, her hair, her walk needed improving, no one made suggestions. You do not offer aid and sympathetic advice to one who apparently has no need of them.

Alice had thrown down the gauntlet. She went to great lengths to show people she was sophisticated, hard-boiled, and could take care of herself.

If dresses were short, Alice's were shorter.



Billie Burke looks as if she might have stepped out of a page in Godey's Lady's Book—yet she is a picture of modern chic in this charming plaid chiffon gown. The lacy mesh gloves and even the line of her straw hat lend an old-fashioned air. Notice the high collar and the puff at the elbow

feminine hygiene



*made easy
dainty
safe!*

Women who dread uncertainty in personal hygiene, welcome Norforms.

Norforms are the tested formula of a nationally known pharmaceutical house...makers of such famous products as *Unguentine* and *Amolin*.

Their use requires no mixing of strong chemicals—no awkward or embarrassing apparatus for application—no unpleasant after-odors.

Norforms are slim, convenient suppositories, ready for use. They contain *Parahydrecin*, a positive antiseptic with the unique feature of being soothing to delicate inner membranes. Norforms are the simple, safe, easy way to feminine hygiene.

Norforms come 12 in a package. Ask your druggist. Or, mail coupon below at once.



Dr. M. W. STOFER, The
Norwich Pharmacal Co.,
Dept. 55, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me Norforms
booklet, "The New Way."

Name _____

Address _____



JILL
ESMOND
RADIO
PICTURES STAR

ENTICING EYES!

This new Beauty Trick gives them to you . . .

● **DARK**, heavy lashes give your eyes that certain "appeal,"—that sparkle and glam—or so fascinating to men. But men dislike "made-up" lashes, heavy with mascara.

Winx—the **NEW** type mascara—always gives a completely **NATURAL** effect. It makes lashes look rich, dark and silken-soft. It goes on evenly. It stays on evenly. Never smears or flecks off.

Try this new beauty trick. Two forms—*Liquid Winx*, waterproof. *Cake Winx*, in the metal compact.

winx



DR. WALTER'S

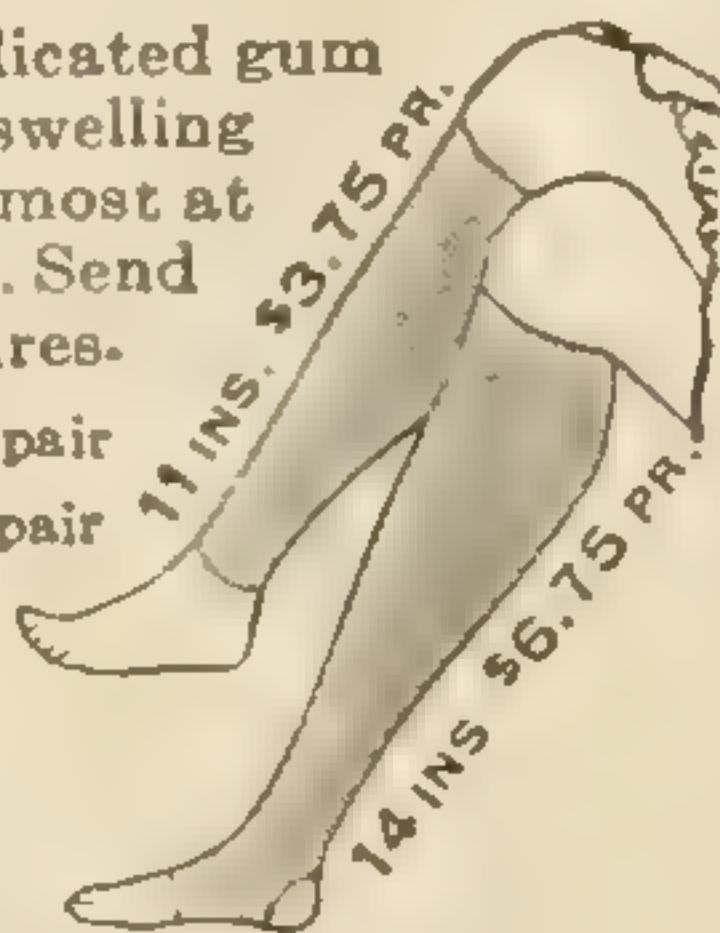
famous flesh colored gum rubber reducing garments.

LATEST BRASSIERE reduces 2 to 3 inches at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure **\$2.25**

REDUCING GIRDLE: 2 to 3 inch reduction at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made: very comfortable. Laced at back. Send waist and hip measures. **\$4.50**

My flesh colored medicated gum rubber hose relieve swelling and varicose veins almost at once. Fit like a glove. Send ankle and calf measures.

14 inch. **\$6.75** pair
11 inch. **\$3.75** pair



All garments are made of pure gum rubber—flesh colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

Dr. Jeanne P. H. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

Keeps Age A Secret Brushes Away Gray Hair

Now you can really look years younger. With an ordinary small brush you just tint those streaks or patches of gray back to your natural shade—whether blonde, brown or black. It is so easy to do—at home—with Brownatone. Over 20 years' success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Does not coat the surface—actually penetrates the hair. Defies detection. No tell-tale, flat "dyed" look. Cannot affect waving of hair.

No need to guess. Cut a lock of hair from your head and apply this famous tint. If Brownatone does not give your gray, streaked, dull, or faded hair its natural color, youth and luster, your money back. Only 50c. All druggists.

Subscribe for Photoplay
Use the Coupon on Page 100

If heels were high, Alice's were higher. If necklines were low, Alice's were lower.

She gave out thoughtless interviews. She spoke of her own sex-appeal and the havoc it had wrought here and there. I remember she talked freely of the many jobs she had lost because jealous wives would get one look at the White face and figure and make their susceptible husbands fire her.

She discussed at great lengths her come-hither capacity.

It was bad judgment and it was bad taste.

People around the studio gradually but firmly let Alice alone.

They spoke of her then as "that impossible White kid," but usually added, "Goodness knows, she *can* act."

SHE did a good job of creating a false exterior for herself, and all the while she was just a scared kid, and lonelier than a ghost in a deserted village.

Her popularity with the movie-goers increased with every picture, however. They adored her.

I believe Alice White is the only player on record who experienced the thrill of having exhibitors, who played her pictures, demand that the producing company re-engage her after her contract expired.

She never knew of this, however, until long after First National had given her a new agreement.

Otherwise, she might have asked for and received, a raise in salary.

As it was, she signed at the old salary, which was small indeed as compared to the earnings of other featured players.

It didn't last for long, though. The studio had lost interest in Alice White, even if the public had not.

One day she found herself without a contract and no prospect of one in sight.

Then followed a period of idle waiting around Hollywood for several months. Nothing is more demoralizing.

Each day one's estimate of one's self decreases until courage wears perilously thin. Only a stout heart can survive a long period of idleness in the town where everybody talks of their work in minutest detail.

Eventually, Alice packed her bags and went for a long vaudeville tour. You know all about that.

It was a great triumph for her.

I say this not because she was an instantaneous hit in vaudeville, and not because loyal followers flocked in thousands to see her wherever she appeared. It was a triumph for her because of the thing which happened within Alice herself.

On the long train jumps, during the weary hours of dance practice, during the vocal lessons, Alice's one thought was of regaining her place in the Hollywood sun.

She had plenty of time to analyze herself. That same honesty of thought which had caused her downfall now turned unflinchingly inward.

She took an inventory of Alice White's shortcomings. She put her faults, like a fly, on the point of a pin and examined them microscopically.

How many of us are able to recognize our own weaknesses while we are still young enough to make a fresh start?

Alice did.

TIME was no object to her. She returned to Hollywood *only* when she had mastered herself.

I saw her just after she got back out there and before she had started work on "Employees' Entrance."

All of the old fire of Alice White was there, but it was held on a leash. The red-hot, hotcha-cha youngster had been tamed, but not extinguished. The quick, immature judgment had been supplanted by tolerance and patience. Most of all patience, which is the modesty of the intellect.

Not a word of resentment! No brooding

with animosity over the previous treatment accorded her in Hollywood.

She was that unusual person who did not blame her fall from stardom on anyone but herself.

"It has not been easy," she said. "It's hard to face unpleasant truths about oneself, but I had to. There was no one else on whom to put the blame."

Again the honest Alice speaking.

"EVERY morning my chin is up and my face is forward," she went on. "I am grateful for the opportunity to work in pictures again and I mean to prove it. I am trying to live above petty things. The unimportance of trifles is a motto I keep always before me."

"What is your chief ambition now, Alice?" I asked her.

"I have two," she answered quickly. "I want to become known as a fine actress in many kinds of parts. I *never* want to be a star again, ever. I shot up too quickly before. I was not ready for the responsibilities of stardom. Success at the top can only last a few years at best. Then it is very difficult to adjust oneself to a lesser position."

"I want to act as long as I live, and when you are recognized as a capable actress in any rôle, there are no limitations to one's career."

"You mentioned two ambitions. What's the other one?" I queried.

"I want Hollywood to like me," she answered wistfully. "I mean fellow players, all the people I work with. They didn't before, you know."

"It didn't sour me against the world, but it hurt terribly."

As she talked, I thought of what the old massa' himself, Charlie Chaplin, once said to her.

He really was the first to see possibilities in the White youngster and give her encouragement about a picture career.

Alice was a script girl at the Chaplin studio. She was working for Von Sternberg who was directing Edna Purviance under Chaplin's supervision.

One day, the cameraman had to test out a new lens for his camera and needed a photographic subject.

Just anyone would do.

ALICE was a favorite on the set. She was so tiny that she never sat straight in a chair but usually curled her legs up like a ball with her feet under her.

This earned her the nickname of "Peter Rabbit," which was eventually shortened to "Pete."

"Pete" begged to be allowed to make a test with the new lens.

Without make-up of any kind and without direction of any sort, they permitted her to cavort before the camera.

She did every fool thing that came into her head.

Of course, it was terrible, but no one looked at it anyway, except the cameraman, and he was only looking for photographic effects.

But one day Chaplin asked how the new lens was working and was shown Alice's test.

Later, he came onto the set where she was working and said, "Pete, you should go in pictures. You've got something different from anybody else. You could go far."

It planted the germ in her head which finally carried her to stardom.

And now I have two predictions to make.

Alice need not worry about Hollywood liking her this time. She will find them generous with their companionship and affection when they recognize the real Alice White for what she is today.

And lastly, with half a break, the career which she has begun again will not be a cycle this time.

It will be a spiral, rising slowly but steadily to a very fine height indeed, because as Chaplin said,

"She's got something different from anybody else."

My Sister, Ann Harding

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

Woods' office and told him of her reception. He remarked, quite characteristically:

"Why the s— of a —! Here, sweetheart, read these—I'll star you in any one you like." And he shoved four manuscripts across the desk.

As she turned to go, he called her back and handed her a fifth script, saying:

"Here, read this and give yourself a good time. I can't give it to you because Kit's going to do it, but tell me what you think of it."

It was "The Green Hat." She read the four in which he was willing to star her—all very depressing.

Then she read "The Green Hat," returned to Woods' office, laid the four on his desk and held out "The Green Hat," saying,

"This is the one that's going to run. I don't want to be starred. Kit's a grand actress—I'd be very happy to support her, and the part of *Venice* is just my size."

"If you will do this for me, sweetheart," exploded Al, "I'll give you anything you want—but your salary." He picked up the phone. "Get me Lee Shubert . . . Lee, you gotta give me a better percentage on that house! Look at the cast I got! Kit Cornell, Leslie Howard, Ann Harding—"

This went on for minutes—it was a terrible fight.

He hung up the receiver finally and announced:

"Okay, kid, we start rehearsal next week. What'll you take?"

"I don't care what it is so long as it comes in every week for a while. Give me whatever the part is worth."

Which unprofessional remark nearly finished Al for the day.

"The Green Hat" opened in Detroit and by

the middle of the week Ann had to draw something on her salary with which to eat. So she went to the manager and asked him what her salary was, thinking it was probably around one hundred fifty dollars a week.

"Doncha know what your salary is?" The man couldn't believe his ears.

"No," said she.

"Well, in case you're interested, it's three hundred dollars a week."

ON Saturday her pay envelope contained four hundred dollars and a wire from Woods to the manager authorizing this sum. While she was still pondering this phenomenon, Woods himself came on from New York and offered her a contract, which she signed on the spot.

She wondered at the time what he meant when he said, as soon as she had signed,

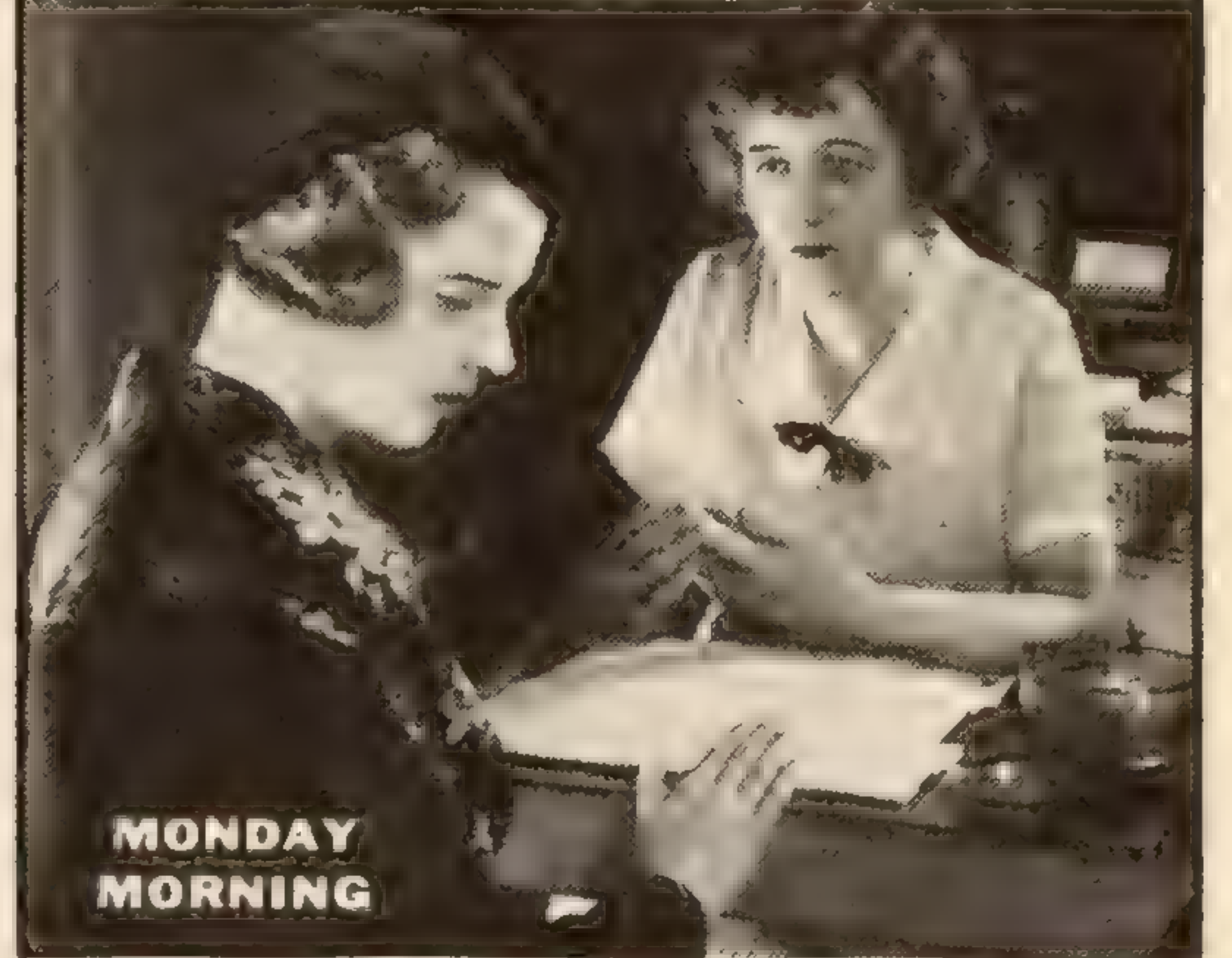
"Now I'll fix the so-and-so." She found out a few days later. It seems that Colonel Savage had failed to cast "Stolen Fruit" during these months and had finally decided that Ann was the one for the part. But he had reckoned without Al. By signing her up with an exclusive contract, Woods made him pay well for her services. Savage had been forced to give him half of the show in order to get her!

"STOLEN FRUIT" established her once and for all as star material.

The press hailed her as the new Bernhardt, another Duse; but she refused to be starred, preferring to impress audiences by her performance rather than by seeing her name billed first over the marquee.

After a highly successful run in New York, "Stolen Fruit" went on the road and closed in Detroit in May. Ann had had five years of uninterrupted work, no vacations, no rest; she

"One week ago Mrs. Risdon's hands were painfully rough" . . . says Louise Berthelon, Beauty Expert



"I advised LUX instead of harsh soap for dishes"



"After a week her hands were amazingly improved, much smoother—whiter."



"Lux protects the natural oils of the skin," says Madame Berthelon, well-known beauty expert. "Ordinary soaps too often contain harmful alkali that dries sensitive skin. Lux has no harmful alkali. Lux in the dishpan is the finest daily beauty care for your hands, and so inexpensive."

LUX for dishes

Lovely hands for 1¢ a day



Here we see Ann Harding and Harry Bannister in one of those rareties of the film world—a husband and wife cast as such in a picture. The rôles were *Judge Kessler* and *Vera* in an early film, "Her Private Affair"



taste the difference— it's a COCKTAIL

It's Flavor that lends enchantment to the Great American Menu. Taste is the touchstone that makes or mars our meals.

Therein lies the popularity of America's favorite appetizer—College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail. Pity the poor palate that knows not the joys of this masterfully concocted cocktail!

Your favorite food store probably recommends College Inn, the original Tomato Juice Cocktail. Certainly your pride, your purse, your palate prefers this product.

In the name of good taste, choose College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail—it's the difference between the ordinary and the sublime.

College Inn

THE ORIGINAL
TOMATO JUICE
COCKTAIL

COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.
Hotel Sherman, Chicago • 415 Greenwich St., New York

had reached such a point of utter weariness that it became an effort to eat, impossible to carry on a conversation, unthinkable to start work on another play.

But she accepted an offer to take over the old Garrick Theater in Detroit at once and run a stock company there for the summer season.

Rollo Peters, also of "Stolen Fruit," was persuaded to join the company, and Detroit was treated to an unusually fine season of stock.

Toward the end of the summer, her one venture as actress-manager, she found herself without a leading man for the last two weeks of the season.

Mr. Peters had been recalled to New York for a new play.

She was very, very tired by that time and when the manager of the theater told her, "There's a guy who has just closed here in 'White Cargo'—looks like a good leading man," she just said wearily, "All right, sign him up."

NEEDING a rest badly, she had put on a play that did not require her services in the cast for that week, and was enjoying a quiet dinner with some friends.

Just as the coffee was being served, the manager called her on the phone and asked her to come down to the theater and meet this prospective leading man.

"I don't want to sign him without your okay, Miss Harding," he said.

"If he looks all right and doesn't want too much money, you have my okay right now. I've seen all the actors I can stand for this year!"

"He looks great, but he wants a lot of money," was the troubled reply.

"Does he look good enough to be worth it?" asked Ann, with a sigh.

"That's what I want you to decide."

So she left the table, got rebelliously into her car and went down to the Garrick, where she met—Harry Bannister.

She decided that he did look good enough to be worth his outrageously high salary. He got the job.

At the close of the season, she rushed back to New York, already a few days late for rehearsals of "A Woman Disputed," with Lowell Sherman.

Harry came to New York also and went into rehearsal of "Yellow," George M. Cohan's play.

They saw a great deal of each other during the next few weeks, and his whirlwind courtship resulted in their becoming engaged. Very shortly thereafter they were married at The Little Church Around the Corner.

It was to be a very quiet wedding. Dean Ray had asked if they wanted ushers, but was assured that they would not be necessary, as not more than a dozen or so people had been invited.

However, an early edition of the afternoon papers spread the news on the front page. When we got to the church the street was blocked, special traffic officers had been summoned, the sidewalks were jammed, the yard was filled with the overflow from the church.

WHEN Ann turned from the altar after the service had been read, she saw for the first time that the church was filled with old friends, most of whom she had not seen since grammar and high school days in Montclair and East Orange.

Then a tall figure approached, dressed in familiar O. D. uniform. It was Colonel George Vidmer, a friend of father's, who told Ann that the only quarrel he had ever had with George Gatley was over his attitude regarding her going on the stage—that he thought the Army should be represented at this wedding and that he had come in from Long Island to pay his respects.

The tears were hard to control this time, but she squeezed his hand in appreciation, in lieu of the words which were somehow choked



BY THE DAY

at the

SHERRY-NETHERLAND

1933 rates

You may think of the Sherry-Netherland as an exclusive residence hotel. It is, but you can also use it transiently. Rooms or suites in exquisite taste. Quiet. Fixed-price meals. Fifth Avenue at 59th Street, on Central Park . . . New York.



TO her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples or sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in **NR Tablets** (Nature's Remedy). They cleansed and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, tingling with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish. At all druggists—only 25c.

FREE! Package of Flower Garden Seeds, samples **NR** and **TUMS**. Send name, address, stamp to **A. H. LEWIS CO.** Desk 55-G St. Louis - Mo.

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.



Moles

HOW TO REMOVE THEM

A simple, home treatment—25 years success in my practice. Moles dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

SUBSCRIBE FOR
PHOTOPLAY

Subscription rates will be found on page 100. Use the coupon.

up in her throat. Father had not even replied to her letter telling him of her approaching marriage.

DURING the following year while on the road with "A Woman Disputed," she suffered a complete breakdown, but could not be convinced of the fact. To the eternal credit of the doctors, let it be said that they each and every one told her the same story—that the only thing for her to do was not to go to the theater at all—that if she insisted upon being such a fool, they would wash their hands of her—that the sooner she became unconscious and could not drive her steps to the stage door, the better off she would be.

She finally collapsed on the stage. She should have been taken to a hospital at once, but the curtain was held for forty-five minutes while an incompetent doctor worked over her with the one idea of getting her back onto the stage as quickly as possible.

Finally, in a semi-conscious condition, she was dressed and actually thrust onto the stage, managing only by sheer force of indomitable will to get through the rest of the performance.

She got back to her hotel under the doctor's supervision, but he permitted her to return to the theater that night.

As she reached for her make-up she quite suddenly went out of her head. It was the only real case of hysterics she has ever had in her life.

She sent for the stage manager and told him that there was a girl upstairs, playing a bit, who knew Ann's lines—she was a good little actress and could be depended upon to step right into the show and give a good performance.

Ann was informed that if she did not go on herself, the management would have to refund the three thousand dollars which a sold-out house had netted, and that she would have to reimburse the theater in full for that loss.

"Wasn't she a trouper?" and "Where was her pride?"

"What about the old tradition 'The Show Must Go On'?"

She could just get herself out there on the stage—or else . . .

FOR the one and only time in her life she lost control of herself entirely, grabbed things off the make-up shelf and threw them indiscriminately about the room.

She told them in no uncertain terms exactly where they could go and ordered them out of her dressing-room.

Ann was finally persuaded by this breakdown that a rest was imperative, and she was bundled off to a heavenly rest resort in the Catskills.

During the first week or so she would burst into tears at any mention of her stepping onto a stage again—ever! Gradually the feeling wore off and in the fall she returned as usual to her Woods contract, this time in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," her last great success on the stage.

It was a new Ann Harding who reported at the Woods office.

Her eyes danced with excited anticipation as she read the script in Al's office.

But what was this?

As originally written, the play was divided into three separate acts with the usual conventional curtains.

The first act curtain was built to quite a climax, culminating in the bringing onto the stage of a life size nude photograph of *Mary Dugan*.

"What are you going to do here, Al, instead of the photograph?" she asked him quietly.

"Why, sweetheart, that's the best first act curtain I've staged in ten years. Now don't worry," as he saw the light of battle gathering in darkening eyes, "I'm not asking you to pose for it—I got that all fixed—got something to show you."

He rang a buzzer and asked his secretary to bring in the Mary Dugan stills. The secretary returned staggering under several seven-foot photos.

"See, sweetheart," exulted Al, in his most ingratiating manner, "I got a Follies girl to pose for it!"

Ann gaped at the photograph.

They had put a blonde counterfeit of the Harding hair on the girl and had her lovely nude body posed with the head turned quite to one side, so that to all intents and purposes it was a life size study of Ann Harding in the nude!

"AL WOODS!" she gasped, "I know I didn't pose for it, but the people out front could never be convinced of the fact. Take it out of here—tear it up—burn it! I wouldn't do that for any play or any manager, and I don't want the public to think I did."

"But, sweetheart, it's my *first act curtain*!" He was almost crying.

"Well then, don't have any curtain!" she stormed. "I will not sanction that photograph, do you understand? If you must have it, just get someone else to play the part who won't mind going onto the same stage with that picture!"

"But Ann—be reasonable—listen—don't you see—the sort of girl who would stand for that isn't the type I want for the part!"

This outburst of mixed logic was too much for Ann.

She appealed to Equity.

"As a matter of fact, Miss Harding, we are unable to help you. You are engaged to act in the play.

"That is a definite part of the play and we cannot stand behind you if you refuse to play it as written."

That dictum meant that if she refused she was out of the theater or, at best, would suffer a long suspension for violation of contract.

"All right," she said, "I can always go back to punching a typewriter." And what's more, she meant it.

Woods finally compromised by draping the model in a definitely boudoir but thoroughly modest fashion which, as a matter of fact, did not eliminate the "kick" from the drama, as he had feared.

Toward the end of May, the impending arrival of little Jane caused her withdrawal from the "Mary Dugan" cast. Harry had arranged to return to Pittsburgh that summer with their own stock company.

They started out with high hopes, but it turned out to be a hectic and disappointing season, brightened only by the arrival of Jane on July 24th.

That winter Harry started rehearsal in "Strange Interlude," with the Theatre Guild. "Strange Interlude" was to come to California after the New York run, with one week stops across the country en route.

Ann arranged the cancellation of her contract with Woods, after making a final appearance in "Mary Dugan" in Newark, and bundled Jane and the nurse, the crib and the carriage onto a train heading for Los Angeles. She rented a dear little place in Pasadena—a small house with a real yard, surrounded by a white, vine-covered wall, where Jane could lie in her carriage under real orange trees.

ABOUT a month later the "Strange Interlude" company arrived in Los Angeles. Through their publicity man the news leaked out that Harry Bannister's wife was with him, that she was Ann Harding of "The Trial of Mary Dugan," etc.

Just at that time the panic was on in the various studios during the transition period from silence to sound.

Here was manna dropped from heaven—three of the largest studios called for her to make appointments for tests—and her brief period of retirement was at an end.

All that has happened since the signing of her contract with Pathe has become front page news, and needs no repetition here.



"I always notice perfume"

"I'M VERY susceptible to perfumes—all men are. Perfumes are so subtle—they can mean so many things. There's a new one out that suggests Youth and Romance . . . the name's Seventeen. Yes, I like it . . . doesn't youth attract every man on earth?"

Wear Seventeen's fragrance in your Perfume, Toilet Water, Sachet and all your toilet preparations.

MAISON JEURELLE

247 Park Avenue,

New York

Makers of

Seventeen

- GREASE
- MAYONNAISE
- BERRIES
- RAIN SPOTS
- GRASS STAINS
- COFFEE
- PERSPIRATION
- SYRUP, OIL
- GINGER ALE
- ORANGE
- TEA, MILK



ALL THESE SPOTS and stains REMOVED from fabrics

A relief—this new dry-powder cleanser! Think! You get a spot on a fresh dress. You notice soil on a light blouse, hat, or purse. Do you worry? No! You shake on Annette's Perfect Cleanser—and the fabric is quickly restored to daintiness. No work, odor, fumes or "ring." (25¢ and 50¢; drug and dept. stores) Annette's Perfect Cleanser Co., Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.



ANNETTE'S PERFECT CLEANSER

Leaves no "Ring" on:

Silks	Felt Hats	Chiffon
Velvets	Rugs	Flannel
Gloves	Woolens	Furs
Upholstery		Slippers



Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

and CULTURAL subjects for personal development — Stage, Teaching, Directing-Drama, Stage and Concert Dancing, Vocal, Screen, Musical Comedy, Elocution, Stock Theatre and platform appearances while learning. For catalog 16 apply P. Ely, Sec'y, 66 W. 85th St., N.Y.

ACNE

An Advanced Formula
for eradication of unsightly skin blemishes. A Salve that draws eruptions to the surface assuring wholly desirable results. Invisibly peels the skin. Price \$1.00 Postage prepaid. Endorsed by Minto Durfee. Send your \$1.00 today. Write for literature. Fountain of Youth Products, 4664 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.



"Yes," says Baby LeRoy, "we won't have any spinach today. I'd rather have this train." Atta boy, LeRoy, we men must stick together. We're all fed up anyway on vitamin D, or whatever spinach has that's good for us

"So I'm A Movie Star"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

but honest lad left in Chevalier's limousine, and later, I step out in nifty sport apparel. With six changes of costume and three hundred and eighty-five changes of hand-embroidered diapers in pastel shades. So I felt better. You see, you've got to keep up on your dress in this business. Georgie Raft with a new suit every week is competition for anyone.

WE have some beautiful girls working in our picture. I say "our picture," although it's really mine. But I want to be democratic and give everyone a break. One blonde is lovely. Her name is Helen Twelvetees. Another beauty is Adrienne Ames. Then, there's a dancer, Leah Ray, and several others. They tear in and out of Chevalier's house all hours of the day and night. The man gets no rest.

Helen is usually coming in the front door just as Adrienne hides under the bed. Or Adrienne's husband is everlastingly ringing the front doorbell, just as Maurice and I get really interested. What I'm going to do, one of these days, is get hold of that husband part and chew it to mince meat. There's no place in a Chevalier and LeRoy picture for a husband.

I must confess, I'm terribly fond of Helen. She plays my nurse in the picture, and "Good Night Nurse" do we cut capers? Maurice falls in love with her in the picture, but I give him plenty of competition. After all, what's he got that I haven't got? With the possible exception of an accent.

I fixed him, too. There was one colossal set where I'm in bed. Helen is tucking the covers over me when in comes Maurice.

"Helen, I loff you," he says. Suddenly, my ire was up. So I let out one long, loud raspberry. "Pffft," like that. The bubbles flew.

Maurice looked surprised. "Here, don't do that, LeRoy," he said. "You mustn't give me the raspberry." Oh, I mustn't eh, I thought. Try to stop me.

So they tried the scene over. "Helen, I loff you," he said. "Pffft," I went, even louder. Maurice was furious. Our director, a nice fat man called Norman Taurog, couldn't help but laugh. The cameraman had choked back a laugh till his face was purple. And Maurice was getting madder and madder, I could see that.

So he tried it again. "Helen—," was all he said when "Pffft," I went, and this time the bubbles were thick. Maurice jerked back in surprise and the director gave one long whoop while they led the cameraman out in convulsions. So we gave up the scene.

After all, they made me a movie star. I never asked to be one. And they'll have to put up with my temperament and like it.

I HEARD the director tell something they call a supervisor, that every time I took a nap when they were ready to shoot a scene, it cost Paramount just two thousand dollars. You see, they never waken me when I want to sleep. The director, in fact everyone, is kind and thoughtful, I'll say that. But I found a way to check that Maurice from chiseling.

The next day, they were all ready to shoot the scene over. The lights were placed, the cameraman ready, Helen was standing over me, the director said "Camera" and in came Maurice. "Helen," he said. And that ended it. I simply lay back and went to sleep on them. And the scene was out. It may have set Mr. Paramount back several grand but it did the trick, anyway. Am I learning?

After all, I'm the only star in this picture with his own portable dressing-room. Just like Joan Crawford's. Every day, my dressing-room is wheeled from set to set. Does Chevalier have a portable dressing-room? Does he have his own little electric stove? His own refrigerator? His own little—, well, skip it.

AND how many times a day does he lunch? Once. Once, mind you, while I lunch five times. Of course, he can sing. I'll admit that. But can he put his toe in his mouth the way I can? Or make bubbles? Yeah, I'd like to see him.

And he can't go to sleep in the middle of a scene and get away with it, either. Only I and Lionel Barrymore can do that. And, tell me this, does he have a sign like mine on his cart that says, "Do not touch the buggy"? Exclusive, that's me.

Of course, he's got a real stand-in, while mine's only a doll full of sawdust. But, if you ask me, there're a lot of people around this town full of sawdust.

Between scenes, they wheel me out onto a grassy plot on the lot. And do I attract the beautiful women? There's one gorgeous blonde who comes to see me every day. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, they call her. Me. I just grab right hold of my buggy and keep my equilibrium when she says, "Oo is the tootest little sing I ever saw, oo is."

Tell Chevalier he is "the tootest little sing she ever saw," and that Frenchman would be running around in circles. Calm, that's me!

Besides, I have my own limousine and chauffeur that drive me home from the studio every night. And come for me every morning. Am I a star, or am I *the* star?

My director calls me, "Howda." "King Howda." Cute name, eh? I like it better than Jackie Cooper or Bobbie Coogan. "King Howda," now really has class.

There's one man in my picture called Edward Everett Horton, who simply tickles

me to death. Now mind, I like him very much, but there's something about him that just throws me into fits. I think it's his face. I just can't look at that face without gurgling myself into spasms. Why every time I'm ready to make a serious or dramatic scene, I have to be sure Edward Everett is locked in the closet, or under a bed somewhere, before I can go on.

There was that bath sequence, where I'm in the tub and Maurice skids on a piece of soap, and, suddenly, he's in the tub also. You can't even take a bath in private in the movies, it seems.

Well, I was doing my scene just fine when, suddenly, Maurice and I looked up and there stood Edward Everett, with that face and a doily on his head for a cap and we both nearly drowned.

Shocks like that are bad.

Yes, movie acting has its hardships. There are interviews to give, and you should hear me lay it on during interviews; and publicity pictures to pose for, and all sorts of nonsense.

FOR instance, someone got the bright idea, I should have a mental test. Imagine, a movie star surviving a mental test. Anyway, they brought out a professor of psychology from the University of California and everyone gathered around to watch.

Just after we began, I made a sudden leap in the air. "Why, his manipulatory development is perfect," the professor said.

Well, I thought, if you had a safety pin sticking in you, your manipulatory development would be even hotter.

Yes, we actors certainly do lead a life. What we go through for the sake of art is a crime. And when this picture is over, and I can get this Chevalier off my hands, I plan to go away for a long time. Out in the open spaces where I can get away from it all.

Alone, and at peace with my toe in my mouth and my bottle by my side.



Lustrous Color for STREAKED HAIR

HAVE ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. No matter how streaked—how faded or gray your hair is, you can easily bring color to every strand. A rich sheen and lustre like nature's own. Your hair will stay soft and fluffy. Wave and curl as easily as before. The color will not rub off on hat linings, linens or clothing. Nor will shampooing affect it in the least. You simply comb a clear, water-white liquid through the hair. The gray goes. The color wanted comes to your hair, whether black, brown, auburn or blonde. A new scientific improvement enables you to control the color to just the shade desired.

At Drug and Department Stores

Your druggist or department store can supply you with the full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee. Ask for Mary T. Goldman's. Does not contain aniline. No "skin test" required. Leading medical authorities pronounce it harmless to hair and scalp.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
COLOR FOR GRAY HAIR
Over Ten Million Bottles Sold



FREE TEST

Test it free first. No risk. No expense. We send Complete Test Package. Snip off small lock of hair. Test on this and see results. Mail the coupon.

FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2421 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ LIGHT BROWN

☐ MEDIUM BROWN

☐ DARK BROWN

☐ BLACK

☐ LIGHT RED

☐ DARK RED

☐ BLONDE

Who's Zoo In Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

Yes, it's a bitter fate for a hard he-man to face. But many a hard he-man is facing it in Hollywood today.

A slightly inebriated actor, long out of work, returned home in the early morning hours. His wife waited for him to come upstairs. One hour passed. Two hours passed. Becoming alarmed, she crept to the stairway and beheld her husband behind the open front door, with a club in one hand and waving a pork chop in the other.

"Shush," he called to her, "go back to bed. I'm waiting for 'the wolf at the door' to stick his head in. I'll stun him with this club and we can put him in the movies. We'll be rich, honey, we'll be rich."

Queenie, the chimpanzee, was the star of "Kongo." After the first day's rushes, there was no question about it. Queenie was it. Between scenes, she sat in her little rocking chair and rocked. Handing out a polite raspberry to one and all who passed. Except Lupe Velez. Where Lupe went, Queenie went.

QUEENIE sat off in her rocking chair and watched Lupe at her make-up box, patting on the powder, using the lipstick and mascara. Quietly she sat and took it in.

A moment later, Lupe was called into the scene. Every eye was on the action. Then came time for Queenie to join the scene. The cue was given, in steps Queenie, and two cameramen took to the rafters, the director fell in a swoon, six electricians ran screaming from the place, while Lupe rolled on the floor in hysterics.

For there was Queenie. A ghastly, hideous sight, with face powder from head to foot, lip

rouge on the end of her tail and mascara dripping from her whiskers.

It took two days to scrape the make-up off. Every morning Lupe and Queenie played hide-and-seek. Queenie would hide and Lupe would hunt. Then Lupe would hide and Queenie would hunt.

THEN came the morning Lupe didn't have to work. Queenie and Walter Huston had a heavy scene to do alone that day. But, at ten thirty, Lupe's phone rang. "Lupe," the director said, "could you come over? Queenie won't act and I'm nearly crazy." "What's the matter with Queenie?" Lupe asked. "She wants to play 'I Spy,'" the director groaned. "I've hid, the electricians hid, the cameraman has hid and it's done no good. She wants you."

"No, no," Lupe said, "I must have rest today. Queenie will be all right."

At two o'clock, the phone rang again. It was the voice of a famous and dignified executive. "Lupe, listen," he said, his voice quivering, "would you do this just for me? Couldn't you come over and play 'Hide-and-go-seek' for just a little while with Queenie? Look, Lupe, every one on this lot has been trying to play it. For two hours, Lupe, where have I been? In the rafters, trying to get Queenie to hunt me. And she don't even know I'm gone yet. If you could only just play it, Lupe, we could get this scene today."

"All right, I'll come," Lupe said. Twenty minutes later, Lupe burst onto a disheartened sound stage. Every one sat about in deep, dismal gloom. With a whoop, Queenie was at her. And for ten minutes, an amazed crew watched an exciting game of 'I Spy' with



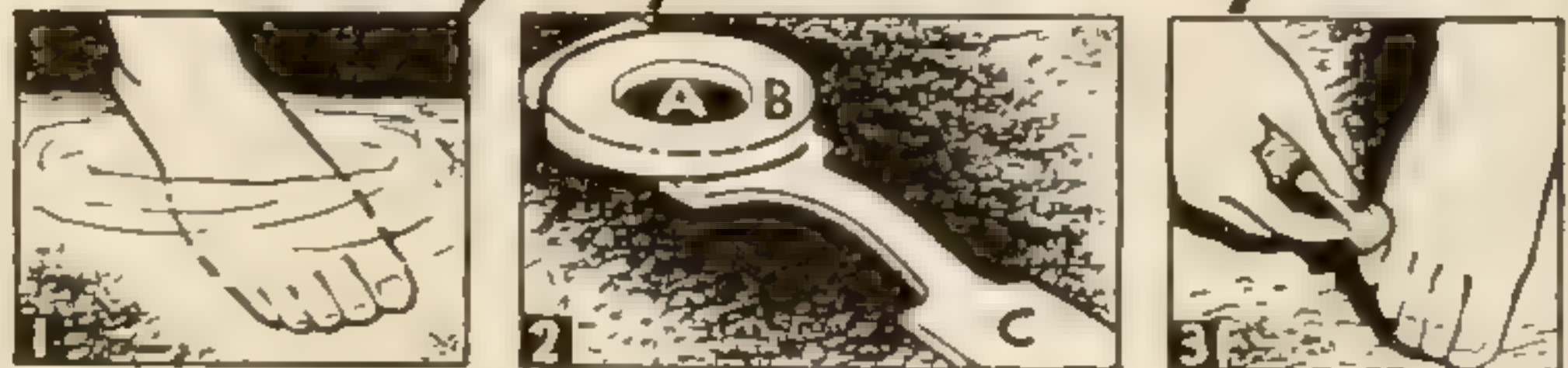
THE RITZ TOWER IS NEW YORK

Situated at the crossroads of fashion and luxury... rendezvous of the socially elect... yet never presuming on its popularity to charge an exorbitant tariff... The RITZ TOWER offers you everything that makes life in New York supremely worth while.

Temporary or Permanent Arrangements

The Ritz Tower
PARK AVE • at 57th St • NEW YORK

CORNS? STOP PAIN! Remove corns this safe, gentle way



1. Soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, wipe dry. 2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn. *How it works:* A is the mild medication that gently undermines corn. B is felt pad that relieves pressure, stops pain at once. C holds pad in place, prevents slipping. 3. After 3 days, remove plaster, soak foot, lift out corn. Used by millions. 25c at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY BAUER & BLACK'S
CORN REMOVER

GIRLS! Win a Ranger Bike in Cycle Costume Contest



and enjoy the fashionable recreation now sweeping the country. Hollywood started it—now movie stars, coeds, and smart girls of all ages are riding bicycles for slenderness, economy and fun. Send for catalogue of latest bike styles; new modish riding ensembles. Then send us your ideas—you may win a Ranger. But write first—today!

30 DAYS' TRIAL on all Mead bicycles. Buy direct for less. Return at our expense if not satisfied. The Ranger is still America's finest bicycle. Mail postcard for full details—we'll do the rest!

Mead CYCLE COMPANY
Dept. A-38 Chicago

\$ CASH FOR HIDDEN TREASURE \$

We pay high prices for old gold, silver, platinum, broken or discarded jewelry, watches, rings, chains, bracelets, gold teeth, eyeglasses, etc. Cash by return mail. Goods returned immediately if not satisfied. Mail at once to Martin Refining Co., 12th Floor, Pittsfield Bldg., Chicago

screeches, squeals, hand-clapping and yells from Queenie and Lupe.

The game over Queenie steps into the scene and gives a performance that slays 'em.

Believe it or not, it has reached the place that, unless you actually resemble a snarling lion, can bark like a frost-bitten seal or slink like a panther, you have no more chance in the movies than a rabbit. Rabbit nothing. You'd probably end up by becoming stand-in for the rabbit.

APE-MEN contests are waged. Lion-men contests are waged. Panther-women contests are waged. Many a man has run screaming from his house when wife came in with the breakfast toast, slinking with what she imagined was a pantherish slink.

They found "Tarzan, the Ape Man" in Johnny Weissmuller. At tremendous expense, they hired monkeys and chimpanzees. They took off Johnny's clothes, made up his face, gave him a yell, and the fun was on. The monkeys licked the make-up off his face, as fast as he could put it on, and the first time Johnny let out his ear-splitting scream, the chimps took to the tall trees and for days could neither be begged nor coaxed down.

In Buster Crabbe, they found their "Lion Man." "Now, there's nothing to it," they kept telling the slightly nervous Buster. "Nothing at all. These lions are absolutely harmless. Now, just to have you get used to lions, we'll have you pose with Nemo. Everyone knows good old Nemo. Harmless as a kitten."

So, finally persuaded all was indeed well, Buster removes his breeches, dons a loin cloth and enters the cage with Nemo—whereupon good, old, harmless Nemo flew at him and nearly bit the leg off the "Lion Man."

In Kathleen Burke, they found their "Panther Woman" for "The Island of Lost Souls." They did cattish things to her eyebrows, taught her to slink, and look felinish at the drop of the hat.

Then, when they were all ready, she suddenly remembered there was just one thing she'd forgotten to mention. She just loathed cats of any size and any shape. And if they didn't mind, she'd just use sheep dogs in the jungle scenes. And that one sent a producer to a rest cure for six months.

For "King of the Jungle" one scene called for all the animals, male and female, lions, leopards and tigers to be let loose together. "It can't be done," Mr. Al Barnes said, who owned the animals. "It never has been done. The females will kill the males, the tigers will destroy the leopards, and it will be a horrible sight. To say nothing of the expense incurred by the loss."

NEVERTHELESS, they determined to try it. Dozens of armed guards were placed about the huge, open arena, watching and ready for the horrible slaughter. Friends who had been told of the event, slipped out to the place stealthily. Keepers spoke in whispers. It was a dreaded and fearful event. At last, everything was ready. Now. The signal. Out sprang a male lion, a tiger, a female lion, a male tiger, a leopard, a panther, more lions, more tigers, more leopards.

The silence was thick. A female lion slunk over to a ferocious male. There was a moment of suspense. Suddenly, she lifted a paw. Tap. Ever so gently she tapped his ear. Surprised, he turned and looked at her. Again she lifted her paw. Tap. Nothing happened.

Tap. But the male lion, utterly bored, uttered a long, loud raspberry and strolled off. Two other lions were rolling about like kittens. A tiger yawned openly and sprawled out for a nap. A panther sat, blinking at a leopard.

Who blinked back. And a half hour later, the armed guards awoke the beasts, who had fallen asleep by this time, and returned them to their cages. Heigh ho.

Over on "The Big Cage" set at Universal, a weary looking assistant director strolled by.

"What's the matter, Jack?" a friend asked. "You don't seem well."

"I'm all right," he replied, "but I'm tired. I don't sleep well. You see, since we switched from actors to animals in Hollywood, my wife won't let me in the house. I smell up the curtains. So she takes the dog in the house at night, and I sleep in the dog house."

A well-known actor suddenly found himself out. His option hadn't been taken up. "Haven't I been making money for you?" he demanded of the producer.

"Yes, you have, my boy. But, you see, we wanted to renew the option on the turtle and we just couldn't afford you both. You know how it is, old fellow."

In a scene for "King of the Jungle," a fire was to break out in a circus, causing a fearful pandemonium among the men and beasts. "Watch out," they warned, "the fire will drive the lions to a mad frenzy."

All was ready. Torches were applied. Flames shot out. People ran screaming for their lives, the lions sprang from their open cages, reached the fire and calmly and deliberately sat down on it.

WHEN the flames grew too warmish, they merely moved over to another spot. Not quite so hot. It took three Los Angeles fire companies to get the lions off the fire. But, for two weeks after, they could only shoot the fronts of the lions. The rears were singed beyond photographing.

Vince Barnett was playing a part with the tigers. "Vince," a friend said one day, "Why do you wear that peculiar striped sweater?"

Vince called him aside. "If you really want to know," he said, "I'm yessing the tigers."

A certain scene in "The Big Cage" calls for a tiger to leap over the arena and land in a smaller cage. Everything was ready. Cameras set, lights placed and the tiger properly prodded. Enraged, he leaped, but instead of landing in the cage, he lit squarely on the calliope. The jar set it going. It blasted out, "Over the Fence Is Out—Pop." The tiger flew twenty feet in the air and landed squarely back on the calliope that let out another "Over the Fence Is Out—Pop" and again the tiger leaped until, well, it was a riot.

But the prize of all the animal stars goes to Blue Boy, the prize hog of "State Fair." A nine hundred pound boar hog, for weeks, Blue Boy was the star attraction of the Fox lot. A group of visitors from the East were being shown about the lot. "Now, who would you like to see?" they were asked. "Sally Eilers or Jimmie Dunn?" "Oh," one lady gurgled, "if you don't mind, I'd rather see Blue Boy. I hear he has such soulful eyes."

Reporters were wild about him. Hanging about his pen for hours. While divorces and scandals passed by unnoticed.

"Listen," a famous star stormed in the publicity office, "what's the matter with you? I haven't had any publicity for six weeks."

"What," shrieked the publicity man, "you come up here demanding publicity when we've got a nine hundred pound hog on the lot? Who do you think you are?"

A DIETITIAN was hired who carefully looked after Blue Boy's diet. A beautician was actually hired to prepare his lovely face and form for the camera. And when the picture was over, they decided a college education was all Blue Boy needed to set the world on fire. So he was enrolled at the California Polytechnic Institute at San Luis Obispo.

Several days ago, a young director jauntily entered the Brown Derby, bowing to friends from right to left.

Suddenly, as he raised his sandwich to his lips, a horrible look came into his eyes. His face grew wan and pale.

Nick, the waiter, rushed over. "What's the matter, sir?" he demanded.

"Nick, look, I can't eat that sandwich. You hear me. I can't eat it. How do I know it might not contain my favorite movie star?"

And, weeping and wailing, they led him out.

Ask The Answer Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

JUDY LENERT, NEW YORK CITY.—You are right, Judy, you have seen Kenneth Thomson some place before. He has been in pictures since 1926. During the past year he has appeared in "Up for Murder," "Bad Company," "Murder at Midnight," "The Famous Ferguson Case," and "By Whose Hand?" His latest is "Lawyer Man." Ken is a native of Pittsburgh, Penna. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, and has jet black hair and brown eyes. Had considerable stage experience before he appeared in silent pictures back in 1926.

BETTY D. CONOLLY, POWELL RIVER, B. C., CAN.—I ought to pick up my rusty old—I mean my trusty old typewriter and—well, that Spanish accent you have accused John Mack Brown of having, isn't so Spanish after all. It's Southern, Johnny being a native of Alabama. He was born in Dothan, Ala., just 28 years ago. Is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 and has black hair and brown eyes. He is married and has one small daughter.



Three guesses. What . . . you don't recognize the screen's great dandy? The boy who inspired that quotation: "Clothes make the man"? Well, unfurrow the brow. It's Harpo the Marx, aged eleven. Probably contemplating the advisability of chasing a doughty dowager down Fifth Avenue



Have You A BOY FRIEND WHO NEEDS A JOB?

YOUNG woman, you can help him get one! Strange as it may seem in these times, there is a group of 500 manufacturers seeking bright young men—and women, too.

They can work right in their own home towns, and are offered an amazing variety of quick-selling novelties and high grade merchandise which every home must have.

Go right out today and invest ten cents in a copy of OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE. It's on all newsstands. Give it to him and say, "Boy, there's your chance. Don't say I never gave you a start in life. Some day you may come to me and thank me for starting you in a real business career."

Even if he has never sold anything—if he has the gumption and any personality at all, he can make a success of direct selling.

OPPORTUNITY tells him how to do it. The positions are there. It's up to him.

Obey your impulse and do it today. You will probably be doing him a great favor at a time when he needs it.

Special Limited Offer. Send us the names of any friends that need work and we will send them a free sample of OPPORTUNITY without obligation.

OPPORTUNITY

The Magazine That *Finds Jobs*
and *Teaches Salesmanship*

919-PH-5 N. Michigan Ave.,
CHICAGO

Would you like ..free Natural Bridge Shoes.. for 10 Years?

Natural Bridge Shoe Dealers
everywhere invite you to enter
this unusual contest



Visit your nearest
Natural Bridge
Shoe dealer . . .
see his window
"Fashion Parade,"
reproducing in en-
larged size eight
Screen Stars, wear-
ing Natural Bridge

Shoes with smart, new Spring costumes . . . and ask the dealer for a free copy of the Contest Rules and Entry Blank.

Then do this . . . identify the eight Screen Stars and submit a slogan of twelve words or less, expressing the merits of Natural Bridge Shoes as they appeal to you . . . and mail your Entry Blank to us. From the Entry Blanks that correctly name the Eight Screen Stars, competent judges will select the 1,005 best slogans and the names of the prize winners.

Name of your nearest Natural Bridge dealer gladly sent on request. If there is none nearby, Contest Entry Blank will be sent. Address Contest Department, Natural Bridge Shoemakers, Lynchburg, Va.

Contest Closes Midnight, May 7, 1933

1005 Prizes

Natural Bridge Shoes

FIRST PRIZE
4 Pairs Every Year
for 10 Years

THIRD PRIZE
4 Pairs Every Year
for 3 Years

SECOND PRIZE
4 Pairs Every Year
for 5 Years

FOURTH PRIZE
4 Pairs Each Year
for 2 Years

FIFTH PRIZE
4 Pairs of Natural
Bridge Shoes

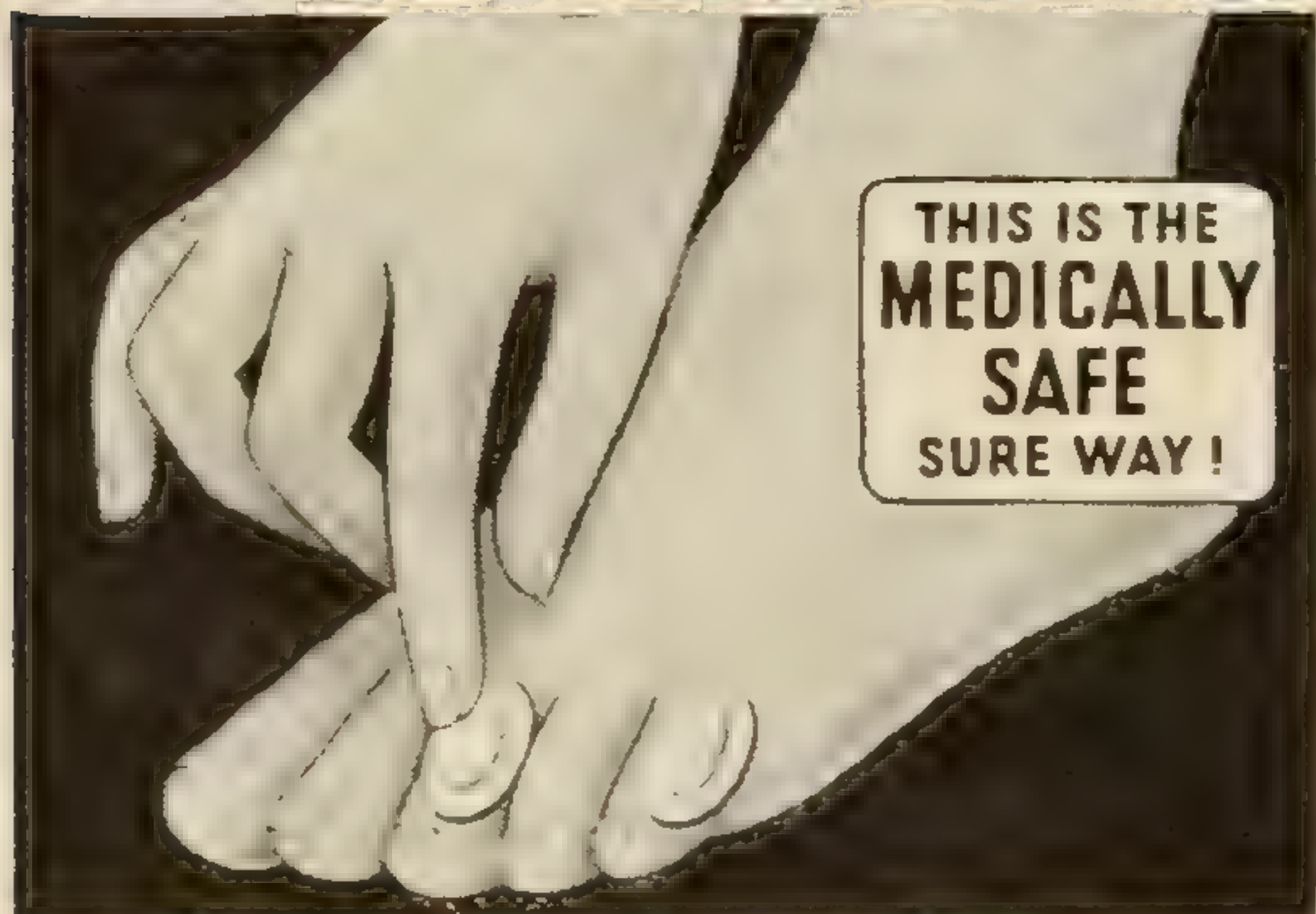
1,000 PRIZES
1 Pair of Natural
Bridge Shoes



Natural
Bridge
Shoes
COMBINATION LAST
AAAA to EEE

The CHEVY

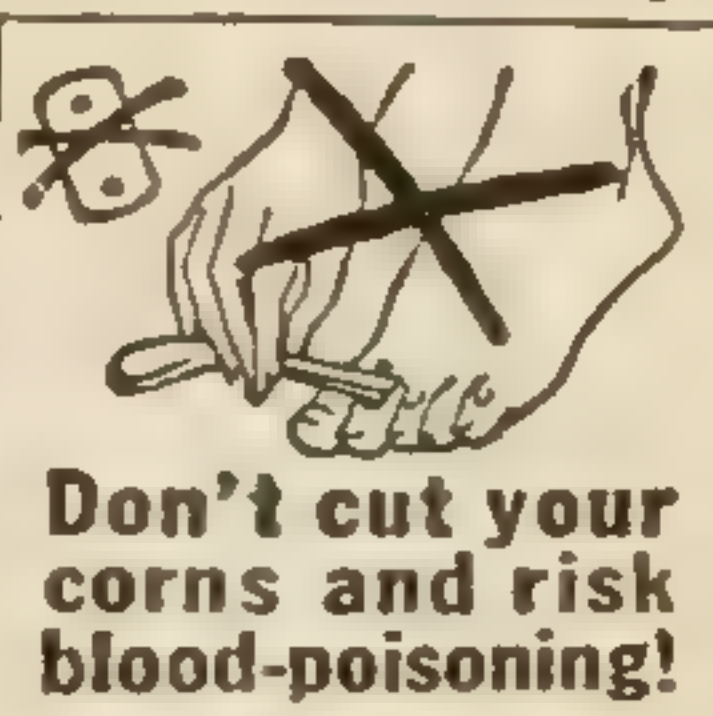
CORNS



THIS IS THE
MEDICALLY
SAFE
SURE WAY!

Stops pain in 1 MINUTE

Take no chances! Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—the one safe, sure way that ends pain instantly, quickly removes corns and keeps you rid of them. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads stop the cause; keep you rid of corns; prevent blisters, heal sore toes overnight. At all drug, dept. and shoe stores. New, improved!



Don't cut your corns and risk blood-poisoning!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

YOU • ARE • AT • HOME • IN •

THE • TOWN • HOUSE



• LOS ANGELES

SOUTHERN • CALIFORNIA'S • SMART • HOTEL •

The friendly Town House in Los Angeles.....something mellow about it new though it is....as if generations of gentlefolk had lived and been greeted here. You are no longer a traveler at The Town House. You are at home in Southern California's smart hotel.

The
TOWN HOUSE
LOS ANGELES

GRAY HAIR

RESTORED TO NATURAL COLOR. NOT A DYE.

Dr. Haji's Method (Keeps Men and Women young) guarantees to restore your hair to natural color. **Special Offer.** Send \$1 for \$1.50 size bottle. Mention shade of hair. Write for FREE booklet. Haji Laboratory, Dept. B., St. Paul, Minn.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES FOR PHOTOPLAY

will be found on page 100.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

CURIOUSLY, the one noticeable reflection of the war in this issue was a smashing appeal to buy "smileage books"—coupon admissions to camp movie theaters. PHOTOPLAY, like everyone else, had passed the "talk" stage, and was buckling into the real business of winning the war.

Likewise, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., had just scooped in \$40,000 from San Franciscans for camp activities with a rodeo. Among the interested spectators were the first Mrs. Fairbanks and a chubby boy, Doug Jr. Mary had "adopted" a regiment of field artillery at Camp Kearney, and we showed pictures of the loving cup the regiment presented to her.

Among favored players of the day, we contrasted Beverly Bayne's "baby stare" with Theda Bara, asking of the latter, "Does She Believe Her Own Press Agent?" Elliott Dexter, who seems to have been the current Clark Gable, broke down and confessed in our pages



Beverly Bayne

about feminine stars he had "loved," while we hinted at the impending passing of another great favorite, Clara Kimball Young. After growing big in the business, it seems she was doing likewise in the figure. Charlie Chaplin had just spent some half-million dollars building a studio of his own, to suit his tastes.

Young players were not so much on the up-and-up in those war-starved days. We did have room, however, for pats on the back to Jack Holt in "Loaded Dice" and Lionel Atwill's attempt, in "Eve's Daughter," to do wrong by Billie Burke. Fortunately, noble Tom Meighan intervened.

Admirers of Johnny Weissmuller may be interested to know that *Tarzan*, done by Elmo Lincoln, was described at some length in this issue. Ethel Barrymore also had provided a thrill for her admirers with a rendition of "Camille." Gail Kane on cover.

10 Years Ago

IN our opinion, the big news of May, 1923, was the release of "The Covered Wagon" — the same film later voted by PHOTOPLAY readers the best of the year. So enthusiastic were we that the opening page of the issue urged everyone to see it.

This film, of course, was credited largely to Jimmy Cruze's direction. Of those in the cast, headed by J. Warren Kerrigan, the names still seen in current productions are two—Lois Wilson and Ernest Torrence. Of those featured in the other five best for the month, Ramon Novarro and Marion Davies are active, while Huntly Gordon has a part in Mary Pickford's current "Secrets." Of the others, Walter Hiers later died at the height of his fame, and the rest are just missing.

Mary and Doug were married by now, and we showed them attending a motion picture circus in Los Angeles—an event featured by a



Lois Wilson

race between Jack Pickford, Douglas MacLean and Reginald Denny, mounted respectively on an ostrich, a donkey and a camel. Ruth Clifford was quite a current rage, and Ruth Roland, of serial fame, was busily tucking her money into Los Angeles real estate.

Family news told of Barbara La Marr (we called her "orchid-aRious") adopting a baby.

Viola Dana, current flapper, though a widow, was popularizing her phrase, "Be Yourself"; while among newer players, Mae Busch had reached stardom in "The Christian." Norma Shearer was pictured *a la* circus equestrienne, and we said of her, "attractive enough to win a place for herself." An interesting item in the "History of the Movies" then running, related that July 14, 1908, all a-tremble, D. W. Griffith sneaked into a New York movie house to see how his first effort at producing went over. The cover—Lois Wilson.

5 Years Ago

MAY, 1928—a relatively peaceful month in cinema circles, as peace goes. That stormy petrel of the films, Pola Negri, was ending an \$8,000 a week contract, and was said to be hesitating between three offers at her new figure—\$10,000 a week. (That *does* sound like five years ago!) As big news as any was the fact that Charlie Farrell was stepping about with Virginia Valli.

Mute and sorrowful testimony to the rapid tempo of change in Hollywood: The boy, whose adoption by Barbara La Marr was chronicled five years before, now has been taken by ZaSu Pitts—because of his adopted mother's death. Hollywood likewise was agog over the business of finding a successor to Jackie Coogan, the rage of five years before. We submitted pictures and the question whether one Master Freddie Frederick might not be the heir to the vacated Coogan throne.



Barbara La Marr

We had quite a splash upon another engaging new personality—director Eric Von Stroheim, called by us "Hollywood's one real genius." Another genius—Greta Garbo—in her autobiography told how, as part of her progress in Sweden, she procured the lead of a film which made a hit in Berlin. This, it seems, was enough for Hollywood—for Louis B. Mayer annexed her on a contract, and the end of the installment told of her quiet arrival in New York.

Kathryn Carver rated two pages of pictures, because for her honeymoon in Paris with Adolphe Menjou, she had chosen to "buy Hollywood" as to trousseau.

Among newer players we fancied Anita Page. We also related how Jean Hersholt's work in "Abie's Irish Rose" had won him the accolade of stardom in Griffith's "The Battle of the Sexes." The cover picture—ah, a novelty! Greta Garbo.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne
Adrienne Ames
Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
Mary Boland
Clive Brook
Kathleen Burke
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Buster Crabbe
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Patricia Farley
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Shirley Grey
Verna Hillie
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns

Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
Irving Pichel
George Raft
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Kate Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Charles Starrett
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck
Elizabeth Young

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Nils Asther
Ethel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Mary Carlisle
Virginia Cherrill
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Claire DuBrey
Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt

Phillips Holmes
Benita Hume
Walter Huston
Muriel Kirkland
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Colleen Moore
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
David Newell
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lee Tracy
Ernest Truex
Johnny Weissmuller
Ed Wynn
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel
Frank Atkinson
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Marion Burns
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
Bert Hanlon
Lilian Harvey
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Alexander Kirkland
Howard Lally

Elissa Landi
Alan Livingston
Boots Mallory
Philip Merivale
Jose Mojica
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Una O'Connor
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Charles (Buddy) Rogers
Raul Roulien
Genevieve Tobin
Merle Tottenham
Spencer Tracy
June Vladek
Irene Ware
Harry Woods

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
Vince Barnett
Tala Birell
Tom Brown
Andy Devine

Karloff
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
Loretta Andrews
George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Maxine Cantway
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Bette Davis
Mary Mason
Gregory Ratoff
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Glenda Farrell
Preston Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Eleanor Holm
Ann Hovey
Harold Huber

Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Margaret Lindsay
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Jayne Shaddock
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Loretta Young

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Cawthorn
Chic Chandler
Creighton Chaney
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Wera Engels
Betty Furness
William Gargan
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn

Arline Judge
Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Eric Linden
Anita Louise
Joel McCrea
Mary Mason
Gregory Ratoff
Sandra Shaw
John Warburton
Bert Wheeler
Dorothy Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks

Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Jack Holt
Tim McCoy

Adolphe Menjou
Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Stan Laurel

Dorothy Layton
Our Gang
ZaSu Pitts
Thelma Todd

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.



Most women are finding that the newer, more elaborate hair styles require not one but several kinds of hair pins. Sta-Rite gives you a style to meet every hair-dressing need. Remember, too, "Sta-Rites won't fall out."

NEW DELUXE BOB PINS

Flat on the inside, round on the outside, they are stronger, and neater than ordinary flat bobs and less visible in the hair.

REGULAR STA-RITES

Because of their exclusive design they keep the hair neatly in place for a longer time.

STA-RITE INVISIBLE BOBS

Made from small round spring steel wire, they are tight gripping and inconspicuous.

STA-RITE WAVE SET

The colorless wave set that will not flake or scale. Comes ready to use—easily applied—leaves hair soft, lovely and natural.



At stores or send 25 cents for complete dressing table assortment.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO., Shelbyville, Ill.
Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co., of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

STA-RITE
WAVE SET • HAIR PINS •

"Precious Little Aids to Beauty"

ACTUAL SIZE



10¢ for this large size
NEW superior "X" Cream Deodorant.
It's smoother, daintier and safer.
Sold at the better Five and Ten cent stores
REMOVES ALL BODY ODORS

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.



What makes men fall in love with Blondes?

TESTS show that men fall in love with blondes much more easily than with brunettes. However, when blonde hair fades or becomes dull and lifeless a blonde becomes less attractive. By using BLONDEX, amazing special shampoo, the original golden, sparkling radiance of youth is restored and faded blonde hair becomes a shimmering cascade of golden loveliness. No dye, no harmful chemicals—marvelously beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try BLONDEX today! See for yourself the wonderful new beauty it will give your hair! It costs so little—only a few cents a shampoo. Now BLONDEX comes in two sizes—the economical \$1.00 bottle and the new inexpensive 25c package. Get BLONDEX now at any drug or department store.

DON-A-CAP

PATENTED
No 300



25c IT TIES 25c

TRADE MARK
YOUR WAVE PROTECTION!

FORM-FITTING marcel cap made of net; beautiful pastel shades; medium and large sizes. If unable to get them in your store, mail us coupon and 25c for each cap desired.

COUPON

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Color..... Med. [] Large []

Name of Your Store.....


DONA MANUFACTURING CO.
San Diego, California



Attention Movie Fans

Here they are—Ivory Cast Portraits of your favorite Stars—5½ inches high, with the Stars' own approval. A real souvenir from MOVIELAND. Only \$1.00 Postage Prepaid. Select your Star now. Models in stock: Fairbanks, Jr., Harding, Beery, Colman, Garbo, Montgomery, Velez, Chevalier, Swanson, Jackie Cooper, Dressler, Novarro, Gable, Arliss, Holmes, Crawford Dix and Ayres. Send your \$1.00 today. Write for literature

PORTUETTE PERSONALITIES,
4664 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood, California



Success FOR YOU in PHOTOGRAPHY

Thousands of money-making opportunities await trained photographers everywhere. Fascinating work. FREE BOOK tells how you can quickly qualify at home, or in our studios as

☐ Motion Picture Cameraman and Projectionist
☐ Commercial, News, Portrait Photographer

State which interests you—WRITE TODAY

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
10 W. 33rd St. (Dept. 37) New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 60-65) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ALABAMA—

ODUM, BOWERS & WHITE,
BIRMINGHAM.

CONNECTICUT—

G. FOX & COMPANY, INC.,
HARTFORD.

ILLINOIS—

G. C. WILLIS, DRY GOODS,
CHAMPAIGN.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY,
CHICAGO.

LINN & SCRUGGS DRY GOODS Co.,
DECATUR.

CLARKE & COMPANY,
PEORIA.

OWENS, INCORPORATED,
ROCKFORD.

S. A. BARKER COMPANY,
SPRINGFIELD.

INDIANA—

WOLF & DESSAUER,
FORT WAYNE.

L. S. AYRES & COMPANY, INC.,
INDIANAPOLIS.

ROBERTSON BROS. DEPT. STORE, INC.,
SOUTH BEND.

IOWA—

THE KILLIAN COMPANY,
CEDAR RAPIDS.

M. L. PARKER COMPANY,
DAVENPORT.

YOUNKER BROTHERS, INC.,
DES MOINES.

MARYLAND—

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & COMPANY,
BALTIMORE.

MASSACHUSETTS—

WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,
BOSTON.

WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,
WORCESTER.

MICHIGAN—

THE ERNST KERN COMPANY,
DETROIT.

WURZBURG'S,
GRAND RAPIDS.

L. H. FIELD COMPANY,
JACKSON.

MINNESOTA—

THE DAYTON COMPANY,
MINNEAPOLIS.

THE FANDEL COMPANY,
ST. CLOUD.

MISSOURI—

SCRUGGS-VANDERVOORT-BARNEY
DRY GOODS Co.,
ST. LOUIS.

NEW JERSEY—

QUACKENBUSH COMPANY,
PATERSON.

NEW YORK—

THE MORTON COMPANY,
BINGHAMTON.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS,
BROOKLYN.

J. N. ADAM & COMPANY,
BUFFALO.

THE GORTON COMPANY,
ELMIRA.

B. FORMAN COMPANY,
ROCHESTER.

DEY BROTHERS & COMPANY,
SYRACUSE.

NORTH CAROLINA—

J. B. IVEY & COMPANY,
CHARLOTTE.

OHIO—

THE A. POLSKY COMPANY,
AKRON.

THE STERN & MANN COMPANY,
CANTON.

THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY,
CINCINNATI.

THE LINDNER COMPANY,
CLEVELAND.

THE MOREHOUSE-MARTENS Co.,
COLUMBUS.

THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY,
DAYTON.

THE LASALLE & KOCH Co.,
TOLEDO.

THE STROUSS-HIRSHBERG Co.,
YOUNGSTOWN.

PENNSYLVANIA—

GIMBEL BROTHERS,
PHILADELPHIA.

JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY,
PITTSBURGH.

PENN TRAFFIC COMPANY,
JOHNSTOWN.

TENNESSEE—

THE JOHN GERBER COMPANY,
MEMPHIS.

CASTNER-KNOTT COMPANY,
NASHVILLE.

WISCONSIN—

ED. SCHUSTER & COMPANY,
MILWAUKEE.

HENDERSON-HOYT COMPANY,
OSHKOSH.

DOMINION OF CANADA—

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,
CALGARY.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,
EDMONTON.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,
HALIFAX.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,
HAMILTON.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,
MONCTON.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,
MONTREAL.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,
SASKATOON.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,
TORONTO.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,
WINNIPEG.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BIG CAGE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Dale Van Every. Screen play by Edward Anthony and Ferdinand Reyher. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Clyde Beatty*, *Clyde Beatty*; "Scoops," *Andy Devine*; "Soupmeal," *Vince Barnett*; *Russ Penny*, *Wallace Ford*; *Jimmy*, *Mickey Rooney*; *Timothy O'Hara*, *Raymond Hatton*; *Lillian Langley*, *Anita Page*; *John Whipple*, *Reginald Barlow*; *Glenn Stoner*, *Edward Peil, Sr.*; *Henry Cameron*, *Robert McWade*; *Silas Warner*, *James Durkin*; *Bob Mills*, *Wilfred Lucas*. And 43 wild lions, lionesses, tigers and tigresses (Courtesy Hagenbach-Wallace Circus).

"BROADWAY BAD"—Fox.—From the story by William R. Lipman and A. W. Pezet. Screen play by Arthur Kober and Maude Fulton. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Tony Saunders*, *Joan Blondell*; *Craig Cutting*, *Ricardo Cortez*; *Flip Daly*, *Ginger Rogers*; *Bixby*, *Margaret Seddon*; *Joe Flynn*, *Phil Tead*; *Bob North*, *Allen Vincent*; *Slug Davis*, *Francis McDonald*; *Lew Gordon*, *Spencer Charters*; *Big Fella*, *Ronnie Cosbey*; *Aileen*, *Adrienne Ames*; *Stone*, *Victor Jory*.

"COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Homer Croy and Vernon Smith. Screen play by Albert Austin and Fred Guiol. Directed by George Stevens. The cast: *Nathan Cohen*, *George Sidney*; *Patrick Kelly*, *Charlie Murray*; *Mollie*, *Maureen O'Sullivan*; *Andy Anderson*, *Andy Devine*; *Bob Graham*, *Frank Albertson*; *Queenie*, *Jobyna Howland*; *Fern*, *Maude Fulton*; *Williams*, *Arthur Hoyt*; *Captain*, *Edward LeSaint*; *Stewardess*, *Olive Cooper*; *Pan-Handler*, *Herbert Corthell*.

"CONSTANT WOMAN, THE"—WORLD WIDE.—From the play "Recklessness" by Eugene O'Neill. Screen play by Warren Duff and F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Wall*, *Conrad Nagel*; *Lou*, *Leila Hyams*; *Marlene*, *Claire Windsor*; *Jimmie*, *Tommy Conlon*; *Beef*, *Stanley Fields*; *Leading Man*, *Robert Ellis*; *Character Man*, *Lionel Belmore*; *Bounder*, *Fred Kohler*; *Character Woman*, *Katherine Clare Ward*.

"CHRISTOPHER STRONG"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Gilbert Frankau. Screen play by Zoe Akins. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Cynthia*, *Katharine Hepburn*; *Christopher Strong*, *Colin Clive*; *Elaine*, *Billie Burke*; *Monica*, *Helen Chandler*; *Harry Rawlinson*, *Ralph Forbes*; *Carlo*, *Jack*

the LaRue; *Carrie*, *Irene Browne*; *Bradford*, *Gwendolyn Logan*; *Bryce Mercer*, *Desmond Roberts*.

"DESTINATION UNKNOWN"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Tom Buckingham. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Matt Brennan*, *Pat O'Brien*; *The Stowaway*, *Ralph Bellamy*; *Lundstrom*, *Alan Hale*; *Georgie*, *Russell Hopton*; *Johnny*, *Tom Brown*; *Ruby Smith*, *Betty Compson*; *Maxie*, *Noel Madison*; *Gal-tallo*, *Stanley Fields*; *Dr. Fram*, *Rollo Lloyd*; *Joe Shane*, *Willard Robertson*; *Turk*, *Charles Middleton*; *Alex*, *Richard Alexander*; *Ring*, *Forrester Harvey*; *Tauru*, *George Rigas*.

"ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE"—ALLIED.—From the story "The Pillory" by Brandon Fleming. Screen play by Adele Buffington and Kurt Kemplar. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Corrinne Ross*, *Marian Marsh*; *Wayne Winters*, *Theodore Von Eltz*; *Max Steger*, *Alan Hale*; *Tessie Florin*, *Marie Prevost*; *Nina*, *Gloria Shea*; *Charley Moore*, *Arthur Hoyt*; *John Ross*, *William V. Mong*; *Steve*, *Lee Moran*; *Mabel*, *Ethel Wales*; *Jerry Trent*, *Lyman Williams*; *Rose*, *Mara Madison*; *Henry*, *Tom Rick-etts*; *Mrs. Trent*, *Ruth Cherington*.

"FAST WORKERS"—M-G-M.—From the play "Rivets" by John W. McDermott. Continuity by Karl Brown and Ralph Wheelwright. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Gunner Smith*, *John Gil-ber*; *Bucker Reilly*, *Robert Armstrong*; *Mary*, *Mae Clarke*; *Millie*, *Muriel Kirkland*; *Spike*, *Vince Bar-nett*; *Virginia*, *Virginia Cherrill*; *Nurse*, *Muriel Evans*; *Pinky Magoo*, *Sterling Holloway*; *Scudder*, *Guy Usher*; *Feels Wilson*, *Warner Richmond*; *Ala-bam*, *Robert Burns*.

"FRIEDERIKE"—PASCAL PROD.—From the story by Fritz Friedmann-Frederich. Directed by Fritz Friedmann-Frederich. The cast: *Friederike*, *Mady Christians*; *Goethe*, *Hanz Heinz Bollmann*; *Brion*, *Paul Hoerbiger*; *Duke of Weimar*, *Veit Harlan*; *Major Knebel*, *Eduard von Winterstein*; *Councillor Goethe*, *Ferdinand Bonn*; *His wife*, *Erika Wagner*; *Magda-lena*, *Ida Wuest*; *Salomea*, *Else Elster*; *Wagner*, *Otto Wallburg*; *Lenz*, *Karl Meixner*; *Madame Schoell*, *Adele Sandrock*; *Hortense*, *her daughter*, *Else von Hartmann*; *Madame Hahn*, *Maria Fein*.

"GHOST TRAIN, THE"—GAINSBOROUGH.—From the play by Arnold Ridley. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Teddie Deakin*, *Jack Hulbert*; *Miss*

**We Want
YOU**

TO TRY THE
PERFOLASTIC
GIRDLE
FOR 10 DAYS
AT OUR EXPENSE

... if
YOU DO NOT
REDUCE
WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN
10 DAYS
... it won't cost
you one penny!

*"I have
REDUCED
MY HIPS
9 INCHES"*

...writes Miss Jean Healy.

*"IT MASSES like
magic"...* writes Miss Kay
Carroll. "The fat seems to
have melted away" ...
writes Mrs. McSorley.

• So many of our cus-
tomers are delighted with
the wonderful results ob-
tained with this Perfor-
ated Rubber Reducing
Girdle that we want you
to try it for 10 days at
our expense—

**REDUCE YOUR
WAIST AND HIPS 3
INCHES IN 10 DAYS
OR IT WILL COST
YOU NOTHING—**

• Worn next to the body
with perfect safety, the
tiny perforations permit
the skin to breathe as its
gentle massage-like ac-
tion reduces flabby, dis-
figuring fat with every
movement!



SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 915, 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Without obligation send FREE Booklet, sample of
rubber and details of 10-Day FREE Trial Offer!

Name.....

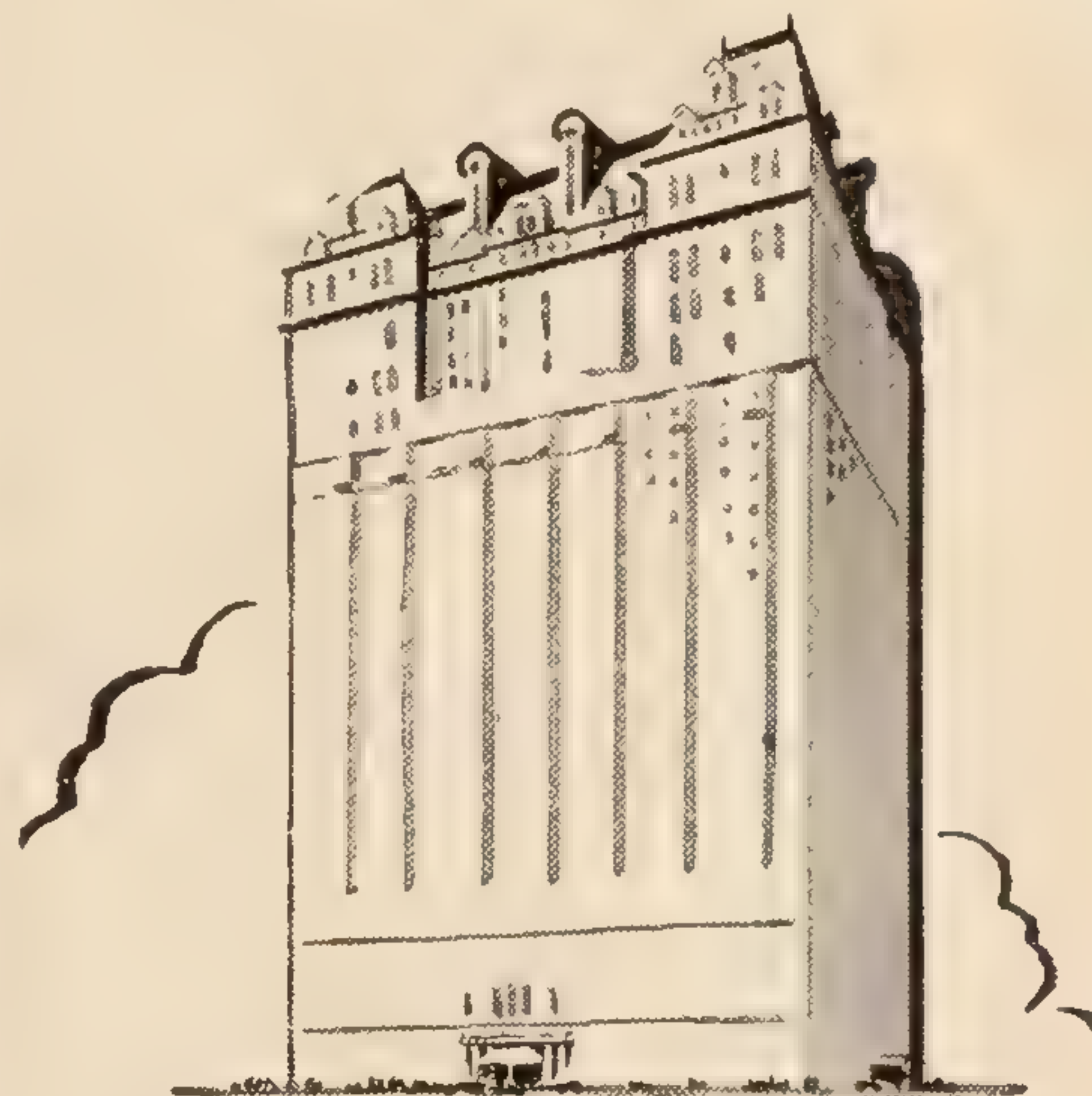
Address.....

Use Coupon or Send Penny Post-card



Ah, William Haines, up to your old tricks again! We thought everything was off between you and Polly, but here you both come up smiling as in the days of yore. Well, Miss Moran, you make a very charming couple. Nothing to it? Never was? You both say. Anyway, we hope you both enjoyed the Hollywood premiere of Lil Tashman's "Grounds for Divorce"

IN PHILADELPHIA



One finds at the Bellevue-Stratford, a combination much sought for by travellers;—a modern hotel, world-famous for its distinguished hospitality— that is located in the center of the club, bank, theatre and retail district and close to all important transportation lines. Rates consistent with present times.

**BELLEVUE
STRATFORD**

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, Gen. Mgr.

SUBSCRIBE FOR PHOTOPLAY

See Page 100 for Handy
Subscription Blank and Rates

PHOTOGRAPHS

of your
FAVORITE STARS



SIZE 6 1/4" x 9 1/4" OVER ALL

Mounted in Attractive Bookfold Cover

FOR ONLY **15^c** EACH
POSTPAID

(Foreign & Canada 25c each)

Your Choice of 80 Stars

These photographs are nicely finished and ideally suited for desk or table—home or office. The bookfold mounting is made of durable cover stock to withstand ordinary wear.

(CHECK THE PHOTOS DESIRED)

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> GRETA GARBO | <input type="checkbox"/> MARIE DRESSLER | <input type="checkbox"/> CONSTANCE CUMMINGS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MARLENE DIETRICH | <input type="checkbox"/> MADGE EVANS | <input type="checkbox"/> BARBARA STANWYCK |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TALLULAH BANKHEAD | <input type="checkbox"/> HELEN HAYES | <input type="checkbox"/> SIDNEY FOX |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JEAN HARLOW | <input type="checkbox"/> DOROTHY JORDAN | <input type="checkbox"/> RUTH CHATTERTON |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JOAN CRAWFORD | <input type="checkbox"/> ANITA PAGE | <input type="checkbox"/> BEBE DANIELS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NORMA SHEARER | <input type="checkbox"/> JOAN BENNETT | <input type="checkbox"/> BETTE DAVIS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JANET GAYNOR | <input type="checkbox"/> CONSTANCE BENNETT | <input type="checkbox"/> KAY FRANCIS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MIRIAM HOPKINS | <input type="checkbox"/> SALLY EILERS | <input type="checkbox"/> ALICE WHITE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CLARA BOW | <input type="checkbox"/> ELISSA LANDI | <input type="checkbox"/> LORETTA YOUNG |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NANCY CARROLL | <input type="checkbox"/> IRENE DUNNE | <input type="checkbox"/> MARY BRIAN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CLAUDETTE COLBERT | <input type="checkbox"/> ANN HARDING | <input type="checkbox"/> LUPE VELEZ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JEANETTE MacDonald | <input type="checkbox"/> KATHARINE HEPBURN | <input type="checkbox"/> KAREN MORLEY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SYLVIA SIDNEY | <input type="checkbox"/> HELEN TWELVETREES | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FRANCES DEE | <input type="checkbox"/> GLORIA SWANSON | |
-
- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHARLES FARRELL | <input type="checkbox"/> RAMON NOVARRO | <input type="checkbox"/> DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> GARY COOPER | <input type="checkbox"/> JOHNNY WEISSMULLER | <input type="checkbox"/> WILLIAM POWELL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CLARK GABLE | <input type="checkbox"/> WARNER BAXTER | <input type="checkbox"/> EDWARD G. ROBINSON |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAURICE CHEVALIER | <input type="checkbox"/> JOHN BOLES | <input type="checkbox"/> WARREN WILLIAM |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CLIVE BROOK | <input type="checkbox"/> JAMES DUNN | <input type="checkbox"/> GENE RAYMOND |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FREDRIC MARCH | <input type="checkbox"/> RICHARD DIX | <input type="checkbox"/> JOEL McCREA |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HERBERT MARSHALL | <input type="checkbox"/> LESLIE HOWARD | <input type="checkbox"/> LEE TRACY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> GEORGE RAFT | <input type="checkbox"/> RONALD COLMAN | <input type="checkbox"/> CHESTER MORRIS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHARLIE RUGGLES | <input type="checkbox"/> LEW AYRES | <input type="checkbox"/> LON CHANEY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> WALLACE BEERY | <input type="checkbox"/> TOM MIX | <input type="checkbox"/> WALLACE REID |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JACKIE COOPER | <input type="checkbox"/> RICHARD BARTHELMESS | <input type="checkbox"/> BING CROSBY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JIMMY DURANTE | <input type="checkbox"/> GEORGE BRENT | <input type="checkbox"/> RUDOLPH VALENTINO |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JOHN GILBERT | <input type="checkbox"/> JOE E. BROWN | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ROBERT MONTGOMERY | <input type="checkbox"/> JAMES CAGNEY | |

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

I am enclosing —c. Please send mounted photos checked above.

Name

Address

City State

5-33

Bourne, Cecily Courtneidge; Peggy Murdock, Ann Todd; Richard Winthrop, Cyril Raymond; Saul Hodgkin, Donald Calthrop; Doctor Sterling, Allan Jeayes; Julia Price, Angela Baddeley; Herbert Price, Henry Caine; Charles Bryant, Tracy Holmes; Elsie Bryant, Carol Coombe.

"ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST" (Don't Tell Me Who You Are)—INTERWORLD PROD.—From the story by Ernest Marischka and Gustav Holm. Directed by Geza von Bolvary. The cast: Alice Lamberg, Liane Haid; Bobby Lindt, Gustav Froelich; Ottokar, Szoke Szakall; Herr Fuehring, Max Fulstorff; Fritz von Schroeder, Fritz Odemar; Alvarez Zambesi, Leonard Stekel; Carmen, Vera Spohr; Kathe, Betty Bird.

"INFERNAL MACHINE"—Fox.—From the story by Carl Sloboda. Adapted by Arthur Kober. Directed by Marcel Varnel. The cast: Robert Morris; Elinor, Genevieve Tobin; Doreen, Victor Jory; Elinor's Aunt, Elizabeth Patterson; Spencer, James Bell; Prof. Hoffman, Edward Van Sloan; Ship's Captain, Arthur Hohl; Rupert, Robert Littlefield; Bryan, J. Carrol Naish; Klein, Mischa Auer; Hans, Leonard Carey; Lion Tamer, Stanley Blystone; Zeld, Elise Cavanna; Mme. Albina, Josephine Whittell.

"KEYHOLE, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story "Adventuress" by Alice D. G. Miller. Screen play by Robert Presnell. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: Anne Brooks, Kay Francis; Neil Davis, George Brent; Dol, Glenda Farrell; Hank Wales, Allen Jenkins; Maurice Le Brun, Monroe Owsley; Portia Brooks, Helen Ware; Schuyler Brooks, Henry Kolker; Frank O'Hara, Ferdinand Gottschalk.

"KING KONG"—RKO-RADIO.—From an idea conceived by Edgar Wallace and Merian C. Cooper. Screen play by James Creelman and Ruth Rose. Directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack. The cast: Ann Redman, Fay Wray; Denham, Robert Armstrong; Driscoll, Bruce Cabot; Englehorn, Frank Reicher; Weston, Sam Hardy; Native Chief, Noble Johnson; Second Mate, James Flavin; Witch King, Steve Clemento; Lumpy, Victor Wong.

"KING OF THE JUNGLE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Charles Thurley Stoneham. Adapted by Max Marcis. Screen play by Philip Wylie and Fred Niblo, Jr. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone.



Now we'll tell one, Charlie, even though you insist you caught this monster all by yourself, when you were a fisherman. On the briny Pacific with its sparkling waves Senor Chaplin feels like a Spanish fisherman of old and goes after his catch with the same vim and vigor—and that's not a fish story, either, as most of his angling friends will attest

The cast: *Kaspa*, Buster Crabbe; *Anna Rogers*, Frances Dee; *Ed Peters*, Douglas Dumbrille; *John C. Knolls*, Robert Adair; *Mrs. Knolls*, Florence Britton; *Kaspa* (Age 3), Ronnie Cosbey; *Joe Nolan*, Robert Barrat; *Gwana*, Sam Baker; *Kitty*, Patricia Farley; *Forbes*, Sidney Toler; *Sue*, Nydia Westman; *Corey*, Irving Pichel; *Gus*, Warner Richmond; *Government Inspector*, William J. Kelly.

"KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Ladislaus Fodor. Adapted by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Maria*, Nancy Carroll; *Dr. Paul Held*, Frank Morgan; *Dr. Walter Bernsdorf*, Paul Lukas; *Frau Bernsdorf*, Gloria Stuart; *Hilda*, Jean Dixon; *Bachelor*, Walter Pidgeon; *Schultz*, Charles Grapewin.

"LADY'S PROFESSION, A"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Nina Wilcox Putnam. Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *Beulah Bonnell*, Alison Skipworth; *Lord Reginald Withers*, Roland Young; *Cecily Withers*, Sari Maritza; *Dick Garfield*, Kent Taylor; *Tony*, Roscoe Karns; *James Garfield*, George Barbier; *Ballon*, Warren Hymers; *Keyhole McKlusky*, Billy Bletcher; *The "Colonel"*, DeWitt Jennings; *Crotchett*, Edgar Norton; *Lady McDougal*, Ethel Griffies; *Miss Snodgrass*, Claudia Craddock; *Mulroy*, James Burke; *Steward*, George Burton; *Boy on Boat*, Jackie Searl; *Cockney Steward*, John Irwin; *First Officer*, Harold Berquist; *Second Officer*, Fred Peters; *Third Officer*, Eddie Baker; *Captain*, Brady Kline; *Lieutenant*, Ben Taggart; *Albert*, Leonard Carey; *Taxi Driver*, Bob North; *The Blonde*, Ethel Sykes.

"LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Bertram Milhauser and Beulah Marie Dix. Screen play by David Boehm and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Jimmy*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Peggy*, Loretta Young; *Aunt*, Aline MacMahon; *Phylaxer*, Guy Kibbee; *Doc Woods*, Lyle Talbot; *Budgie*, Fifi Dorsay; *Reggie Newman*, Harold Huber; *Goldie*, Shirley Grey; *Magee*, George Meeker; *George*, David Durand; *Sam*, Farina; *Freckles*, Mickey Rooney; *Mary Lou*, Dawn O'Day; *Malvin*, Arthur Hohl; *Luis Primero*, Arthur DeKuh.

"MAN WHO WON, THE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the novel "Mr. Bill the Conqueror" by Dion Titheridge. Directed by Norman Walker. The cast: *William Norman*, Henry Kendall; *Rosemary Lannick*, Heather Angel; *Diana Trenchard*, Nora Swinburne; *Dave Lannick*, Sam Livesey; *Deborah Turtle*, Louise Tinsley; *Tom Turtle*, Moore Marriott.

"MASQUERADER, THE"—GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston. Screen play by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *John Chilcote*, Ronald Colman; *John Loder*, Ronald Colman; *Eve Chilcote*, Elissa Landi; *Lady Joyce*, Juliette Compton; *Brock*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Fraser*, David Torrence; *Lakely*, Creighton Hale; *Robbins*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Alston*, Eric Wilton; *Speaker of the House*, Montague Shaw.

"MIND READER, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Vivian Cosby. Screen play by Wilson Mizner and Robert Lord. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Chandra*, Warren William; *Sylvia*, Constance Cummings; *Frank*, Allen Jenkins; *Swami*, Robert Greig; *Sam*, Clarence Muse; *Jack Taylor*, Donald Dillaway; *Aunt*, Clara Blandick; *Don*, Earle Foxe; *Mrs. Austin*, Natalie Moorhead; *Senny*, Mayo Methot.

"MURDERS IN THE ZOO"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Philip Wylie and Seton I. Miller. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Peter Yates*, Charlie Ruggles; *Eric Gorman*, Lionel Atwill; *Jerry Evans*, Gail Patrick; *Dr. Woodford*, Randolph Scott; *Roger Hewitt*, John Lodge; *Evelyn Gorman*, Kathleen Burke; *Professor Evans*, Harry Beresford; *Dan*, Edward McWade.

"OLIVER TWIST"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Charles Dickens. Continuity by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by William Cowen. The cast: *Oliver Twist*, Dickie Moore; *Fagin*, Irving Pichel; *Bill Sikes*, William Boyd; *Nancy Sikes*, Doris Lloyd; *Rose Maylie*, Barbara Kent; *Brownlow*, Alec B. Francis; *Toby Crackit*, George K. Arthur; *Chilling*, Clyde Cook; *The Artful Dodger*, Sonny Ray; *Charlie Bates*, George Nash; *Bumble*, Lionel Belmore; *Mrs. Corney*, Tempe Pigott; *Sowerberry*, Nelson McDowell; *Mrs. Sowerberry*, Virginia Sale; *Noah Claypole*, Bobby Nelson; *Grimwig*, Harry Holman.

"OUR BETTERS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by W. Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Jane Murfin and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Lady Pearl Grayston*, Constance Bennett; *Pepi D'costa*, Gilbert Roland; *Fleming Harvey*, Charles Starrett; *Bessie*, Anita Louise; *Princess*, Phoebe Foster; *Thornton Clay*, Grant Mitchell; *Lord Blean*, Hugh Sinclair; *Lord George Grayston*, Alan Mowbray; *Arthur Fenwick*, Minor Watson; *The Duchess*, Violet Kemble-Cooper; *Ernest*, Tyrell Davis; *Mrs. Saunders*, Virginia Howell; *Mr. Saunders*, Walter Walker; *Pole*, Harold Entwistle.

"OUT ALL NIGHT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Tim Whelan. Screen play by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Ronald Colgate*, Slim Summerville; *Bonny*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mrs. Colgate*, Laura Hope Crews; *Kate*,

Shirley Grey; *Rosemountain*, Alexander Carr; *David Arnold*, Rollo Lloyd; *Children*, Billy Barty, Mary Jane Temple, Phillip Purdy; *Tracy*, Gene Lewis. Also *Florence Enright*, *Dorothy Bay*, *Mae Busch*, *Paul Hurst*.

"PAROLE GIRL"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Edward F. Cline. The cast: *Sylvia*, Mae Clarke; *Joe Smith*, Ralph Bellamy; *Jeanie*, Marie Prevost; *Tony*, Hale Hamilton; *Taylor*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Manager*, Ernest Wood; *Walsh*, Sam Godfrey; *Harris*, John Paul Jones; *Burns*, Lee Phelps.

"PENAL CODE, THE"—FREULER FILM.—From the story by Edmund T. Lowe. Continuity by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Robert Palmer*, Regis Toomey; *Marguerite Shannon*, Helen Cohan; *Sgt. Del. Bender*, Pat O'Malley; *James Forrester*, Robert Ellis; *Mrs. Palmer*, Virginia True Boardman; *Mr. Shannon*, Henry Hall; *Isaac Lewin*, Leander De Cordova; *Warden*, John Ince; *Lefty*, Murdock MacQuarrie; *McCarthy*, Olin Francis.

"PERFECT UNDERSTANDING"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Miles Malleston. Directed by Cyril Gardner. The cast: *Judy*, Gloria Swanson; *Nicholas*, Laurence Olivier; *Ronnson*, John Halliday; *Lord Portleigh*, Sir Nigel Playfair; *George*, Michael Farmer; *Kitty*, Genevieve Tobin; *Stephanie*, Nora Swinburne; *Sir John*, Charles Culum; *Buller*, Peter Gawthorne; *Cook*, Rosalinde Fuller; *Maid*, Evelyn Bostock; *Dr. Graham*, O. B. Clarence; *Mrs. Graham*, Mary Jerrold.

"SAILOR'S LUCK"—FOX.—From the story by Marguerite Roberts and Charlotte Miller. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Jimmy Harrigan*, James Dunn; *Sally Brent*, Sally Eilers; *Barnacle Benny*, Sammy Cohen; *Bilge*, Frank Moran; *Baron Darrow*, Victor Jory; *Minnie Broadhurst*, Esther Muir; *J. Felix Hemingway*, Will Stanton; *Angelo*, Curley Wright; *Rico*, Jerry Mandy; *Elmer Brown*, Lucien Littlefield; *Elmer Brown, Jr.*, Buster Phelps; *Attendant*, Frank Atkinson.

"STATE TROOPER"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lambert Hillyer. Screen play by Stuart Anthony. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Michael Rolph*, Regis Toomey; *Jane Brady*, Evalyn Knapp; *Estelle*, Barbara Weeks; *Carter*, Raymond Hatton; *Jarvis*, Mathew Betz; *W. J. Brady*, Edwin Maxwell; *Burman*, Walter McGrail; *Graber*, Lew Kelly; *Jimmy*, Don Chapman; *Morgan*, Eddie Chandler.

"STRICTLY PERSONAL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Wilson Mizner and Robert T. Shannon. Screen play by Willard Mack and Beatrice Banyard. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Annie*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Soapy*, Edward Ellis; *Mary*, Dorothy Jordan; *Andy*, Eddie Quillan; *Magruder*, Louis Calhern; *Bessie*, Dorothy Burgess; *Wetzel*, Hugh Herbert; *Mrs. Castleman*, Olive Tell; *Hope Jennings*, Jean Barry; *Jerry O'Connor*, Rollo Lloyd; *Hewes*, Charles Sellon; *Holbrook*, Ben Hall; *Giggles*, Gay Seabrook; *Biddlebury*, Harvey Clark; *Captain Reardon*, DeWitt Jennings; *Mrs. Lovell*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Flynn*, Thomas Jackson; *Leila*, Hazel Jones.

"SWEEPINGS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Lester Cohen. Screen play by Lester Cohen, Howard Estabrook and H. W. Hanemann. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Daniel Pardway*, Lionel Barrymore; *Thane*, Alan Dinehart; *Freddie*, Eric Linden; *Gene*, William Gargan; *Phoebe*, Gloria Stuart; *Ullman*, Gregory Ratoff; *Grimson*, Lucien Littlefield; *Abigail*, Nan Sunderland; *Mamie*, Helen Mack; *Prince Niko*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Bert*, George Meeker.

"THERE GOES THE BRIDE"—GAINSBOROUGH.—From the story by Fred Raymond and Noel Gay. Directed by Albert de Courville. The cast: *Max*, Owen Nares; *Annette Marquand*, Jessie Matthews; *Cora*, Carol Goodner; *M. Marquand*, Charles Carson; *Mme. Marquand*, Barbara Everest; *Rudolph*, Basil Radford; *Housekeeper*, Winifred Oughton; *Clark (chauffeur)*, Jerry Verno; *Jacques*, Roland Culver; *Alphonse*, Jack Morrison; *Pierre*, Max Kirby; *M. Duchaine*, Gordon McLeod; *Mme. Duchaine*, Mignon O'Doherty; *Chief of Police*, Lawrence Hanray; *Public Prosecutor*, George Zucco.

"UNDER THE TONTO RIM"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Jack Cunningham and Gerald Geraghty. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Tonto Daily*, Stuart Erwin; *Munther*, Fred Kohler; *Porky*, Raymond Hatton; *Nina Weston*, Verna Hillie; *Joe Gilbert*, John Lodge; *Tex*, Fuzzy Knight; *Weston*, George Barbier; *Sally Mumford*, Kathleen Burke; *Mabel Turner*, Patricia Farley; *Sheriff*, Edwin J. Brady; *Chief of Police*, Allan Garcia.

"WHAT PRICE DECENCY?"—EQUITABLE PICTURES.—From the play by Arthur Gregor. Directed by Arthur Gregor. The cast: *Norma*, Dorothy Burgess; *Klaus Van Leyden*, Alan Hale; *Tom O'Neil*, Walter Byron; *Pimo*, V. Durant; *Matizzi*, Henry Durant; *Zeppo*, Monkey.

"WHITE SISTER, THE"—M-G-M.—From the novel by F. Marion Crawford. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Angela Chiaromonte*, Helen Hayes; *Giovanni Severi*, Clark Gable; *Prince Chiaromonte*, Lewis Stone; *Mina*, Louise Closser Hale; *Mother Superior*, May Robson; *Father Saracinesca*, Edward Arnold; *Ernesto Traversi*, Alan Edwards.

THELMA
TODD
POPULAR
STAR



Lovely Hair!

YOU CAN HAVE IT NOW . . .

Just imagine—tiny dancing lights in your hair—exquisite soft radiance . . . the natural sheen subtly made lovelier, irresistibly alluring!

Only one shampoo can do this for your hair. Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Besides cleansing, Golden Glint Shampoo gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—hardly perceptible. But how it brings out the natural beauty of your hair!)

FREE

J. W. KOBİ CO., 630 Rainier Ave., Dept. E
Seattle, Wash. * * * * Please send a free sample.

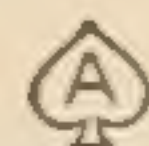
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

ACE COMBS



Frequent thorough combing with a smoothly polished well designed Ace Comb is the most effective beauty treatment you can give your hair.

American Hard Rubber Company, New York



OLD TOWN BOATS are rigid and rugged. A heavy motor does not drag on the stern or shake it. Each boat is designed for speed and comfort . . . built to last for many years.

Write for free catalog illustrating many models (as low as \$80). Sporting types; big, fast, all-wood, seaworthy boats for family use. Also dinghies; rowboats; canoes. Old Town Canoe Co., 425 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

AND there's that Hollywood tailor who hung out this sign: "What the well-dressed man will wear this Spring!"

"Coat, with Dietrich shoulders;
"Vest, with deep Garbo V;
"Trousers, with Hepburn flare."
And did the crowd gather?

HERE'S a real true story that's stranger than fiction. Remember "Baby Marie" Osborne? She was one of the screen's first stars. She made a fortune, then lost it trying to produce her own pictures. Then she went to work in the five and ten cent store.

She married Frank Dempsey and a child was born to them a few months ago. Then Frank lost his job. They went to live with the Osbornes. Out of the silver lining behind their cloud came news of a large inheritance set aside by H. L. Shriver, a wealthy Washington, Pa. engineer, for Marie. So the story found its climax like that of any movie when it was learned Baby Marie was *not* the child of the Osbornes, but the daughter of Shriver who had left her in a Colorado orphanage years ago.

IS it true—those rumors that Marlene Dietrich and Maurice Chevalier are no longer so friendly? It's hard to believe. Maurice is

a friend not only of Marlene but of her husband. Remember how the Frenchman posed with the Dietrich family, even at the station, when hubby was departing?

And can it be that Chevalier's supposed interest in Lilian Harvey has anything to do with it?

What a riot this newcomer Lilian is causing—a long line including every other bachelor in town seems to be waiting for an inning.

ELY CULBERTSON is surely having a hard time convincing Hollywood that his "system" is any good. Currently making a bridge short, he has "grand slammed" two supervisors, three directors, five cameramen and all kinds of executives. It seems that Ely has ideas, not only about bridge, but about making movies.

But—he just couldn't see his way clear to play the Marx Brothers, could he?

AND he who hesitates, remarks Freddie March on his way out, is not dancing.

THIS is the movie way of doing it:

When Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles) wrapped up her brand-new baby in the family limousine and took him home, there

were fifty-two different toys there the very first day! The baby went right on sucking his thumb. He hasn't gone Hollywood yet.

WE'LL all be missing you, Polly, so please don't stay away too long. That's how most of her followers feel about Polly Moran quitting movies for personal appearances in vaudeville and radio. Her departure from the lot severs one of the most humorous teams in moviedom and Marie Dressler feels it keenly.

NINETT SUNDERLAND, who, in case you don't know, is really Mrs. Walter Huston, is playing her first picture part in "Sweepings"—and that's Lionel Barrymore's film, not Walter's. She was previously on the New York stage, of course, but this is her initial venture in the cinema.

BESSIE LOVE has had her nursemaid for the tiny Hawks baby for several months. The other day the nurse came in, wide-eyed:

"Why, Mrs. Hawks, I didn't know you were once in pictures. I have just learned you are an actress!"

And, believe it or not, Bessie is now a heroine in her own home. Before she was just a mother.



International

If the gods had descended on Manhattan, there couldn't have been more excitement than when the "42nd Street" Special pulled into Grand Central Station. Seated, left to right, some of the famous cargo: Eleanor Holm, former Olympic swim champ; Joe E. Brown; Leo Carrillo; Bette Davis; Tom Mix (of course his equine pal came along, too); Laura La Plante. Those lasses in white in the back-ground, are chorines. And since no party is complete without a stowaway, Doris McMahon (behind Tom Mix) was found hiding in the baggage car after the train left San Bernardino. They let her stay on. Wouldn't you?

**A
HAUNTINGLY
BEAUTIFUL
LOVE STORY**

A love that suffered and rose triumphant above the crushing events of this modern age... Strong in tenderness... inspiring in loyalty... it will remain in your heart forever!



NOEL COWARD'S
CAVALCADE
PICTURE OF THE GENERATION

Now YOU can see the Picture the whole world acclaims as the Greatest Ever!

LOUELLA PARSONS: Greater even than "Birth of a Nation." Drama beautifully real and splendidly told. Truly magnificent.

PHILADELPHIA Public Ledger: If your budget calls for but one film a year I recommend "Cavalcade."

ST. LOUIS Post Dispatch: The cinema triumph of modern talkies... a tremendous and magnificent picture. By all means see it.

ATLANTA Constitution: It stands

supremely above criticism. A capacity audience sat spellbound.

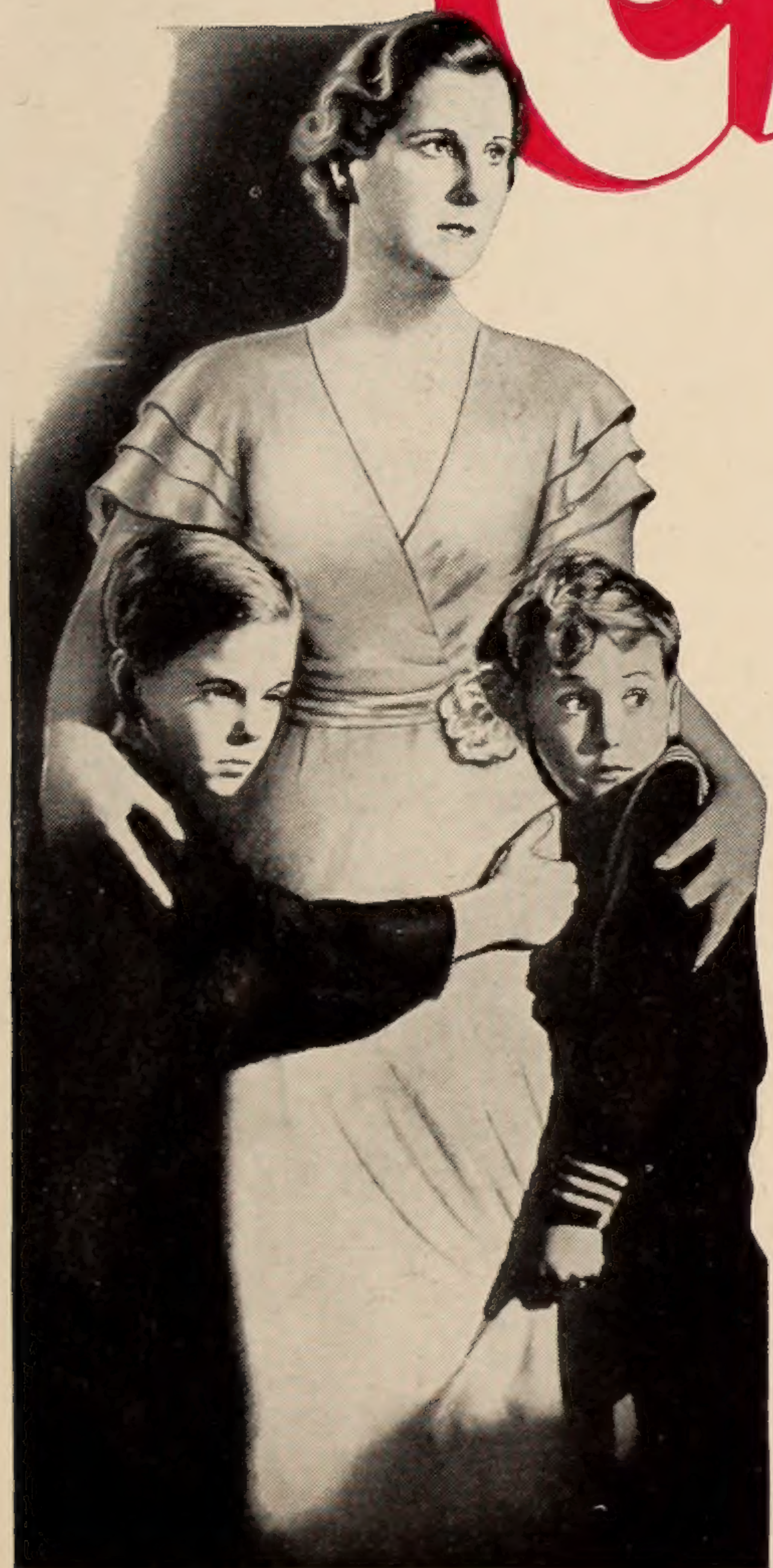
NEW YORK Herald Tribune: The finest photoplay that has yet been made in the English language.

BOSTON Herald: It is, without fear of contradiction or dispute, the greatest film production since speech was given to the screen.

CHICAGO Tribune: "Cavalcade" IS, unquestionably, one of the screen wonders of the age—it has everything.

FOX

"Cavalcade" will be shown in your city soon. Your Theater Manager will be glad to tell you when.



BURNING OVEN

STEAKS COOK
BUT THE MAN LIVES..



ILLUSION:

A roaring fire was built in an oven...the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped...safe and sound...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

EXPLANATION:

Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks *above* the fire, then dropped to the floor at the *side*, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

"The Burning Oven" is an old illusion which has played a leading rôle in cigarette advertising. Its modern name is "Heat Treatment."

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette was manufactured under the heat-treating process. Every one of the billions of Camels pro-

duced since has received the necessary heat treatment.

Harsh, raw tobaccos require intensive processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally *mild*, call for only a moderate application of heat.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Try Camels...always fresh, in the air-tight, *welded* Humidor Pack.

KEPT FRESH
IN THE WELDED
HUMIDOR PACK



**NO TRICKS...
JUST COSTLIER
TOBACCOS**

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND